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LIFE IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.



BRIDGE OVER THE EAST TARIKI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

THESE two provinces were originally one; but the inhabitants of the southern part of the province thought they were too far from the seat of government, and petitioned for separation. The petition was granted, and in 1861 the province was divided. The result of this division was not so satisfactory to Southland as had been hoped for. Business of all kinds is in a depressed state, and the province is in debt to such an amount that it can never hope to free itself. In this hopeless state of affairs the Southlanders have petitioned to be reunited

to Otago. The principal town of the province is Invercargill, situated on New River, a stream navigable for small vessels only. The only port for larger vessels is Bluff Harbor, about twenty miles distant from Invercargill. These two points are connected by a railroad, the building of which was one of the principal causes of placing the province so hopelessly in debt. I have traveled over many railway lines, but never met with such accommodation as on this road. On the way from Melbourne to Dunedin, when the steamer stopped at Bluff Harbor, several of us passengers

wished to go to Invercargill; but having business to do that would detain us several hours, we desired to leave town at three o'clock. The regular time for the train to start was one; but when we represented our case to the agent he gave orders for the train to be detained two hours!

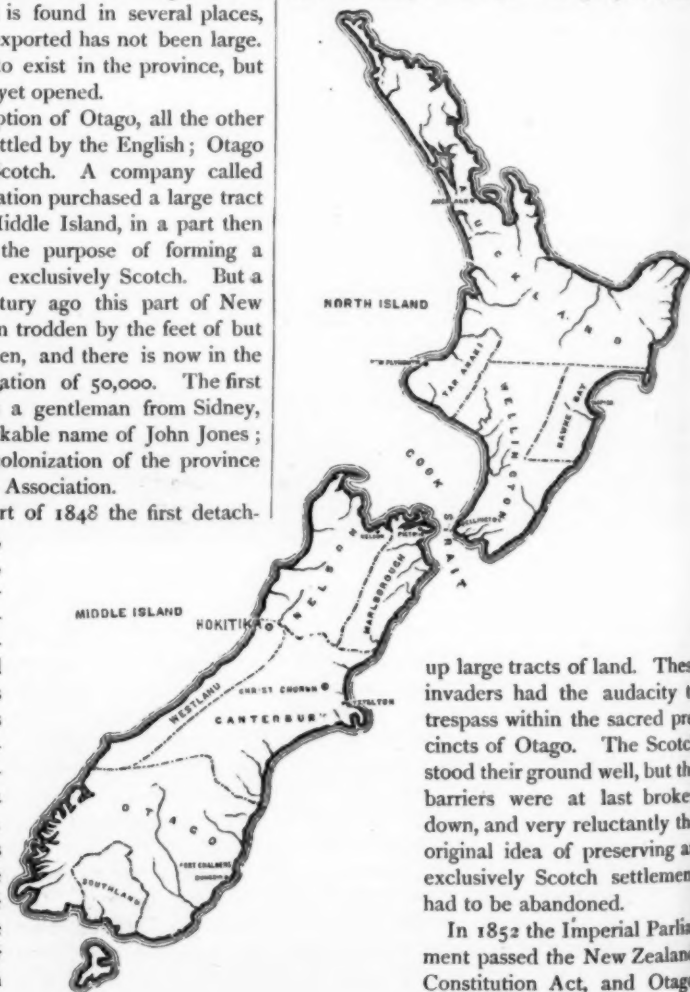
The climate of Southland is not agreeable. Wind and cold rains prevail the year round; but the winter is particularly miserable. There is a considerable quantity of good agricultural and pastoral land in the province, and on Stewart's Island there is a large amount of timber. Gold is found in several places, but the amount exported has not been large. Coal is also said to exist in the province, but the fields are not yet opened.

With the exception of Otago, all the other provinces were settled by the English; Otago was settled by Scotch. A company called the Otago Association purchased a large tract of land on the Middle Island, in a part then unoccupied, for the purpose of forming a settlement to be exclusively Scotch. But a quarter of a century ago this part of New Zealand had been trodden by the feet of but very few white men, and there is now in the province a population of 50,000. The first actual settler was a gentleman from Sidney, bearing the remarkable name of John Jones; but the regular colonization of the province was by the Otago Association.

In the early part of 1848 the first detachment of colonists, ninety in number, under the leadership of Capt. Cargill, arrived in Otago Harbor, and put up their huts where now stands the city of Dunedin; 200 more immigrants arrived a few weeks later. These pioneers were all of the Scotch Free Church, and, like the Japanese, they thought that in

this far-off land they could separate themselves from the rest of the world, and not be contaminated by outside barbarians. These fond hopes were not realized. For several years any person not from haggis-land received a very cold reception in Otago. Not only were English, Irish, and others coldly received, but even Scotch, if they belonged to any other denomination than the Presbyterian.

Squatters from the neighboring colonies, in search of fresh fields and pastures new, came to New Zealand, and finding that the country was well adapted for pastoral purposes, took



up large tracts of land. These invaders had the audacity to trespass within the sacred precincts of Otago. The Scotch stood their ground well, but the barriers were at last broken down, and very reluctantly the original idea of preserving an exclusively Scotch settlement had to be abandoned.

In 1852 the Imperial Parliament passed the New Zealand Constitution Act, and Otago

was made a province. The population at the beginning of this year was about 13,000. Dunedin had become a good-sized village, and there were several other smaller towns in the province.

A large majority of the population was still Scotch; and although the province was steadily progressing, and would, no doubt, have become in a few years one of the most important in the colony, the discovery of gold in 1861 did more in a few months towards bringing the province into prominent notice, not only in the colonies of Australia, but also in Great Britain, than many years of sheep-farming and agriculture could have done.

Before the discovery of gold the greater part of the pastoral lands were occupied, and large quantities of wool were being exported. Up to 1861 the squatters were the great men of the country, and were making fortunes rapidly. Much of the land held by them was unfit for agricultural purposes, and they therefore felt secure in holding their runs as long as they wished. It is said that the existence of gold in Otago was known to many of the squatters long before the discovery was made public. But they much preferred having their runs occupied by sheep than gold-diggers.

In 1861 a man named Gabriel Reid went out on a prospecting tour, and discovered the precious metal in a gully about 80 miles from Dunedin. His discovery was made known to the government, and through the press to the public.

Dunedin had never before been in such a state of excitement; hundreds rushed off to the gold field, and not many days elapsed before "Gabriel's Gully" was dotted with the tents of many anxious men, who had left their quiet homes to make their fortunes by gold-digging.

Government furnished a mounted escort to secure the safe transit of the gold from the diggings to Dunedin. The first escort brought down over 5,000 ounces. This news extended the excitement not only to the neighboring provinces, but also to Australia. It was not long before vessels filled with intrepid gold-seekers were arriving in Otago harbor nearly every day. The ground in Gabriel's Gully was very soon all occupied, and those who were unable to get claims there were

obliged to seek for new diggings. Prospecting parties went out in all directions, and new fields were soon opened.

The church people (and nearly all the Scotch are church people) looked with horror upon the introduction of the class of men who were landing upon their shores. Preachers warned their flocks to keep far from "these men who had no fear of God or man." This I heard myself the first Sunday that I was in Dunedin. That many of the gold-seekers were "bad ones," there is no denying; but to speak of them as being all fit subjects for prison was going rather too far, and caused a bitterness of feeling between the "Old Identities" and the "New Iniquities," as the old settlers and new-comers were respectively dubbed, which lasted for a considerable time.

For two or three years there was little in common between the two parties; now, however, there is no distinct line drawn, but all work in harmony for the common good of the province which they have chosen for their home. The result has been to advance Otago, commercially at least, to the rank of first province in the colony.

Certainly, at the present time, business of all kinds is in a very depressed state; but not more so than in the other provinces, and also throughout the whole of Australia. All classes are feeling the pressure of the dull times, but all feel that there is a glorious future for Otago. I think they are much more sanguine than circumstances will warrant; but I do believe that whatever position New Zealand



MONUMENT TO CARGILL, DUNEDIN.



PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, DUNEDIN.

may reach in the future, Otago will retain the rank which she at present holds.

The principal exports from Otago are gold, wool, flax, and grain; of the last two the amounts are not large. The total amount of exports in 1853 was only £770; in 1863, £2,569,718. Since that year the amount has steadily decreased, and in 1868 had fallen to £1,160,147. The cause of this large decrease is the great falling off in the yield of gold. The amount for wool has increased from £300 in 1853 to £452,734 in 1868. The export of flax is now rapidly increasing, and will, no doubt, in a few years come in next to gold and wool. Sheep-farming is not very profitable now, and many squatters have been obliged to succumb to the hard times. But economical management, improving of stock instead of increasing the number, and cheap transit for wool and stores, and no doubt squatting can even now be made remunerative, although the price of wool is comparatively so low.

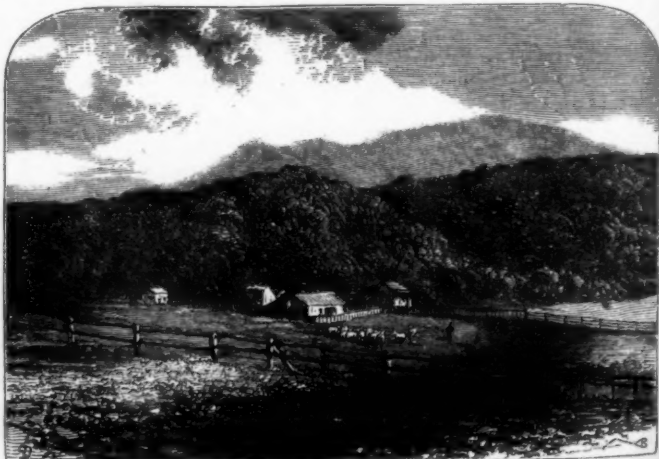
Before the discovery of the gold-fields the roads throughout the province were very bad, and the squatters who were far inland had great difficulty in getting their wool to port for

shipment; but the profits were so large that a good run would be taken up, though far away from any road. The number of sheep in Otago is now over 3,000,000.

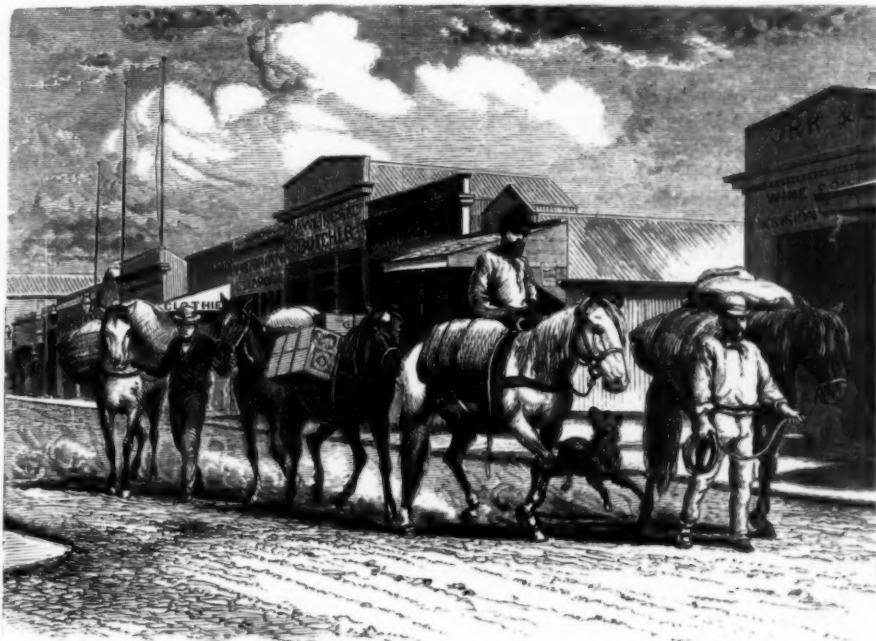
The area of the province is about thirteen and a half millions of acres, of which two millions are good agricultural land, three millions barren, and the remainder fit for pastoral purposes. The native grass is good, but squatters having freehold land put down large quantities of English grasses.

Of the agricultural land, about one-fourteenth is now under cultivation, of which one-quarter is under oats, one-half grass and hay, one-eighth wheat, and the remainder barley, etc. Otago produces oats equal to any country in the world, not only in quality, but in quantity per acre. The yield in favored localities is as high as ninety bushels; the average yield nearly fifty. Of wheat, forty bushels is about the average. Indian corn is raised only for green food in the provinces of the Middle Island. Vegetables of all kinds grow very well. Potatoes yield an average of over eight tons per acre. Of fruits, there are apples, pears, plums, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, etc.

But Otago cannot be called good for fruit generally. Peaches, grapes, and many other fruits can be grown only in favorable localities,



SHEEP STATION, OTAGO.



STORES FOR THE INLAND DIGGINGS.

and no kind of fruit is raised in sufficient quantity to supply the home market. The greater part of the fruit consumed in the province is imported from Tasmania and Australia, and will continue to be for many years to come. There is not a large fruit orchard in the province; which is surprising, for the price of all kinds of fruit is high. Apples, pears, peaches, and most of the other kinds are seldom retailed for less than twelve cents per pound when the market is well stocked.

The Otago farmer has a climate well adapted to the raising of all kinds of grain; good land that yields a high average per acre, and a country not subjected to long droughts. But farming does not pay. Farm labor is much too high; and there must be better and cheaper facilities for getting the grain to market than now exist before the farmer can hope to make any money.

There are good roads through the province, but railways are wanted to open up the country properly, and give the farmers and squatters the means of getting their products to market at cheap rates.

Although there are many streams called rivers, none of them are navigable except for boats of small tonnage. The principal river is the Clutha; on this there is a flat-bottomed steamboat which runs up the river forty miles. This is the only river steamer in the province. An agent was sent to England three years ago to raise capital to build a railroad from Dunedin to Tokomairiro and some of the other districts, but the success anticipated was not met with, and the line is not yet begun.

As has been stated, large vessels are obliged to anchor at Port Chalmers and discharge their cargoes into lighters. It is of course a serious drawback for a commercial city to be ten miles from its port. Several plans have been mooted for forming a channel for large vessels up to Dunedin wharf, but they have all been abandoned, and a railway has now been settled upon.

Englishmen generally do not approve of the American system of cheap railroads. John Bull is a stubborn fellow; he gets a notion in his head, and it is about as difficult to get it out as it is said to be to get a joke into the

head of a Scotchman. For England the English system may be the best, but for the colonies cheap railways are wanted.

Each province has its own land laws. Otago's may be taken as a fair average; and in this province the price of public land is high compared with the United States. "The agricultural lands are parceled out in blocks containing from thirty to one hundred and twenty square miles; and the purchaser of a freehold in one of these blocks (or 'Hundreds,' as they are termed) is entitled to run cattle on the unsold land around. The number and description of cattle that each person may depasture in each Hundred is determined by a 'Board of Wardens,' the members of which are elected by the landowners from amongst themselves. The board also regulates the fees chargeable for depasturing, which must not exceed five shillings per head for large, and one shilling for small cattle. The fees are appropriated for making roads, etc., within the Hundred. £1 per acre is the price of land; but if two or more apply for the same piece, it is put up at auction and goes to the highest bidder over the upset price (£1). Pastoral lands and lands not yet required for settlement are leased in large blocks, or 'runs.' Rent is charged in the form of an annual assessment, based on a low estimate of the capabilities of each run. The rate fixed by law is three shillings and sixpence per head for large, and sevenpence per head for small cattle. Town lands are sold in quarter-acre sections; the upset price ranging from £20 to £50 per acre, according to value." *

In the United States the farmer can get four acres of public land for the same money that it takes to buy one in Otago. The land in America is as good, and the facilities for getting his products to market are much better; and he has the best markets of the world near at hand. Therefore, with all the advantages that the Otago farmer is supposed to have, the American farmer is in a better position to make money than his Otago brother, although the latter gets such good yields per acre.

* *Province of Otago*, published by the Government.



FERN TREE.

In many parts of the province there is a great lack of timber, and consequently many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are not very comfortable-looking places. Since the opening of good roads throughout the province a great improvement has taken place in the appearance of the homes of the people inland. But you will see men of means bring up their families in mud or log huts, without a fruit-tree or a flower near. Some of the farmers' houses in Otago had such a poverty-stricken appearance that it might be thought that the occupants were on the point of starvation; instead of which they are, probably, amongst the most well-to-do in the province. Very many of the homesteads on both farms and runs are, however, pictures of cozy comfort: a neat cottage, with its fruit, flower, and vegetable garden, a nicely cut lawn, fence painted, and everything about showing that the occupants are people of taste. With one style I was very much pleased—cottages built of black fern logs. It might be thought that they would have rather a gloomy appearance; but with strips of painted deal around the doors, windows, etc., they were made bright, cheerful looking, and were quite as comfortable as any other house.

There are three main roads in the province;

one from Dunedin to the Molyneux River, passing through the East Taieri and Tokomairiro districts; one through the West Taieri; and the other near the coast through Oamaru and Timaru to the province of Canterbury. All the roads have branches leading to the diggings.

Government has built good bridges over the principal rivers on the main lines of travel; but as all the New Zealand rivers are subject to heavy floods, the bridges are often damaged, and sometimes carried away altogether.

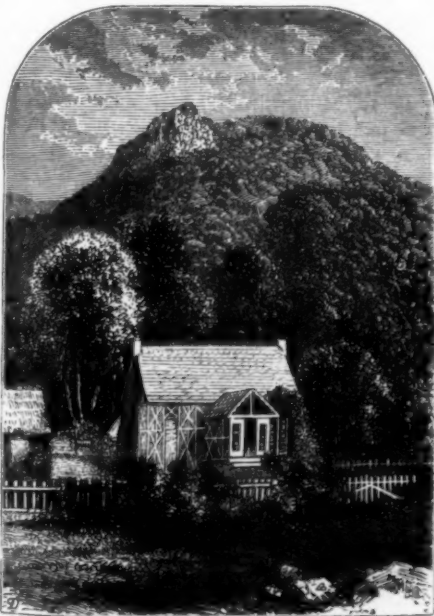
A great part of Otago is rolling land, completely bare of timber. I have traveled a hundred miles without seeing a tree or bush as thick as a man's wrist. In other parts, in a day's travel a half-dozen lonely cabbage-trees might be seen. The western part of the province is mountainous, and the scenery in many places is said to be equal in grandeur to any in the world. The high peaks of the Southern Alps are covered with snow the whole year, and the hardy men who have penetrated through the almost impassable tracks of these mountains to the West Coast have been repaid by witnessing immense

glaciers, and rough, rugged scenery unsurpassed anywhere. Far above the level of the sea in these ranges are several large lakes, on one of which are small steamers plying between two digging townships which are on the border of the lake. Although these ranges are covered with snow during the winter months, and the high peaks during the whole year, the climate is not nearly so severe as it is in New York State; in fact, there are comparatively few days in the year that, in the valleys, diggers cannot work.

The climate throughout the province is good, and statistics prove it to be healthful. The summer months are delightful; but the winter is rather miserable. There are not the extremes of heat and cold that we have in the Northern States of America; the summer is never too hot, and the winter not severely cold. Snow falls, but never remains for any length of time, except in the ranges. Cold rains, hail, sleet, and slush are the delights of an Otago winter—New York March weather. Along the coast there is much more rain than in the interior. I have known it to rain in Dunedin more or less every day for six weeks, and during this time but little rain fell in the country districts. Oamaru, 80 miles from Dunedin, and also on the coast, has more wind than rain.

In this district there is an almost inexhaustible supply of fine building-stone. It is nearly white, and when first taken out of the quarry is so soft that it can be sawn and cut almost as easily as wood. Exposure to the air hardens it; but it has not yet been in use long enough to prove that it is very durable. The finest buildings in the province are built of this stone.

In education Otago is taking the lead. The government has made very liberal land endowments for educational purposes, and shows a desire to advance the cause in every way, so that the youth of Otago will not be obliged to leave their province to get a first-class education. Besides the ordinary grammar schools there is at present a High School for boys, under the charge of competent teachers from the English Universities; and there is also about to be established a University and a High School for girls.



HOUSE MADE OF THE FEEN TREE.

Of religious denominations, the most numerous represented are the Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist. There are also Baptists, Catholics, and others. There is no State aid for religious purposes; each denomination supports itself from the voluntary contributions of the respective members.

CANTERBURY AND WESTLAND.

ADJOINING Otago on the north is the province of Canterbury. Formerly this province extended across the island from east to west. About three years ago the residents on the western side of the dividing range applied for separation, and the County of Westland was created. Canterbury was settled in 1850 by members of the Church of England, and it was intended that it should be an exclusively English Church settlement. But, like the experiment in Otago, it was found impracticable, and the idea was very soon abandoned.

The province has a large extent of good agricultural and pastoral land, and the exports of wool and grain are large. In 1854 the exports of wool amounted to £7,095; in 1868, £576,076—more than one-third of the whole amount from the colony.

The exports of grain from the whole of New Zealand amounted to only £123,356 in 1868, and of this amount Canterbury stands credited £91,264.

The success which attended sheep-farming prior to 1868 was the principal cause of the progress of the province. The snowy mountains, running north and south, divide the province, and on the east side, from the range to the ocean the country is a great plain. A great part of this plain is splendid agricultural land, and the remainder is fit for pastoral purposes. In February, 1870, I saw some of the finest fields of grain on the Canterbury plains that I have ever seen. But the farmers all say that they can make no money, the principal reason given being that labor is too high. No class of immigrants are so much wanted in New Zealand as farm-laborers. They can find remunerative employment in several of the provin-

ces. Female servants also find little or no difficulty in getting employment. Some of the provinces have agents in England, who render assistance to certain classes of emigrants who are too poor to pay their own passage-money—the amount advanced being refunded to the government by the persons so assisted, in easy installments.

The principal towns of the province are Christchurch, Lyttelton, Timaru, and Akaroa. Christchurch is the capital, and is situated on the Avon River, on the plain about seven miles from the sea. With its gardens and hedgerows, it is said to have more the appearance of an English provincial town than any other place in New Zealand. Lyttelton, the port town, is situated near the head of a bay and at the foot of high, steep hills, which in places rise abruptly from the very shore of the harbor. Over the hill, to the west of the town, is a bridle-path which leads to Christchurch. The walk to the top of the hill is rather tiresome; but when the top is reached a fine view is obtained of the plains, Christchurch, and the snowy mountains. To the east of the town is the main road to Christchurch, which also leads over the mountain, and is in some places steep and dangerous.

The only object of interest on this road, before getting into the suburbs of Christchurch, is Cave Rock, near Sumner. All goods for Christchurch had to go over these



CHRISTCHURCH.—GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.



LYTTELTON, NEW ZEALAND.

thirteen miles of road, or be taken in lighters outside the heads and over the Sumner bar, and then carted several miles to town. Either mode of transit was expensive. Several years ago Government began the construction of a railroad to connect the two places, starting from Lyttelton with a tunnel through the Port Hill. This tunnel is about three miles long, and was finished in 1867.

Christchurch has not the appearance of a very lively city; but there is a quiet, home-like look about the town particularly pleasing to a stranger, leading him to expect to receive, as he really does, more hospitality than in the other more stirring towns.

There are a number of fine buildings in the city and suburbs, both public and private—the Government buildings, several churches, banks, etc. The foundation of a large cathedral was laid some years ago.

The harbor will admit the largest vessels; but when an easterly wind is blowing, a heavy roll comes up the bay, sometimes doing considerable damage.

Akaroa is a French settlement on Banks' Peninsula. This district is one of the best for fruit on the Middle Island.

South of the Peninsula is a shingle beach, extending about ninety miles, and terminating just below Timaru. This place has an open roadstead, as have also several other of the New Zealand towns. It is not a safe place for shipping, and all goods are discharged from vessels into surf-boats. There is a coach-road from this place to Christchurch, but the ride is very monotonous—nothing to be seen but telegraph-poles.

Coal exists in several parts of the province. Gold is found on the Peninsula, and also in other parts, but in no place east of the dividing range have paying gold-fields been found.

Limestone and good building-stone are obtainable, while timber is scarce. Public land is £2 per acre. The pastoral lands are all occupied, and the best of the agricultural land is taken up.

Christchurch has a theatre; but it is not well enough supported to keep it open, except for

occasional performances. Friendly societies are well represented. It has, too, a racing-club, a cricket-club, and several companies of volunteers.

Nearly every foot of the east coast of the Middle Island had been thoroughly explored for years before anything was known of the west coast. Squatters who had gone westward to seek for new country for their sheep, turned back before reaching the coast. Mountains towered on all sides; some covered with almost impenetrable bush, others barren rock; immense glaciers, and dark, deep, gloomy gorges through which rushed torrents with the noise of a cataract. Mariners, also, had a dread of the west coast, and generally gave it a wide berth, for they knew not what rocks might lie hidden beneath the unsurveyed waters near the coast. After the gold discoveries in Otago, several gold-seeking parties started off to prospect these unknown regions of the west. Some were never heard of again, others returned and told wonderful stories of their hair-breadth escapes trying to get through the surf with their little boats; of the dangerous rivers, and the gloom of life in the dense jungle. But every person had the idea that rich gold-fields existed there; so adventurers continued their search, braving all the dangers and hardships, and hoping for a golden reward.

The reward came at last. Rich diggings were discovered on the Hokitika River, and thither thousands soon rushed from all parts of New Zealand and the gold-fields of Australia. Getting there, either by sea or land, was attended with considerable danger, and many lives were lost in fording the deep, rapid mountain streams. Many hearts of those who went by sea quailed when they saw the swell and surf through which it would be necessary to pass to reach the shore, as they were lying off Hokitika, waiting for the small steamer to come out of the river for them. An account



CAVE ROCK.

of my own experience, the second time that I "crossed the Hokitika bar," may give the reader some idea of the danger of traveling on the west coast of New Zealand.

On the morning of the fifth day from Melbourne, we dropped anchor about three miles from shore off Hokitika. We had had a westerly wind all the way across, and knew that there would be a heavy swell on the bar. It was noon before the signal was hoisted on the flagstaff at the entrance of the river, to show that there was enough water on the bar for the small steamer to cross. Soon after we saw the tug coming down the river, and in a few minutes she was among the rollers. For a moment we would see her on the top of a mighty wave, and the next moment she would disappear altogether—not even the top of the smoke-stack to be seen. It was a hard struggle, but she got through at last, and lay a cable's length from our steamer, ready to take aboard the passengers and mail. There were probably thirty of us to go ashore, amongst whom were several who were going ashore to see the town, intending to return to the steamer in the morning. One of these was a doctor, on his way to England. There were several ladies, one a young bride. The life-boat was launched, and a dozen or more of us took our seats, and she shoved off. I say we took our seats. Now this to a landsman may seem a very simple affair, but, my dear reader, if you had been one of us you would have thought very differently. The heavy swell caused the

steamer to roll so that at times the life-boat would be twenty feet from the bottom of the ladder, and the next moment at your feet again;—holding on to the ropes, waiting your chance for a jump when the "Now, then!" should be given. Just as you would be ready to let go, the sailors in the boat would cry out, "Hold on!" and the boat, in a second, would be several feet from the ship's side. You would jump at last, and land—perhaps on your feet; but there was as strong a probability of it being on your back, face, or side. With bruised shins, and perhaps a bloody nose or black eye, you would eventually get seated. But our troubles were but begun. Before reaching the side of the tug we would be drenched by the spray, and heartily wishing ourselves safe on shore. Getting from the life-boat on board the tug was even more unpleasant than getting from the ship into the boat. As for the ladies, I pitied them. Two men would lean over the gunwale of the tug, and as our boat would come within reach they would make a grab at the person standing ready, catching hold by the arms, back of the neck, head—anywhere they could get a hold—and over the rail, with heels flying in the air, he or she would go, landing upon all-fours on the tug's deck. I have often seen sheep handled in this way, but never human beings, except on the west coast of New Zealand.

Passengers and mail aboard, we started for shore. The ladies were sent below to the little cabin, and the doors fastened, so that they could not be opened from the inside; the gentlemen all remained on deck, and secured themselves by holding on to the most substantial things within reach.

About a mile from shore we came into the very heavy rollers.

The captain stood on the bridge at the wheel. "Hold on, everybody!" he cried, and on looking seaward we saw towering above us a wall of green water. It struck our little bark, and for a few seconds it seemed as if we were completely buried, and would never see daylight again. As the water cleared away the cry was heard, "Man overboard!" and struggling in the sea we saw the doctor. Nothing could be done to save him, for the

next moment another sea swept over us, carrying away bulwarks, galley, and all the luggage that was on deck, and crushing in one of the wheel-houses. Sea after sea swept over us, and many felt that their end was near, for it appeared impossible for our little boat to hold together very long under such a tremendous hammering as she was getting. The ladies in the cabin were screaming to be let out; but if the doors had been opened a moment, the water would have rushed down and perhaps have swamped us. I was taken off my feet once by the force of the water, and might have gone overboard had it not been for a friend standing by my side, who caught me by the collar and held on until I regained my feet. (Friend Bonar, let me thank you again for saving my life!)

But we got over the bar at last and were soon in the smooth water of the river. As we stepped on shore hundreds congratulated us that our little craft had successfully struggled through the dangers of the sea. Half the people of the town had been on the beach watching us, and expecting every moment to see the boat go down. During the night all the luggage was washed ashore. The doctor's body was never seen. This was one of the worst trips made across the bar; but many have experienced almost if not quite as bad.

My introduction to Hokitika was in the middle of the summer (December), several months after the discovery of the gold-field. It was Sunday. Just before sunrise we dropped anchor; it was a glorious morning; the sea was as smooth as glass, the clear blue sky without a cloud. What a glorious sunrise that was! And such a view as we got from the deck as the sun came slowly up, bright and clear, above the horizon! In the foreground on the beach stretched a long row of white houses, behind them a dense jungle of dark green, then range after range of mountains, rising one above the other and backed by the Southern Alps, whose snow-capped peaks glistened brightly in the sun and loomed far away to the southward, where, lifted in silent grandeur, stands Mount Cook, 13,400 feet above the level of the sea.

Vessels of about 400 tons, and not drawing too much water, could at favorable times

cross the bar; larger vessels were obliged to anchor three or four miles from the shore, and discharge cargoes and passengers into the tugs. It was an open roadstead without shelter, so if it came on heavy weather vessels lying there would have to run to sea, oftentimes so suddenly that anchors and cables would have to be left behind. Freight is generally sent in vessels that can get in the river and discharge at the quay. The difficulty in getting in is sometimes very great. Scores of vessels have left their bones on the beach, both steamers and sailing vessels.

The town consisted of two streets, a short one along the bank of the river, and the other a mile or more in length, and stretching along the beach. The houses were nearly all of one story, and built of canvas or corrugated iron, perhaps with wood fronts. The main street was very narrow, and the buildings close together. On this street were two hundred places for the sale of liquor, and several more on the other street. There was probably a grog-hole for every fifty persons on the coast: the quantity of liquor consumed can be imagined. In California I never saw anything to equal it. For gambling, however, California could bear off the palm.

Sunday afternoon I went up to a digging township on the bank of the river, several miles from Hokitika. The place consisted of a row of about twenty shanties, standing a few feet from the river. At one end of the town a dog-fight was going on, and being witnessed by an admiring crowd. Further on a man stood on a stump preaching to a score of listeners; and a few yards away two drunken men were fighting, and fifty or more fellows were cheering them on. Drinking saloons were all open, and well filled with thirsty customers. Drinking, swearing, and fighting was the order, or rather disorder, of this Sabbath-day. The English custom of female bar-tenders is to my mind horrible, and especially so on the gold-fields. At every bar was a female, some of them young girls not more than sixteen years of age, who had probably been not more than a month at the business, and whose modesty was not yet quite all gone; others were brazen-faced women, old in sin, on whose faces a blush could

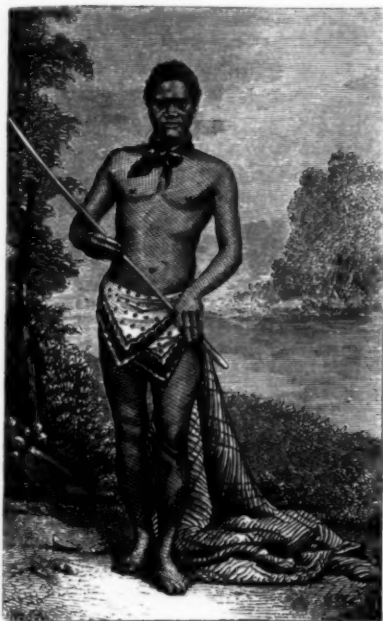
only be brought by the gin-bottle or paint brush.

Returning to Hokitika in the evening, I found the streets crowded with diggers and others, many of whom were drunk and noisy; and no wonder, for more than two hundred bars had all the day been doing a roaring trade, dealing out poison at twenty-five cents the "nobler" (a drink, or small glass of liquor). Sunday on the gold-fields is about the worst day of the week, for the diggers are then all in town, and making the most of their holiday. The week-day nights are, however, worse than Sunday nights; concert-halls, dancing saloons, and bars are all ablaze, and money is spent as if it were as plentiful and valueless as the sand on the beach. Diggers are an improvident class; when money is being made rapidly they will not save, but throw it recklessly away as long as it lasts. As a class they are generally poor, for the richest claim will be worked out in time, and as they will not make hay while the sun shines, they are forced to struggle along as best they can when the rain comes and no hay can be made.

An astonishing country is this West Coast of the Middle Island. Gold everywhere; you can get it in the street, in your door-yard, in the sand on the beach, the banks of the rivers, on the mountains, in the valleys, on the plains. Now, my dear reader, do not get excited and start off for this wonderful country, thinking that you can make a fortune in a week and then return home. I have stated facts, but the whole story is not yet told. It is one thing to find gold, but quite another to find it in sufficient quantities to pay. Gold-digging is one of the poorest paying occupations that a man can follow. Where there is one who makes a fortune, there are hundreds who make only a precarious living. Then, too, the hardships and privations of the gold-digger are very great.

The first of the West Coast diggings was on the terrace along the beach, and just above high-water mark. The gold was very fine, but large quantities were taken out. All the black sand of the beach contains more or less of this fine gold, and so also is it the case with nearly every foot of soil along the coast. Very much of the ground, however, it will not

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A NEW ZEALAND NATIVE.

pay to work, and all the country within some miles of Hokitika has been well prospected, and the best ground worked out. Digging townships are all along the coast for more than a hundred miles, and several townships are some miles inland. Hokitika was for a long time the leading town, but Greymouth, twenty miles farther north, is now the first in rank. Near this place there is found coal of good quality, and the gold-diggings are rich.

Back of the terrace spoken of there is a dense jungle, which reaches far inland. Silent, dark, damp, and gloomy is it in this almost impenetrable bush. Hardly a ray of sunshine penetrates through the foliage over head. The air strikes chill and damp, for there is much rain on the West Coast, and the ground gets no chance to dry in the bush. The trunks of the trees are covered with a green, slimy moss, the sight of which is almost enough to bring on an attack of ague. From the limbs hang hundreds of supple-jacks, and below there is a tangled mass of undergrowth, through which there wind and twist scores of "lawyers,"—prickly vines—which

make such a close network that it seems almost impossible for a rabbit to get through it.

In the colonies, "in the bush" is the expression used in place of, as we would say, "in the woods or forest."

This bush will not burn, so that every step of the way must be cut with an axe. But nothing deters the gold-seeker. Prospecting parties soon struck off into this jungle, and new fields were discovered. These pioneers underwent great hardships; some died in the bush, and others returned half dead with swamp fever, and looking like walking corpses instead of living men. With cadaverous face, sunken eyes, and colorless cheeks, you would see them crawling about the streets a few days, and then they would disappear—whether they had gone out of the country, to the hospital or the grave, no one but their friends would know. Should a man on a prospecting expedition be taken sick in the bush, I should think it almost impossible for him to get well, for all the surroundings tend to depress his spirits. The silence alone is enough to give a well man the blues. In New Zealand there are no wild animals indigenous to the country—not a snake or reptile, and comparatively few birds.

Many diggers have made their fortunes on the West Coast, and the exports of gold have been, and are still, very large. Up to 1st of January, 1870, the amount of gold exported from the whole of New Zealand was about \$100,000,000, two-fifths of which was from the West Coast diggings (but not all from Westland). But when the gold is gone the population will be gone too, for there is nothing but gold to keep the people there. The soil is very rich and deep, and very productive on the small patches that have been cleared; but farming will never pay on the West Coast. The gold-fields may last many years, but the end must come.

To the inland townships tracks have been cut through the bush, and all goods are packed on horses from the coast towns.

After the discovery of the diggings a road was constructed across the island from Christchurch to Hokitika. It is 150 miles long, cost £150,000, and was opened for traffic in 1866.



A NEW ZEALAND QUEEN.

NELSON AND MARLBOROUGH.

Nelson and Marlborough are the northern provinces of the Middle Island. Marlborough has a population of less than 5,000, and with little probability of the number increasing. The exports of wool amount to about \$200,000 per annum. Timber and gold are also exported, but not to a large amount.

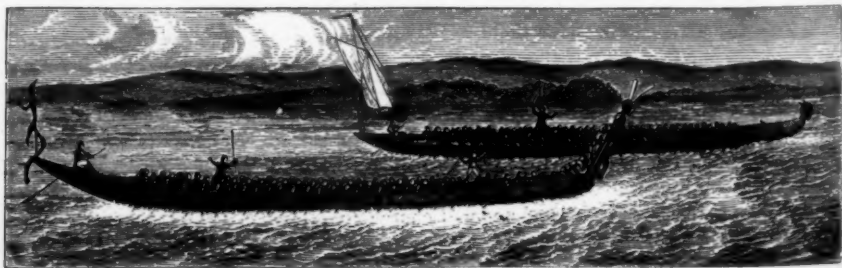
The capital of Nelson is the city of that name,—by far the prettiest town in the colony. The climate is lovely; no other part of the colonies can compare with it; and it is so healthy that a person wishing to die must remove to some other part of the country or commit suicide. Fruit and vegetables of all kinds grow in abundance, and for several miles to the southward there is good agricultural land, on which the farmers raise splendid crops of all kinds of grain. Near the town hops are extensively cultivated, and there are many very

fine fruit-gardens, in which may be found nearly all the fruits that are raised in the Northern States of America. The town is laid out in broad streets running at right angles. The principal buildings are the Government Buildings and the English church. As a place of residence, simply, Nelson is incomparably superior to any other place in New Zealand.

WELLINGTON, TARANAKI, AND HAWKE'S BAY.

The southern part of the North Island is the province of Wellington, the capital and principal town of which bears the same name as the province. This town (or city, as the inhabitants call it) is perhaps the most disagreeable, as a place of residence, of any town in the colony. If the dust is not sweeping through the streets in clouds, there is almost certain to be a cold rain. The wind blows almost continuously; and added to the disagreeables before mentioned, earthquake shocks are of common occurrence. It has a good harbor—one of the best in New Zealand. And this, added to the city being the most central in the colony, is the reason why it has been chosen as the capital of the colony in preference to Auckland, the former capital.

The Provincial Government, in anticipation of Wellington soon being a rival of New York or Liverpool, began making preparations for extending the limits of the future metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere. Hills were cut down and removed to the harbor; an extensive wharf was built, and a graving-dock begun. But unfortunately things have not gone right: the steamship company failed; an earthquake gave the dock foundation such a shaking that work was stopped on it, and will probably never be resumed; the portion of the harbor reclaimed has but a half-dozen



MĀORI WAR CANOES.

lonely-looking buildings upon the ground, and there is now serious talk of the General Government removing to Auckland again.

There is good agricultural land in the province, but roads are wanted to open up these districts. Then, too, the natives in all the provinces of the North Island are very troublesome, and the settlers in the outlying districts are liable to be driven from their homes any hour, houses and crops destroyed, and perhaps wives and children massacred.

Gold is found in the province, but as yet not in paying quantities.

The first object of note on landing upon the beach of Taranaki is the beach itself, which is for many miles formed of iron-sand. There are thousands upon thousands of tons of it, but little or no use is being made of it, though "the steel produced by the Taranaki sand is far superior to any yet known, conducing to main essentials, hardness and toughness." For cutlery it is said to be very superior. South of New Plymouth a mile or more, petroleum is found on the beach. The writer has run a walking-stick into the sand about two feet, and with a shell has, in a few minutes, filled a pint bottle with pure petroleum that came bubbling up from the hole. The report of the Government Geologist is that paying quantities do not exist there. An American company offered to prospect the ground thoroughly if the Government would grant them land enough to make it an object to expend the amount that would be necessary; but the Government would not make the grant.

On the east coast of the island is the province of Hawke's Bay. And these two provinces (Taranaki and Hawke's Bay) have together a population of less than 10,000; but each has its superintendent, provincial treasurer, secretary of public works, etc., and its provincial council. Extensive petroleum springs are said to have been found in the interior, but the natives will not allow the whites to trespass too far inland.

AUCKLAND.

The portion of New Zealand comprising the province of Auckland is, without doubt, the most interesting part of the colony. For the



A NATIVE CHIEF—MODE OF TATTOOING.

scientific explorer this province is a rich field. In the interior are volcanoes, boiling springs, mineral springs, petroleum springs, water-falls, and other wonders. The resources of the province are gold, coal, flax, timber, kauri gum, wool, and grain. The quartz reefs of Shortland and vicinity are amongst the richest that have ever been discovered. When the existence of these rich reefs became known, thousands of people rushed to the new field from all parts of the colony. Not only dig-



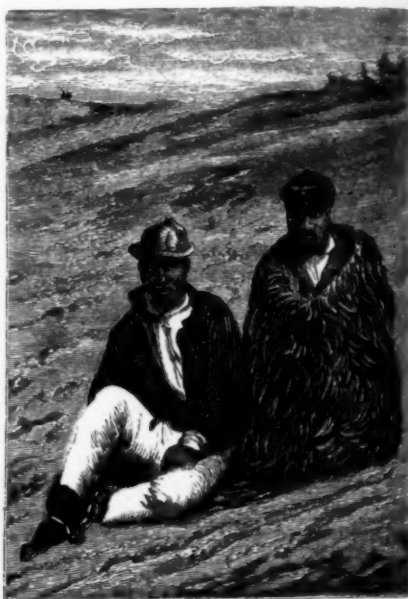
TE-OA, THE CRAZY PROPHET.

gers went, but merchants, brokers, loafers, and hard-up individuals of all classes. The country about was staked out, and thousands of claims registered within a few weeks. Very few of these claims, however, were taken up by parties who intended working them; but by speculators, for the purpose of getting up joint-stock companies. More than one thousand of these companies were gotten up, and shares placed on the market. The excitement soon became intense, and the mania for gambling in scrip was shared in alike by high and low, rich and poor, by men and women, and even children invested the contents of their money-boxes in one or more shares of the "Happy-go-Lucky," "Sink or Swim," "Never say Die," or some other as oddly named company. At the beginning of the present year not more than a dozen of the companies were paying dividends, and scrip of the remainder was worth about ten cents a bushel. A few individuals had made fortunes, but hundreds had lost their all.

That the gold-fever excitement has died out is no criterion as to the real value of the field. Scores of claims as rich as the "Golden Crown" or "Long Drive" may yet be opened, and the field be more extensive and productive than any in the colony.

The capital and principal town of the province is Auckland. If a visitor to New Zealand has time to visit but one port, let that one be Auckland. Not that the city has any great beauty to boast of, but more of New Zealand life is to be seen in and near Auckland than in any other town in the colony. A short sail from the city takes you to the diggings, and in the city itself scores of Maoris are met with. Extinct volcanoes, some of which have perfectly formed craters, are to be seen in all directions. Sailing up the harbor our vessel is soon alongside the wharf, and we step ashore.

To the left of the wharf is a large Maori war canoe, with its grotesquely carved figure-head, and there are also a dozen smaller native boats; some of them are filled with chattering natives—men, women, and children—about to start for their homes with provisions, etc., purchased in town; other boats have cargoes of melons, peaches, etc.,



THE MURDERERS OF VOLKNER.

brought from the native farms for sale to the Europeans. At the end of the wharf is an enclosure filled with natives; this is the Maori market. The peaches are all in "kits" (flax bags) holding about half a peck each. I tell the old woman to give me sixpence worth, and selecting half a dozen offer her the money; but she refuses to take it, and says I must take the kit or none. Giving her the shilling I take up the kit, and soon see why she refused to allow me to select sixpence worth. The remainder would have been unsalable. A few good peaches were on the top, and the others were fit only for the pigs. Talk about the Maoris being savages!

The favorite Maori ornament for the ears are sharks' teeth tipped with a bit of red sealing-wax, and suspended by a piece of dirty black ribbon. Ornaments made from the New Zealand greenstone are also much worn. This stone is very hard to work, but takes a fine polish. Native tools, hatchets, etc., are made from this stone; also idols, which are suspended from the neck. The dress of the old women is sometimes a blanket only, sometimes the cast-off clothing of white women. The younger females, however, are

dressed very differently ; many are in full European costume, and others with a skirt, and over the shoulders a neat native flax mat. The men are nearly all dressed in European costume. As we walk along up Queen Street we meet Maoris of all classes. Here is an old man with every inch of his face tattooed. Anon we meet several half-caste girls, dressed in the top of the fashion—waterfalls, kid gloves, silk dresses, parasols, jewelry, etc., equal in quality and cut to the most fashionable of their white sisters.

THE MAORIS (NATIVES).

The last of the Tasmanian natives died a few months ago. A century hence, I believe the last Maori (pronounced *Mowry*) will have gone to his fathers. In the year 2000 the race will be of the past. When Cook visited the Islands the population was estimated at 100,000 ; and there is good reason to suppose that fifty years before, the population of the North Island alone was much larger than this. The highest estimate given for all the Islands for 1870 is 50,000. The cause of the great reduction before Cook's day was doubtless war, for Maori life in the olden times tended to health and superior physical development.

Not only were numbers killed in battle, but the habits of the people became changed. Agriculture was neglected, each tribe thinking they would be able to steal enough from a weaker tribe to supply their own wants. This uncertain and precarious way of living soon began to tell upon the health of the people, and sickness carried off as many as the wars. Game becoming almost extinct, and the ground being untilled, the people were often in an almost starving condition. Then began cannibalism. No need of starvation now. If the tribe had no provisions they must send out the warriors to capture some prisoners, and steaming hot dishes of human flesh would soon be placed before the victorious, hungry tribe. When Cook visited New Zealand he put a number of pigs ashore, and these in a few years increased to thousands. Maize and other seed were brought by vessels trading to the country. Missionaries came, and after laboring amongst these savages for a time, got them to begin the

cultivation of the soil again. Cannibalism gradually disappeared. A pig was as easily cooked as a man, and was perhaps as savory a dish ; then, too, corn and potatoes were plentiful. Besides this, thousands of the Maoris had become, nominally, Christians. I say nominally. Late events have proved that religion with the great majority of the Maoris is all on the surface ; true Christianity has not entered their hearts. In 1845 the last known act of cannibalism took place until within the last six years, during which time a number of cases are known to have occurred. A crazy Maori named Te Oa pretended to have had a revelation from heaven to declare a new doctrine to his people. But a few months had elapsed when nearly all of the Christianized Maoris had gone over to the new faith, and these "Hau Haus" have committed the most terrible crimes against the whites, massacring not only men but women and children, and mutilating the bodies in a most horrible manner. One article of their faith is that they are to drive the whites from the land. But a few months ago these human fiends made an attack on a white settlement in Hawke's Bay province, in the night, set fire to the houses, and shot the inmates down or killed them with tomahawks. Missionaries had formerly great influence over these savages, but this influence seemed all to be gone in a day. A German missionary named Volkner was murdered by two of these devils, who afterwards drank his blood. That some of the Maoris were true Christians there is no doubt, but the number compared with those who were nominally converted was very small indeed. William Thompson, the "King Maker," one of the most celebrated of the Maori chiefs, and who lately died, was probably one of the small number. During his illness the Bible was ever at his side, even after he was too weak to read it. I have conversed with several of the missionaries, and all acknowledged that their years of labor had nearly all been in vain. One old man shed tears when speaking of his work ; he was one of the oldest missionaries in the colony, and up to the time of the breaking out of the Hau-Hau faith believed that he had been the means of converting many souls, but his flock

had gone over to the new faith almost to a man.

The men are tall and well formed, the features regular, complexion from a light brown to darker shades of that color, hair black and generally straight. Many of them are splendid looking fellows; with their muscular and well-formed limbs they look every inch the noble savage. Their powers of endurance are very great; they are intelligent, quick to learn, and have splendid memories. In trade they are shrewd, in morals licentious.

They are a very inquisitive set. When I was living in Auckland a Maori was one day passing the store and saw me working a sewing machine; he appeared very much interested, came in and watched me some time, and then went away. An hour after he came back with several companions, and I was requested to work the machine again. For a week I had no peace; all the Maoris, I think, for miles around, came to see the machine, and at last they became such a nuisance that I would not allow them in the store.

Some of them are good speakers, and very clever in argument. They must have a clear space of at least thirty feet, and at every sentence the speaker runs, jumps, and dances down this space. Running backward he gains time to think of what shall follow, and down he comes, dancing, with another sentence. As warriors, they are superior to any savage nation in the world. They have studied war as a science; have a good knowledge of engineering, and are brave and active.

At bush-fighting one Maori is more than a match for five white soldiers. In all other countries that England has colonized little regard has been paid to the claim of the natives to their own land; but, in New Zealand, Government was *forced* to acknowledge the claims of the Maoris.

At Wellington I once saw a rather comical sight, showing how the chiefs ape the whites. The steamer was just about to sail, when hurrying down the wharf came a Maori, dressed as follows:—a black frock-coat, black waistcoat, black silk hat, white shirt and fancy neck-tie; in one hand an umbrella and in the other a new portmanteau; but without *pantaloon*s or *boots*. They were probably in the portman-

teau. All travelers carried baggage, so he thought he must do it, even if it necessitated the taking off of some of his clothing.

The Maori mode of salutation is somewhat peculiar, and especially so when the friends have not met for some time. Instead of shaking hands or kissing, they rub their noses together for several minutes, and then, sitting on the ground, sway their bodies to and fro, all the time shedding tears copiously, and talking most mournfully in a sing-song strain. The crying is not necessarily because some relative or friend has died, it is simply a custom of the people.

They begin their war-dance by jumping, clapping the hands on the thighs, and giving utterance to a short, peculiar noise from the throat, like "Hu! Hu!" They all keep perfect time in this, and as they continue the motions become quicker and more exciting. Soon come horrible grimaces, rolling of the eyes until the whites only can be seen, thrusting out the tongue, and yelling; in their fury and excitement they sometimes tear off what clothing they may have on, and with violent gestures and contortions of body they continue until exhaustion compels them to desist.

AREA, RESOURCES, ETC.

New Zealand has an area of about seventy-eight million acres—nearly the size of Great Britain and Ireland. The North Island has thirty-one millions, Middle Island forty-six millions, and South Island one million. The mean width of the island is about 125 sea miles, and the length about seven times its width. The coast has an extent of over 3,000 miles. Fifty million acres are supposed to be fit for agricultural purposes.

New Zealand people have much to say of the immense resources of the country, and, in anticipation of its future greatness, call it "Britain of the South." I wish well to the country, but am very far from being so sanguine of its future greatness as New Zealanders generally are. That the country has progressed wonderfully since its settlement, I freely admit. But will it continue in the same ratio? I doubt it. I certainly do not believe that New Zealand will *ever* hold such a place

amongst the nations of the world as has been held by her mother country.

As New Zealanders feel in regard to their country as a whole, so too do they feel in regard to the provinces individually. Each province thinks its future is more promising than its neighbors.

The resources of New Zealand are gold, coal, wool, grain, timber, gum, and flax.

The last-named article will, I believe, be more conducive to the permanent prosperity of the country than all the others combined. The flax (*phormium tenax*) grows wild in all parts of the country; it is a hardy plant and has a very strong fibre. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in dressing it properly, and, until within the last two years, comparatively little was exported. Mills are now being erected in many parts of the country, and cutting and dressing flax will soon give employment to a large number of men. Although rope made from it is not equal to Manila, it is probably superior to that made from any other fibre. The dressing is still very imperfect, but improvements are being made every year, and doubtless very soon all difficulties will be overcome. The exports are increasing rapidly, and I believe will continue to increase for many years. Good as the fibre now is, cultivation will no doubt improve it. I have great faith in the flax, and believe it to be worth very much more to the country than her gold-fields. The flax-fields will never be worked out, but the last of the gold-fields is only a matter of time. It is a poor country indeed that has gold only to depend upon. Gold is worth nothing to a country that has no other resources, and valuable to a country with other resources only because it brings a large population, all of which will not be gold-diggers. The farmers, mechanics, and others find that their respective callings can be made as remunerative as gold-digging, and farms are taken up, mills erected, and homes are made, not to be deserted at a moment's notice. If the mineral resources of a country are almost unlimited—gold, iron, silver, copper, etc.—they are a source of permanent wealth. But is this the case with New Zealand? So far as known, certainly not. She has rich gold-fields, but they will in

time be all worked out; other minerals are found, but not in paying quantities.

The value of gold exported from 1857 to 1869, both inclusive, is nearly nineteen and a half million pounds sterling. The exports of wool during the same period were eleven and a half millions.

Sheep-farming, as carried on in the colonies, is rather a drawback than otherwise to a country. The squatter's interest is to keep the country sparsely populated; he wants thousands upon thousands of acres, and will perhaps give employment to but a score of men. This business is carried on very extensively in nearly all of the provinces, but is not nearly so remunerative as it was a few years ago. The American war sent up the price of wool to a very high figure, and the squatters were making fortunes rapidly. But the late reduction in the price of the staple has seriously affected all who were following this pursuit.

One prosperous farmer is worth more to a country than a score of gold-diggers or squatters. Grain is counted amongst the exports of New Zealand; but as a considerable quantity of flour and wheat are imported, and will continue to be for some years, it will be a long time before she can be counted amongst the great grain-producing countries of the world. That the country has a large extent of good agricultural land I admit; but the farmer, to be successful, must have something more than good land. He must have cheap labor, and facilities for getting his produce to the good markets of the world at as cheap a rate as the farmers of other countries.

Coal is found on both of the large islands, and in many places. Some of it is rather poor, but in other places it is of good quality, and the veins are of considerable extent. But in New South Wales there is an almost unlimited supply of coal of as good quality, if not better; and it can be placed in a ship's hold at a much less price. Therefore, as an article of export, New Zealand cannot hope to compete with New South Wales, in coal.

The value of exports for 1868 was £4,429,198; of imports, £4,985,748, one-tenth of which is for beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco. On these the duty is about equal to their

value. Few articles come in free, and on some the duty is very high. There is an export duty of two shillings and sixpence per ounce on gold, and there is also a stamp duty. Altogether, the people of New Zealand are about the most severely taxed of any in the world.

Who are getting rich in New Zealand? I do not know. All may be able to make a comfortable living; but I think very few are getting rich.

There is no class of Americans that I should advise to emigrate to New Zealand to seek their fortunes. There were at one time quite a number of our countrymen in the country, but the number is now very small. Nearly all the coach lines in the colony have been established by Americans. Several large saw-mills were also established by them. On the diggings there were quite a large number, many of whom came from California. There are two American commercial houses—Bates, Sise & Co., of Dunedin, and Messrs. Taylor & Co., of Christchurch. Both firms deal exclusively in American goods.

Some of our American government representatives in Australia and New Zealand are not very creditable to the country which they pretend to represent. The incumbent of one

of the most important consulates spells consul "council." Another consul would not be believed under oath by any of his countrymen. Another is a swindler, who gets trusted wherever he can, and never pays a shilling to any one. Another of the representatives, being a holder of considerable real estate, got naturalized, and was soon after elected as a member of the provincial council in the province of which he was a resident. But before the end of his term he got himself into disgrace by becoming implicated in some land-jobbing operations anything but creditable to those connected with the affair. It is not surprising, therefore, that colonial people have a very unfavorable opinion of Americans.

Faréwell, New Zealand! I love thee almost as well as my native land. Within thy borders I felt as free as if under the shadow of my own loved flag; and I had the same protection, and nearly all the privileges, of thy own citizens. If I had the power, I would fill thy harbors with ships, thy valleys and plains with prosperous farmers; and all the people within thy borders should be successful and happy. The brightest dream of the most enthusiastic of thy citizens should be realized, and New Zealand should indeed be "Britain of the South."

IN THE PARK.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park elm,
Wreathing their arms and pressing cheek to cheek,
That brief midsummer night which is Love's realm,
Odorous with bliss, and vows too deep to speak.

Two on the seat beneath the old Park tree;—
The sunbeams—broken into flecks of gold—
A crowing baby on its mother's knee
Strives with its aimless hand to pluck and hold.

Two in the Park seek out the self-same seat:
Bright like a lover's beams the old man's face
Upon his child's, in womanhood grown sweet—
His old love back again, with grace on grace.

A BREAKFAST WITH ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

DURING a temporary absence from my office in Paris one day, in the month of October, 1864, Mr. Dumas called, and not finding me, left the following note :—

Si Monsieur était l'homme que l'on dit, il viendrait dîner demain avec moi à St. Gratian Avenue du lac, en prenant le chemin de fer du Nord à 11 heures moins 10 minutes.

Je lui serre bien cordialement la main.

ALEX DUMAS.

I telegraphed an acceptance of his invitation, and on the following morning took the train from the St. Lazaire station, which brought me to Enghien at twelve o'clock, whence I took a cab for St. Gratian. After driving about a quarter of an hour I remarked in front of us a large and rather picturesque-looking man standing in a gateway opening into the front yard of a modest wooden cottage, with his head uncovered and a book in his hand, talking to a passer-by. I recognized at once, from his resemblance to the photographs, the author of *Monte Christo*.

While we were exchanging the common-places which usually inaugurate an acquaintance made for a purpose, I made a hasty but careful survey of my host and his surroundings. Dumas himself, I discovered to my surprise, was over six feet high, and but for an inclination to corpulency, well proportioned. He had all the distinctive characteristics of the African; the brown complexion of the quadroon, crisp, bushy gray hair which no comb could straighten, a head low and narrow in front, but enlarging rapidly as it receded, thick lips, a large mouth, and a throat, all uncovered, of enormous proportions. But for the retreating in all directions of his forehead, his face would have been very handsome for one of its kind, in which the animal nature was in full force. He was dressed in dark pantaloons, a spotted muslin shirt unbuttoned at the throat, and no cravat, and a white flannel round-about with a capote attached, all scrupulously neat. He moved with the alertness of a school-boy, talked all the time and rapidly. The cottage which he occupied was hired for the season, simply

furnished, and suggested nothing of interest except the great change in his fortunes since he built his famous villa at St. Germain, and "warmed" it with a festival of six hundred covers, and when his income was over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

As we had never met before, he took an early opportunity of letting me know his purpose in calling upon me the previous day. He had been told, he said, that if he would go to America and write a story, it would have a great sale there. He wished to know what I thought about it. I replied that he was scarcely better known in France than in America; that he could not write a book that would not sell, and that his welcome in the United States would be all that he could desire. He said that a lawyer in New York, of French origin, whose name I did not distinctly hear, had recommended him to come, and promised him a great success if he would go at that time; that he proposed, if I thought well of it, to leave in about two months, and to be absent four. It occurred to me at once that in the midst of the critical contest going on in America, in which the African race had so much at stake, and where the question of emancipation as a war measure was under discussion, the appearance of one who had done more, perhaps, than any other person of African descent to vindicate the intellectual capabilities of that race, would be interesting and perhaps useful to my country people, and, without doubt, lucrative to him.

I remarked that the time seemed short to see so large a country, and I asked him whether, instead of making a story, or, as he called it, a *Roman*, he had not better give the world the benefit of his personal observations; that it was an historical epoch with us, and that the events occurring every week transcended in interest and importance anything legitimately available for romance.

To this he made no direct reply, but went on to say that the idea he had formed was to enter into relations with some bookseller to write a four-volume work of some sort, and sell it by subscription. He said, also, that

he had several invitations to correspond with the press. I advised him to enter into no arrangement with any bookseller till his book was completed, for he could scarcely tell till he had done it what sort of a book it would be. I recommended him to keep his pen free to make such a book as a visit to the United States might inspire him to make, and, when made, to sell it in the best market he could find; and I invoked the example of de Tocqueville, who, in his private letters, frequently congratulated himself that he had forborne to publish his first impressions about America, but had waited till they had had time to ripen. Time and reflection, I said, will often suggest to the most experienced traveler things to add and correct which sometimes determine the fortunes and usefulness of a book.

In reply to these remarks, he for the first time betrayed to me his African blood. He said he never corrected anything; he wrote *dans l'abondance*, and sent his manuscript to the printer without looking it over; that he had never re-read anything he had written in his life, except in proof. My MS., he said, is without an erasure; if I get to altering and correcting, I always end by throwing it into the fire and beginning anew. I will show you one of my MSS. With that he called his secretary, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, and intellectual-looking young gentleman of some twenty-two years, and requested him to bring him a chapter of *San Felice*. The secretary presently returned with some fifty or sixty pages of quarto MS., which he placed in my hands. There was scarcely an erasure or a correction in it from beginning to end, and what surprised me more, the writing was in a clear, round hand, and not at all like the current French chirography. It was as legible as print.

I subsequently learned some facts about Dumas' literary habits, which render it a little less than absolutely certain that I really saw his MS. in the package that was shown to me. His secretary, it is said, writes so much like the great romancer that no one but an expert could distinguish the MS. of the one from that of the other. His son, and, indeed, many others, are said to possess this accom-

plishment as well. In other words, Dumas is in the habit of putting his name to romances he has scarcely read, much less written. He sometimes published in a single year more volumes than the most rapid penman could copy in twice that time. For example, in 1845, sixty volumes, purporting to be the work of his pen, were issued from the Parisian press. The copying alone of half of them could not have been done by a single man in a year. The remainder, be they more or less, were done by others, at first under his name alone, and later under the joint name of himself and their authors.*

In showing me his MS. he may have had it in his mind to disabuse mine of any impression I might have received of his ploughing with other people's heifers, by showing the MS. of a work which he had but recently finished. I had no doubt then that it was his, nor have I much doubt now, though unhappily his calling it his was in itself by no means conclusive proof. Whether his or not, I fully believe that he wrote *dans l'abondance*, as he said, and did not revise. There was where the African came in. He had no reflective faculties. The moment he began to correct he became confused, and the train of his thought was irrecoverably broken. He had to run down, like a clock, as he was wound up, and without stopping. It is the peculiarity of the African that, for want of the reflective and logical faculties, he is incapable, except in rare instances, of measuring distance, size, or time, or of thoroughly mastering the common rules of arithmetic. Dumas' blood was not sufficiently strained, or shall I say corrupted, to be an exception in this respect. At school he could never be made

* Dumas had a sort of manufactory of plays and romances in Paris at one time, not unlike the cheese factories of New England. His part of the work consisted in giving it his name, and perhaps its title. One of his most faithful and fertile collaborators, Auguste Maquet, is said to have contributed not less than eighty volumes to the stock of the concern. Dumas is reported to have taken yet greater liberties with printed works. His appropriations, in one way or another, of other writers' labors, got him into several duels and as many lawsuits, from none of which was he so fortunate as to retire with quite all the character he embarked on them.

to learn arithmetic, and the greatest difficulty was found in getting a little Latin into his head. He excelled, however, in hunting birds' nests, snaring game, poaching, riding horses, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and it was in gratifying these propensities that he acquired the hardy constitution which three-score years of a by no means exemplary life had failed in the least to impair.

To my inquiry if he spoke English, he replied that he read it a little, but he added, *ma maitresse est Anglaise, et elle me fera parler toute de suite*. I looked at him again to see if I had not misunderstood him, and if he had not meant his valet, but he went on to say that he had taught her French, and that she was only waiting till her accent was perfect to appear at the opera.

He wished to know how much he would require for his expenses during his absence, and if 2,000 francs a month would be enough. I told him that if he took but one servant and no woman it would.

While we were discussing these matters the door opened, and in walked a young lady whom he addressed cordially as Madame, and presented to me. She saluted me in idiomatic English. A glance at her convinced me that she was the *maitresse* who was to endow him with the requisite English for his transatlantic excursion. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, of regular features, and, but that her head over the forehead was too flat, would have been beautiful. I did not hear her name, if it was pronounced, but she told me, I think, that one of her parents was Irish; that she had given concerts in America; and she showed me a letter from a Mr. Thompson, of Cincinnati, to her, in which she was addressed as "Picciola."

Matrimony is an institution of which Dumas never comprehended the necessity or even the propriety. He was once married, but not in obedience to any conviction that there was any fitness in such formalities. It happened in this wise, say the Paris gossips. When about eighteen years of age, upon the recommendation of General Foy, who took him under his protection, he was appointed to a Secretaryship under the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, at a salary of about \$250

a year. When the Duke had become King, Dumas, with the same insensibility to the distinction between a wife and a mistress which he showed in proposing to take his "Picciola" with him to America to teach him English, escorted a young actress, who had figured at several of the minor theatres of Paris, to a ball given by the young Duke of Orleans, the King's eldest son. After they had presented themselves and been received by the Duke, he said in a dignified tone to his chivalric guest:—

"Il est entendu, mon cher Dumas, que vous n'avez pu me présenter que votre femme."

These words were equivalent to an order, a disregard of which would have involved his disgrace. They were married at once; all the literary notabilities were invited on the occasion, and the austere Chateaubriand was one of the official witnesses. They soon, however, discovered that as married people they got on better separate than together; he remained in Paris and she went to Florence, where she died of an epidemic.

We waited breakfast till 1 o'clock for the arrival of Mr. Genesco, the editor of the *Europe*, from whom a telegram then arrived informing us that he had missed the train by two minutes. The proprietor of the cottage and a professional musician were the only other guests. The honor of conducting madame to the table fell to me. The breakfast was admirably served, though it did not escape the criticism of our host. A carp, cold and more than two feet long, taken from the neighboring lake, with a sauce piquante, was followed by a hot roasted leg of delicious mutton. Then came a *ris de veau*, with tomato sauce. When Dumas was handed some he declined, saying: "Je me défie de la sauce tomate que je ne fais pas moi-même." One of the guests insisting that the sauce was very good, "Ah," replied Dumas, in a tone between a sigh and a grunt, "it is not as I like it." He afterwards remarked of another dish not entirely to his taste: "I can't quit the kitchen five minutes." After the *ris de veau*, we had crevisses, of which he ate enormously. By this time his breathing had become as distinctly audible as if it had been effected by the

aid of a high-pressure engine. I never saw a person eat so much like an animal. Grapes and pears concluded our repast, which was led to its place with champagne, claret, and some excellent Burgundy.

Soon after we had made an end of our eating and drinking, our host relapsed into a state of stertorous somnolency against which he struggled for a while manfully but in vain. I observed, however, that this was a familiar experience with the household, and was not to be noticed. Though somewhat reassured by the tranquil air of my *commensales*, I could not help feeling a little as if I were the guest of honor at one of La Fontaine's feasts of the animals. In about half an hour, however, he overcame his drowsiness, and then talked on rapidly, and sometimes eloquently, and the more he talked the better looking he became. His smile was very sweet, and there was not a sordid, or mercenary, or selfish trait in one of his features. He spoke of topics of current interest like a man of decided opinions, but evidently saw them from a very restricted rather than from a philosophic or national point of view. He said some things that were striking. The emperor, he remarked, was *un vrai conspirateur* and not a brave man, hence he did everything requiring courage in the night, and then enumerated several of his important nocturnal performances. He compared him to those beasts of prey that only seek their food at night, such as foxes, wolves, jackals, etc., and said that he had the eye of that class of animals.

The Franco-Italian Convention of the 11th Sept., which had been then recently signed, and of which the world has just witnessed the auspicious consummation, he pronounced very ingenious and quite sure to restore Italy to Rome. He spoke with great admiration of our novelist, Cooper, whose works were lying on his table, and whom he professed to have known.

Before leaving St. Gratian I returned to the

subject of his projected American expedition, made proffer of such letters and counsel as might promise to be of service to him, and repeated the advice I had given him before, to make a book about the United States, and not to sell it until it was written. It was obvious that for some reason, then not quite intelligible to me, this advice was not palatable altogether.

Reflecting upon what had passed during my ride home, I came to the conclusion that his hope was that our government, following the example of several European States when in trouble, might desire to enlist his pen in its service, and that perhaps I was prepared, under the cover of a bookseller's engagement, to take him into the service of the Republic.

Speaking of his proposal, a few days later, to a distinguished member of the Institute, he told me that I should caution all to whom I gave him letters not to lend him money, for, said he, he will levy upon every one of them, *il est un grand mangeur*, and always in want of money. This, he added, is so notoriously his character that I feel no remorse in warning you of it. He thought, however, Dumas might make a good book, and perhaps, under the circumstances, a useful one.

I need hardly add that I never offered Dumas any special inducements to visit America, or that he never executed the project about which he consulted me. Neither did he ever renew the subject with me nor with any one else that I know of. His sceptre was already broken and his literary influence was rapidly passing away. During the winter succeeding my visit to St. Gratian he tried to trade a little upon his past reputation and notoriety, by lecturing; but his success did not warrant him or his friends in trying the experiment more than twice. With them Dumas may be said to have closed a literary career which brilliant as it was for a time, placed mankind under very inconsiderable obligations.

A GENTLEMAN'S PREROGATIVE.

"THE many fail, the few succeed," is an aphorism so old, that its authorship, no doubt, had we the means at hand, could be traced to Father Noah himself,—his last utterance to the wicked world as he shut the door of the ark, and retired to safety and solitude.

Yet a greater amount of success in life, I think, might be generally attained, if, instead of abusing circumstances, which we are all ready to do, we were to endeavor to fit in the angles of character to the nooks and corners of destiny.

No one is surprised when the reckless and dissipated come to a disastrous termination of their career, but many a one of honorable instincts and unsullied morality falls short of expectation, and makes as dismal a conclusion.

There must be some reason for this, and a modest theory of my own on this vexed question has been, for many a year, that elegant tastes, without proportionate means to back them, bring as much trouble upon the possessor as absolute want of capacity, or even wrong-doing in its widest sense. And he who is ruled by his inclinations, apparently harmless, in opposition to duty, will make shipwreck before his voyage is ended, no matter how gallantly his vessel sails out of port.

A friend of my youth is just dead. He entered the narrow circle of my intimates at boarding-school, more than thirty years ago, and was the pride and glory of our whole class. Even then he was a most elegant-looking boy, and became the especial pet of the teacher, who found him clever and gentlemanlike, and to the rest of us, rough country lads, he was indeed a model of style. His father was not a rich man; indeed his income was no larger than that of my own parent, but as this last was the anxious owner of ten unruly children, he was in proportion poorer than old Mr. Centend, whose only child was our aforesaid hero.

So, when my coat was shabby, it was still worn with noble indifference to color or size; my boots were in a terrible state of patchedness before new ones were forthcoming, and

as to pocket-money, my poor father, work as hard as he could, was always behindhand with my monthly allowance. Eight more sons at home and one delicate little daughter ate up his small income with fearful rapidity. I therefore grew up with very simple ideas as to what was necessary and what superfluous, and the sight of Paul Centend's toilette apparatus, which he displayed before us school-boys, a short time after his arrival, gave me no pang of envy, although I could appreciate the elegance of its arrangement. "Father wanted to give me a common, trashy dressing-case," said the young fellow, quite at his ease in displaying his treasure, "but I wouldn't have it."—"I don't like a thing any better because it is expensive, you know, boys, but I think the best is always the cheapest, and I would do without, a hundred years, rather than start with one of those nasty japanned things the other fellows have. So the governor forked up this, though it's my selection entirely—perfectly plain and solid, with silver tops to everything—I hate shams."

"Do you choose your own clothes too?" said I, looking at the admirable material and cut of his coat; "your father must be very indulgent to you to permit that."

"Oh! my father is a regular brick, and never refuses me anything necessary for a gentleman; and let me tell you," he added with a knowing wink, "that there is not a fellow of my age in New York who knows how to choose a coat better than I. I am not bragging," he said, laughing and coloring a little, "but it's truth, every word I say."

A great big lump of a boy, who never knew his lessons, but had brains to be saucy when he liked, and who had not said a word till this moment, gave a contemptuous sneer.

"If you and your father are such big folks," he said, with a grin, "I wonder you ever came to a country school at all with us small fry—I wouldn't, I'd be hanged first."

"Do be hanged now, Wilson; don't stand on time," was Paul's reply. "It will be an immense relief to us all, and the professors too, no doubt."

Thus it was that Centend took the *pas* of us boys, and in a few months led the class like an old bell-wether. With me alone, however, he was really on an intimate footing. I was his chum, and had it not been for early education, which had given my mind a strong bias, I might have been led into trouble by the association. In all his habits and thoughts Centend was a gentleman, and opposed to anything rude or disorderly, but his judgment on the subject of expense never underwent change, and his decrees as to what every one should wear, buy, and spend were fixed by his own experience, and immutable.

Many were the amicable discussions that took place between Paul and me, on this fruitful subject, and as he grew more decided in his utterances, I became more stubborn in my opinions, and on this "moot point" eternal warfare raged.

I never shall forget one afternoon when Centend caught me with a pair of cheap white gloves that I had purchased at half price at the country store. This extravagance had emptied my purse and made my countenance fall, but there was to be a wedding at the Professor's house that evening, and we were all expected to appear in white gloves and cravats. It was impossible to stay away without giving offence, and I had therefore made this sacrifice to society, but not without a pang.

Paul took the gloves from me, turned them coolly over, and handed them back with a contemptuous shrug.

"Cheap and nasty, I see," said he, laughing. "You never will learn wisdom, Jack, and buy your things tip-top."

"These are good enough for one evening," said I quietly; "white gloves don't last any longer, and beside I can't afford any better; these took all that was left of my allowance."

"You should have written home for more money."

"I wouldn't do that, whatever happened; not if I had to wear mittens."

"Then you are a jackass; I would rather beg, borrow, or steal a first-rate pair of kids than go in those."

"I shall go in these, and have a nice time in spite of cheap gloves; I am only a boy,

and nobody expects us to be elegant or handsomely gotten up here."

"I shall always be dressed as a gentleman should, if it takes the last stiver I have got in the world. Every one notices dress, and besides I hate mean clothes."

"It is the meanest thing in the world to have what you can't afford, or can't pay for."

"Nonsense! the *pater familias* is an animal that expects to be fleeced; he likes it, no matter how loudly he *baas*."

"Well, my father has no fleece to spare, and when I leave school I have got to work hard and push my own way in the world. I am not going to encumber myself with a load of elegant tastes. Common clothes, plain fare, will be my lot for years, perhaps for life, and it is as well to submit to circumstances until I can overcome them."

Paul said no more. He was too kind-hearted to dwell upon my uncertain prospects, and felt really much commiseration for what seemed to him abject poverty; but this conversation had the effect to confirm us both in our preconceived opinions.

Three years passed away, and we separated to enter life on different pathways.

With much difficulty my father obtained for me a place in a city lawyer's office, where I studied, and received at the same time a small salary for doing ordinary office work. If my elegant friend Paul had seen me in the shabbiest of clothes, and on the scantiest of fare, working like a veritable beast of burden, I doubt whether a hearty scolding, or a heartier shake of the hand would have been his greeting. As it was, not till time had carried me rather higher up on the rounds of fortune's ladder did we meet again, and then he welcomed me with a cordiality that revived the affection of early years. He had been through college, and was now on his way to Europe to finish his studies and see the world.

"You are your own master now," said I, glancing at his faultless mourning suit, evidently in its first freshness.

"Yes, and I miss my father terribly, although he was always pounding it into me about my extravagance. However, he was a true friend, and left me all he had in the world.

Not so much, after all. Only \$50,000. But it's a nice little sum."

"You can live very comfortably on that abroad," said I. "The income will support you if you get in a cheap place."

"No cheap places for me," said Centend, laughing. "You know I don't believe in that sort of thing. The best of everything is the cheapest, 'in fare, wear, and stare,' and to see the world and eat and be clothed decently is the prerogative of a gentleman."

I sighed. "It is not the fate of all," I said. "Some must struggle while others enjoy. However, it is all right in the end, no doubt."

"Jack," said Centend quickly, "come out in the steamer with me. You want a holiday sadly, and the run across will do you good. You can go for a month or so to Paris, and return in the autumn. It won't cost you much, and I'll back you to any extent. You are such an economical old squaretoes, that having you along will lessen my expenses by half. For you know I have no dissipations."

This was true, for Centend, extravagant as he was in everything he bought or used, was too elegant to enjoy *fast* city life, and spent his time in the choicest society, where he was sure to find the highest culture and most congenial entertainment.

I need hardly say that Centend went to Europe alone. I fagged away, often heart-sick and weary, till a sudden turn of affairs put me in as junior partner of the firm in which I first entered as humble assistant. Also about this time my father died, leaving an unsullied name behind him, and a property that, divided between ten children, gave each of them \$5,000. All of my brothers were now settled, most of them in a distant part of our country, and my only sister, a pretty little creature of nineteen, was claimed by me as her elder brother, and head of the family.

Then, too, a hope long cherished, but frequently relinquished, became at once feasible as it was delightful. I could now possess a home of my own, simple and plain,—for this alone my means permitted,—but still my own, where my sister and one other person, even dearer, should take their places by the hearthstone, and rule by right of authority and affection.

This was fifteen years ago, be it remembered; a man in those happy days could buy a small house at a moderate price, and furnish it, without utter ruin, at the upholsterer's. Indeed the snug dwelling which so comfortably contained my household goods, my dear little Susie, and my still more charming Caroline, was in itself nothing remarkable, but to my eyes the abode of happiness and luxury.

As it chanced, about two months after my marriage, I met accidentally my friend Paul Centend in the street not far from my own house, looking for lodgings after a prolonged tour in Europe. Never was a friend more affectionately greeted than I; never did my heart respond more warmly to Centend's kindly interest.

I invited him immediately to my house, and promised him unlimited hospitality from my wife and sister.

I shall never forget Paul's first visit at my modest domicile. He "took stock" in a moment of all my economical arrangements, and a smile, which brought back reminiscences of boyhood, lit up his face as with a gleam of sunshine.

"The same old two-and-sixpence are you, my boy, as when first we met 'upon the banks of Dee'! And does your adored admire mahogany and hair-cloth, and condescend to put her feet on a villanous three-ply? She must be very much in love indeed."

"I hope she is," said I, laughing; "at any rate she is contented, apparently, with me and my belongings. I have done as well for her as I could afford, and she knows it and is satisfied; indeed, happily for my pocket, neither of us has expensive tastes, nor sighs for what is unattainable."

"There is the mistake you always make, my dear fellow; a handsome thing at double the common price is the cheapest, because it does not go out of fashion and lasts longer. Depend upon it, real wood furniture and the heaviest carpets are the best investments in the end."

"Certainly for a rich man, but I have not money to pay for such things, and in debt I will never be."

"There you are again. Who talks about debt? Everybody says you have money put

away in an old stocking, and can afford to do as you please."

"That is a mistake. I have a good business and this house, and cannot afford to use everything up in the present."

Centend now planted himself on the corner of my comfortable though despised sofa, and discoursed eloquently for two mortal hours about his European tour, his present plans and future intentions.

"Now I am going to work," he said, laughing. "I am educated to a point that will make me a useful person in any capacity, and will undertake any kind of business which will be at the same time very light and very remunerative."

"Remunerative! You, one of the lucky ones, talking of work! What will happen next?"

"Well, Jack, the fact of it is, that a tour in Europe cuts into one's capital in the wofullest style imaginable. I don't know whether I should have gone, had I known how things would really have turned out; but you see, traveling first-class and all that sort of thing is expensive, and of course nothing else is fit for a gentleman."

"Ahem. And I suppose there are many other ways of getting rid of one's money besides traveling first-class."

"Well, you know I never gamble, and don't prefer running in debt, or trouble of any kind, it is so intensely vulgar. But I did give some of the neatest dinners in Paris ever got up by an American. I don't mind telling you that, and it made a dreadful hole in my purse, I assure you."

"I am sorry to hear it. You are one of those who can't afford to be poor; your tastes are too elegant."

"Stop laughing at me, Jack, and give me the best advice as to what I shall do;" and here Paul, relying on my faithful friendship, gave me a long account of his financial difficulties, for, having spent nearly two-thirds of his capital, his means were entirely too limited to suit his ideas as to what was absolutely necessary for a gentleman's decent appearance.

At this turn of proceedings my wife and sister suddenly entered the room. They had

been out shopping together, and as they came into the parlor, animated and blooming, I thought I had never seen two more lovely or elegant women.

That the same idea had occurred to Centend struck me immediately as he rose to be formally introduced. A look, which I knew to be one of pleasure and surprise, lit up his fine features, and rendered his fascinating manners more *pronounced* than ever. Centend stayed to dinner that day, and ate his beefsteak off English china with such a relish that "I wondered as I gazed." Perhaps, however, the flavor was rendered tolerable by the presence of the ladies, who, being easy in their manners, lively in their conversation, and, above all, attractive in appearance, made the meal pass, for me at least, like a banquet of the gods. When Paul left us that evening he squeezed my hand long and hard.

"Well, by Jove! my dear Jack," he said, "I believe you have the best of it, after all. I can't say I admire your choice of houses or furniture, but your taste in women is without fault. Your Caroline is handsome enough for a duchess, and that little blue-eyed sister of yours is as lovely as an angel. I wish I were a rich man," he added, with a great sigh, "then I could be happy too, and marry for love."

"No, no, that can't be thought of," said I, laughing. "You can't afford to marry for love. Make up to some heiress who wants somebody to help her spend her money. That is the course for you, my dear fellow, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for your pocket."

I went back to the parlor, much pleased with my friend's visit. Caroline and Susie had already taken Paul into their good graces, and the warm interest I had so long felt for my school-mate was soon shared by both these sympathetic women.

But alas! for the blindness of masculine eyes. Paul's visits, which now came on "fast and furious," ostensibly to consult me as to his entrance on a business career, had really another object, and I, foolish bat of a fellow, never saw that it was Susie's blue eyes that attracted him, and not our plain dinners and my still plainer talk. I even laughed at my wife when she mildly insinuated that she

thought Paul's looks were wandering and melancholy when our little charmer was not within visible distance.

"My dear love," said I, with the knowing air of a man who has been down to the very roots of human nature, and knew every fibre of the same, "women who think men like Paul Centend have any hearts to lose are mightily mistaken. He has been all over the world and seen all sorts of beauty, and come back perfectly heart-whole. It is not in our little back parlor, over a girl as unsophisticated as Susie, that this man of fashion is to become spooney. No, no. Besides, he is as poor as a church-mouse."

"Very well, Jack," said Caroline, puckering up her mouth, and looking as wise as an owl, "have it your own way, my dear; but remember, if anything comes of it, I have warned you beforehand. You forget that your friend Centend is a great admirer of elegance, and every one admits that your sister is as graceful as she is handsome; also Mr. Centend never denies himself any luxury that he thinks suited to his position, and as to poverty, he knows nothing of its reality—only the shadow of it haunts him, while he has a penny that he can call his own."

Still these words made but little impression, and Paul came and went, as fancy led him, altogether unquestioned by me.

It was nearly a year after this that Susie walked into my room one morning and told me, laughing and blushing, that Centend had offered himself, and she had accepted him. Had the skies fallen I could not have been more surprised, for Paul, in all his private confidences, had never approached this subject. Neither was I at all gratified, for, fond as I was of Centend, I loved my sister far more dearly, and I dreaded lest the man she had chosen should fail in his duty to protect her. I immediately, of course, when it was too late, did all I could to prevent this marriage, which was in many respects very unsuitable. Paul was one of those who should never have married at all, or at any rate entered into the holy bonds only under the most brilliant auspices.

To deny himself or his elegant tastes, to live for others, and be content to work and

suffer for them, was something he had never conceived of, much less put in practice, and to all such marriage is, or ought to be, impossible.

Well, they married, notwithstanding, and I gave my dear Susie away with eyes dimmed with tears, and more sighs in my speech than congratulations; while my wife, ready always to look on the bright side, and make the best of everything, planned the arrangements as pleasantly as our limited means would permit.

And Susie went out into her new life with a man she adored, and who loved her as Isaac in the simple times of old loved the wife whom he had sought so faithfully; but alas! for the simplicity of those happier days; they are gone never to return. Flocks and herds will not suffice the modern requirements of taste, neither in the shape of wholesome provisions or comfortable clothing. Furniture, china, and silver must not only be good, but beautiful, artistically designed, and very costly, otherwise they fail to come up to the standard that fashion has erected, and which few have the courage to rebel against. My views on this subject were original, but it was in vain I endeavored to impress them upon these my best friends. Paul finally obtained an office in the Custom House, given him through the influence of his *quondam* school-mate Wilson, now a flourishing politician; and with this to furnish an income, and a really beautiful home, which he bought and furnished with all that was left of his patrimony and Susie's five thousand dollars, Centend and his wife began their housekeeping experience.

This was the time before the war, and things were not then as now at gold prices, but it was painful to see Centend struggling under the pressure of wants and tastes which he could not deny or control. Before the first year was out, there was anxiety written on Susie's rosy cheeks, and Paul, who would never deal with any but the best (that is to say, the most fashionable) butchers, bakers, and grocers, was no longer out of the power of trades-people, and trembled at the sight of a bill. Upon comparing accounts it was discovered by Susie, who, like most women, was the first to see the need of retrenchment, that their living and ours

differed much more in expense than comfort, our little establishment being kept by good management on about half what the Centends expended; but Paul's objections to deal in second-class shops, as he called them, for a time checked his wife's efforts to economize. A few years of this sort of thing and a family of young children changed, however, the absolute necessity of the case.

Paul, his love of elegance not a whit abated, but his purse absolutely empty, gave up the reins of power into his wife's hands and allowed her to manage matters in the only way that was possible. Centend never before was given to bursts of ill-temper, indeed his natural disposition was amiable, but as the sweetest wine is said to make the sharpest vinegar, so Paul, cut short in his pleasures, his peculiar fancies, and his critical appetites, was fast becoming morbid, querulous, and fault-finding. Many a morning did Susie come round to our house to "have out" the good cry which she dared not indulge in at home. Many a surreptitious trifle for Paul's dessert, or a present for the children, was conveyed by Caroline from our domicile to theirs.

But all things have an end; Paul's office was taken from him by a change of political rulers, and, beset by duns and difficulties, ill health came upon him (the sure result of over-strained faculties), and typhus fever closed the catalogue of his misfortunes.

When Centend had sufficiently recovered from his long illness to look circumstances in the face, he found himself in a deplorable condition indeed. The war had just broken out, and swept away the hopes of happiness of thousands better anchored than he. What then had destiny to offer him? He had neither the physical strength nor a natural love for the soldier's profession, but he gloried in his country, and possessed that kind of courage which in refined and sensitive temperaments has so often produced great results in times of emergency and danger. He obtained a commission, and leaving his family with me, he traveled, almost from a sick-bed, into the heart of the battle-ground, there to bid a long farewell to elegant leisure and the luxuries of home. During all these years of blood and carnage, Paul was one of those whose

places are ever in the "deadliest breach." As if to dispel forever the dream that a gentleman's prerogative is the softest, the sweetest, and the best of what earth can furnish, *his* duty compelled him to the roughest fare, scanty slumbers, and weary and long night-marches. Others had furloughs, he could not obtain them; the delicacies sent by his friends at home never came to hand; to him at last fell the dreadful lot of Andersonville, and a bestial existence to which death would have been Paradise.

I can bear to tell the story now, when it is over, and he who bore himself so bravely is done with it all—for he came back at last, not to live and be happy, but to die and be happier; for he had, while conquering the enemy, learned to conquer himself, his own passions and weaknesses, and left the world a noble soul, one who had fulfilled his mission and was ready to depart.

Self-indulgence had tarnished the brightness of his character, but long months of suffering and privation had brought reflection, and with reflection new views of life, of death, and of the Christian's hope. Nor was he suffered to die in loneliness; those he loved were around him, and the hours that ushered him into the eternal world were peaceful and without regret.

"My dear Jack," he said, but a few days before his tranquil end, "how strangely my destiny has been shaped by Providence. A man who in youth never permitted himself an uncomfortable moment, is killed at last by the effect of the horrors of a southern prison. But for my poverty, I should never have left my home and dear ones, to do battle even in this righteous cause, and but for my expensive tastes I should never have been brought to this necessity. The evil that has happened to me is my own work, while the good I have been able to do has been the one blessing vouchsafed me by an overruling power. Let me entreat you, however, to warn my children against following in my footsteps. This life is not given us for enjoyment, or the cultivation of elegant tastes. The prerogative of a gentleman is the privilege of every human soul to 'do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.'"

CHILDREN WHO WORK.

LOOKING up with one of the sweetest little smiles in her baby-face, a small girl, perhaps seven or eight years of age, replied to my question :

"I work at feathers."

Hers was not the rosy, dimpled, child-face whose type is familiar in all our happy homes. She was thin in flesh, and pale ; yet the bright, mirthful eyes, and the peculiarly infantile expression about the mouth, intimated that happiness and love were not altogether strangers to her life.

It was in one of the evening, or "night" schools, as they are more properly called, of New York City, and she was one of the hundred thousand working children in that metropolis, who, after a day of toil, try these uncertain night paths to knowledge.

Do you care to hear her brief story ?

She was ten years of age—none are admitted to the evening schools younger than that. Her sister, not yet old enough to come to school, worked with her at stripping feathers in an establishment on Walker Street.

"What kind of feathers are they, and what kind of work is stripping feathers?" we asked.

"Why, like that in your hat," said the bright little creature, looking astonished at my ignorance. "That is what they are like when we have finished them ; but we girls work at them before they are dyed. I make about three dollars a week, and my sister—she is only six years old—she does not make as much ; sometimes a dollar a week, sometimes more."

Her father was dead, and her sickly mother could earn but a little money by sewing. Such is the pitiful story of thousands in this great Babel of business, pleasure, wealth, poverty, fashion, and suffering.

Soon the invalid mother will pass away, confiding her little ones to the mercy of a heavenly Father. Will He send guardian angels to watch over them, to protect their little steps and strengthen them for a struggle with the destiny which stares them in the face, and that seems inevitable ?

Ah ! if these little children were ours ! But they are not. We can go away and forget them. Our little ones are safely housed and kept. Man is not his brother's keeper, and we are not bound to look after other people's children.

That peculiar expression of the child's mouth ! How it carries me home to a face much smaller and younger, belonging to a little sprite who shall never work ten hours a day at "feathers."

But how do I know what she will do ? How many or how few unfortunate turns of the inexorable wheel of human events would be necessary to place her there, side by side with those sad little toilers ?

Alas ! why must we be so selfish that we can feel nothing but that which touches ourselves, *our* hearts, *our* pleasures, or *our* pockets ?

And since so many children are born into the world without competent protectors from its evils, why is innocence left in ignorance and poverty, to stumble and fall under temptation ? And when is that ever-present enigma to be solved which Carlyle suggests as the great problem of life :—"So many shirts in the world, and so many shirtless backs ; how to get the shirtless backs into the shirts?"

So many little unprotected children in the world, and so many rich men and women with warm human hearts ; how to get these children into these hearts ? How to show people who are anxious to save a suffering and perishing world, that the place to begin is the cradle, just as they would begin with a very young plant in order to fashion the tree in symmetry.

Inquiries by the United States Commissioner of Education, seeking the solution of such problems, have elicited facts respecting the number and condition of the poor children in this city, which, it is believed, will be of interest to every thinking man and woman in the country.

How few residents of Manhattan Island realize, or are even aware of the fact, that within its confines are at least one hundred

thousand children—the adjacent cities contain perhaps as many more—to whom the morning light on six days of the week brings only toil. For these children there are no schools, no nuttings in the woods, no bright walks in Central Park. They are prematurely burdened with the cares of life; dwarfed in stature from the lack of proper nutriment; by confinement in the bad air of workshops; by the bearing of heavy burdens, and the deprivation of such recreations as a normal childhood imperatively demands. They may be seen in the early morning, in all portions of the city, among the laboring throng, hastening with serious mien to the service of the day.

When Briareus-handed industry knocks at the gates of the morning, we are apt to think only of strong men and healthy women. But here, side by side with these, are frail little forms, too often but poorly protected against the wintry blast.

Did you, reader, ever reflect that many children begin the terrible struggle of life for food, shelter, and clothing, at an age when others are scarcely out of their cradles?

Bestow more than a passing glance upon these little ones now, if you never did before. It is much too early for school, yet each child is carrying what appears to be a lunch in basket, paper, or bag. Evidently they belong to this class of working children. The lunch will be needed at noon; for ten hours must pass before the tired feet can take their homeward way.

Where are the children going? What do they find to do?

If you care to know, go with me to the night schools, and afterward to the various factories where these night students toil. The teachers keep upon the school registers a faithful record of the employment of each pupil, and among them, probably, almost every occupation which the wants of man sustain is represented, either by adult students or children.

You will be astonished by the vast number of occupations in which boys and girls under the age of fifteen years are made to earn from fifty cents to five dollars per week. Nearly two hundred different employments are re-

corded in a single school for boys. They manufacture ink, tassels, tin boxes, whale-bones, whips, tobacco, toys, soap, shirts, ropes, picture-frames, paper collars and boxes, mineral waters, fans, feathers, corks, chignons, brushes, brier-wood pipes, bonnet-frames, bottles, bags, beads, artificial flowers, and bird-cages. They are apprentice-boys, cash and errand boys; they work at hair-picking and map-coloring; they post bills and tend stands. Two have given their occupation as "Sexton's assistant." Some of these trades are rather high-sounding for boys, such as black-smithing, carpentering, and architecture; but it would seem that nearly every business pursued by adults admits of the employment of children in some of its more simple details.

In the girls' schools many of these same employments are registered as followed by them. It seems evident that parents of the little workers are not particular what the children do, so that it brings them bread. While boys make ladies' chignons, girls run on errands for the stores. On the register of one night school for girls are recorded the names of fifty as "errands" for a single large dry goods firm.

Frequently items appear upon the registers indicating a little sentiment of pride or ambition in these night students. The hotel chambermaid or cook invariably gives her occupation as "housekeeper." One little girl of eleven years professes to be a "sales lady." Eighty little girls at one school are registered as "nurses." They are employed all day at home "taking care of the baby while mother goes out to wash." Some quite small girls, working in type-foundries, give their occupation as "type-setting;" but their work is merely placing the types in rows upon a "setting-stick."

Having visited as many night schools as possible in our limited time, and learned from the younger children where they or any children they may know work, we are ready to begin our tour of the factories and workshops.

The Commissioner of Education in Washington wishes to ascertain, as nearly as possible, how many children under fifteen years of age are pursuing "avocations" instead of being in school. But we soon find that it will not do



THE LITTLE FEATHER-WORKERS.

to say anything about schools or school ages, if we wish to learn facts. A majority of employers were found to be either afraid or ashamed to acknowledge that they employ children. For instance, we know that children of both sexes are employed in cutting corks; but gentlemen in that business, to whom we apply for information, declare that no children work for them.

"How old are your youngest 'hands'?"

"We have none younger than eleven or twelve."

It seems, then, that workers of this age are not considered as children by many employers, and we only arouse their suspicion and opposition by calling them so. Therefore our inquiries in future will refer only to "young people"—boys and girls. We find a retired cork-cutter who informs us that the number of "young people" employed in the business could not be less than one thousand, which number would be increased fivefold but for the extensive importation of corks ready cut.

Three or four thousand girls work in the

various book-binding establishments of the city. A part of the work is simple and suited to little children, such as folding and gathering the material. It is thought that at least half the girls working thus are under fifteen years of age.

Large numbers of children are employed in the manufacture of envelopes, there being about eight thousand, it is said, in the city, fully one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. They gum, separate, and sort the envelopes, being paid three and a half cents per thousand, and earning about three dollars per week. The work seems to be pleasant, clean, and the rooms tolerably well ventilated. In this and some other kinds of work, the chief objection seems to be, that while the children are earning their three dollars per week they cannot be in school, acquiring the education so necessary to arm and prepare them properly for the struggles and competitions of life.

Some children give their occupation as workers in gold-leaf. This work requires the careful exclusion of every breath of air from the room, the leaf is so very light. The one work-room we visited was better ventilated than I expected to find it, and much better than most establishments of the kind, it was stated—some air being admitted by keeping the room door leading to the front office open. Great skill is required in handling the thin, frail leaf, and most of the girls engaged in this work were found to be over thirteen years of age.

Little children are registered as employed in "burnishing" china, silver, and gold ware. The idea that heedless childhood could be trusted to polish our beautiful "sets," our silver tea-pots, pitchers, cups, and similar articles in gold, seemed so interesting that I took some trouble to see them work, and after going to three places where they had not time, or rather did not care to talk about it, found one gentleman who was willing to take the time. Here were girls thirteen years of age and upward, sitting in rows before a

long table, leaning forward, the handles of the burnishers—curious-looking steel instruments—pressed against the breast, and using them very skillfully in polishing a variety of beautiful and costly articles. When I remarked that this labor and the position of the worker must be very injurious, and liable to permanently injure the lungs, I was informed that the girls complain of little inconvenience after the first week or so, although men who sometimes work at burnishing find it necessary to wear breast-plates for protection.

There are, it is thought, about eight thousand girls employed in the manufacture of paper collars, one-fourth of whom are under fifteen years of age. The youngest children bend the collars, and perform many other simple details of the work. The swiftness and skill attained by some of the older girls, in counting and putting up the collars, is truly astonishing. One whom I saw at work counts and boxes twenty thousand in a day of ten hours. Another, whose business is to paste lining on the button holes of the collars, three on each, lined five thousand as a day's work.

The making of paper boxes employs at least ten thousand children. An idea may be formed of the immense number of boxes that must be made, from the numbers and varieties to be seen thrown away every day, from the match-box up. In the class of shelf-boxes alone we are shown two hundred different sizes. The larger boxes are made in factories, but the material for the smaller and cheaper varieties is taken home by children, and there "worked up." Many become very expert in the use of the material. A teacher of a night school exhibited a present she had received from a pupil, of a miniature paste-board house and lot, yard, garden, and out-houses complete.

But in all these hundreds of occupations which busy the skilled fingers of little children, the greatest number, and those of the most tender age, are engaged in the preparation of feathers, flowers, and tobacco—mere luxuries, yet considered so indispensable by a majority of men and women.

Reader, if this fact should seem to you of any special significance, and if it should suggest serious thoughts occasionally, do not drive

them away, but entertain them kindly. I do not desire to plant thorns in any of your flowers. Far from it. But may it not be hoped that the fine lady, luxuriating in forms of airy beauty, grace, and harmony will sometimes think pitifully and helpfully of the little children; that the man of ease, contentedly smoking his pipe or cigar, or rolling the sweet morsel under his tongue, may occasionally be carried in imagination to the filthy rooms where young children—almost babes—spend the long day in "stemming" the weed.

Do you think God intended childhood as a season for drudgery? If not, can any of you suggest some good plan by which the "rights" of children may be secured to them? Women who are already awake to some of the great issues of the hour, will you now arouse more fully to the importance of educating the children? Is not the question a fundamental one? And the rights of all children once secured, will not the world then be right?

With the addresses of a dozen or more feather and artificial flower establishments in various portions of the city, nearly three days were passed in the vain attempt to witness and sketch the simple operations of stripping or cutting feathers. The manufacturers in this business are remarkably fearful of the light, and have adopted stringent rules—unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—excluding all visitors from their work-rooms; but some of them refuse us politely and invent the best excuses they can.

One proprietor has no young girls at work, just now, either in the feathers or flowers; another is making repairs; one, whose refusal is expressed beforehand in his forbidding face, informs us that he has "no time to be bothered; the young people are well enough off; never you mind them."

The gentleman in charge of the establishment on Walker Street, where our little friend of the night school works, was polite and willing to give information, but as determined as others not to admit visitors. Another gentleman assured us frankly that no manufacturer of feathers and flowers in the city would allow visitors in his work-room, and the reason given is that each has particular patterns of his own, and fears that they may be copied

by others. Some, it is stated, even send their "hands" to seek work in other establishments, and, after a few days, take them back to enjoy the benefit of what they may have learned.

When quite discouraged we found a very small workshop, one of hundreds carried on in the city, employing about a dozen girls. The proprietor, a Frenchman, who is just commencing business, was not only willing to let us sketch the little girls at work, but desired a picture made of the larger girls curling the colored feathers and preparing the flowers. All seemed pleased with the idea of being "put into a book."

Manufacturers of feathers and flowers say that there are engaged in this work as many as ten thousand girls in New York and Brooklyn, two-thirds of whom are under fifteen years of age, and some as young as six and seven. The work done by the youngest children is simple, and manufacturers insist that it is very easy, consisting merely of stripping or cutting the feathers and stringing them, preparatory to dyeing, or preparing the material for flowers by equally simple operations. It is thought much more pleasant than any other work in which large numbers of children are engaged. The work-rooms are not foul with unhealthful odors, but are generally tolerably well ventilated. Yet the children do not thrive upon this "easy" work. Few of them look as children should—fat, rosy, and cheerful.

Many thousands of children, some of them very small, are at work in the tobacco factories of New York City. More than one thousand are employed by a single firm, and there are hundreds of smaller establishments scattered through the city, sometimes consisting of merely the members of a single family. Permits to visit the larger factories are not easily obtained. In this craft, also, proprietors have methods of work which they jealously guard.

"I have expostulated," said the manager of one of the oldest tobacco establishments, as he gave us a permit to visit the factories under his charge, "against

the employment of young children; but the overseers say that the children will go elsewhere and get work; that their parents are in want and need their labor, and so it seems impossible to avoid hiring them."

In one of their factories the youngest child employed is four years of age, the oldest person a woman of eighty. They work side by side.

Children so young as four years, we are told, are not regularly hired, but, in cases where their parents or guardians are employed, are brought with them for safe keeping, and as it is quite impossible for them to "keep still" all the time, they are glad to imitate the others in "stemming," and are soon able to add a dollar to the weekly wages of mother, sister, or grandmother. Thus they learn the business, and in the course of a year or two become regular "hands."

I saw a very pretty little baby, certainly not more than four years of age, trying to learn. She looked very demure, sitting upon an inverted basket, and occasionally glancing side-



FOUR AND EIGHTY.

ways at visitors. Every worker in this room, we are told, is Irish; but this nursling, with her prominent forehead, delicate features, blue eyes, and golden hair, looks more like a stray fairy who has lost her way and fallen into the foulest and darkest of prisons.

The entire building steams with the fumes of tobacco, and some of the rooms are positively unbearable to those not accustomed to the odor. The rooms where the women and children work are the least objectionable; but they are dreadful places for young children to grow up in.

The youngest girls are separated from each other in their work by a goodly number of steady old women being placed between them, "otherwise, you know," said our cicerone, "the children would play." They sit upon benches, ranged along in regular rows, quite near together. At the end of every bench hang upon the wall numbers of hoop-skirts, ready for duty upon the street when it is time to go home, but unnecessary and inconvenient about the work.

Ten thousand children, it is said, are working in tobacco, in New York and Brooklyn, for ten hours a day, six days of the week, and fully five thousand of them are believed to be under fifteen years of age. Children in many cases supply the places of more mature hands, and thus offer the employer an opportunity for gain not to be resisted as long as other manufacturers with whom he must compete employ this cheap labor.

Were stringent laws passed, similar to those existing in some of the New England States, regulating the employment of children under a certain age, many of the employers would accept the change, and would co-operate with others in arranging for a voluntary system of half-time schools; while not a few declare that such a system "wouldn't work," they "couldn't be bothered with it."

Tell them of the good results at Indian Orchard, and other places, from half-time schools, they say:—"O, in New England things can be done that can't be done anywhere else. Besides, in New England they work more hours than we do here. Our children can have an extra two hours for evening school."



CHOPPING TOBACCO.

I thought of the weary forms and heavy eyelids I had seen in all the evening schools with a feeling of despair. Could anything be more pitiful than the attempts of children, under such conditions of mind and body, to learn the difference between b and c, or to master the absurdities of our spelling?

In a subterranean apartment a few dozen boys are at work chopping the weed in its rough form, preparing it for the process of softening in brine for the "stemmers." A little light comes in from somewhere, enough for us to distinguish the utter dreariness of the scene. The little stove in the middle of the cellar fails to overcome the dampness of the atmosphere, but the exercise seems to keep the boys warm. Most of them, as might be expected, are chewing tobacco.

Many other details of the work in tobacco, which must be passed over for want of space, are performed by boys and girls. An undersized girl of twelve we saw elevated upon a box feeding a large machine. Her labor, it is stated, is equal in quantity and quality to that of an adult.

Interesting boys of ten or eleven were keeping the knives of a cutting machine clear by using a sponge saturated with rum, thus being brought in contact at once with two brother vices of society—rum and tobacco. They are getting their education. If

they prove apt scholars we may expect them to graduate in a few years.

In addition to the outrage of sacrificing the health and educational interests of children by keeping them at mechanical drudgery nearly all their waking hours, certain kinds of labor they perform are absolutely dangerous to life and limb. At the evening schools we heard of girls who, while working in twine manufactories, had lost one and two joints of their fingers. The principal of one school stated that last winter she had ten girls who had lost the initial finger from the right hand, and therefore could not be taught to write. One child, who learned to write with the left hand, came to school afterwards with the initial finger of that hand also gone. It was taken off in the twisting machinery at a twine factory.

Determined to see this terrible machine, we learned the address of the largest twine establishment in the city, and away up town, nearly to Central Park, we went one bitter cold day, so cold that to keep our courage up it needed the reflection that little girls, thinly clad, struggle through such weather all winter long, plunge into it from hot work-rooms and with vitality consumed by labor in impure air.

We found about three hundred persons at work, two hundred of them being children under fifteen years of age, and nearly all girls, who spin, wind, and twist the flax.

We were shown a very picturesque machine for hackling the flax, tended by ten sturdy little boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, five on each end. They were mounted upon a platform to enable them to reach and change the clamps which held the flax. This monster machine, which supersedes the small hacklers upon which our grandmothers dressed their flax, requires to be fed at either end continuously, and it works with the regularity and remorselessness of fate. Not discovering this peculiarity at first, and observing the boys working for dear life, we remarked to the proprietor: "These boys seem to be trying to show off before you."—"No," he replied, "the machine keeps them at it."

"Is it not better for them than running in the streets?" asked the proprietor.

"Better than that, yes; but how are they to be educated?"

"They nearly all go to evening schools."

Studying in the evening after working like this all day! No wonder they fall asleep over their lessons.

This tread-mill of a machine made me forget for a moment the terrible twisters we came to see. Only for a moment. Descending to the next floor we find a few women at work, and a few boys, but nearly all girls, of various ages, and engaged in many different labors, but all of one complexion—sooty, grimy, dusty, flaxy: all were dressed in a coarse skirt of hemp, often ragged and tattered. They ran from one corner of the room to another, carrying heavy boxes and armfuls of bobbins. You might almost imagine they were having a grand play, with such celerity do they fly from place to place; but the little faces are very sober, some thin and pale, and all appear to have arrived at a "realizing sense" of the burthens of life. There is one wielding a broom almost twice as high as herself, and almost as large around as her legs; the thinness of the latter showing painfully under her short tattered dress. If she could go to the Children's Aid Society's schools for even a part of the day, they would dress her warmly, and give her at least one nourishing meal in the twenty-four hours.

Here are the dreadful twisting machines, very disappointing in appearance, seeming to be only long rows of spindles stretching from one end of the room to the other, with nothing peculiarly dangerous about them. The proprietor is anxious to confirm the impression caused by their harmless appearance.

"A few girls," he says, "have had their fingers hurt in these machines; but it was always in cases where they forgot or neglected their work to talk or play. The twisters are not more dangerous than other machines at which children work."

I asked a little girl who had lost the fourth finger of her right hand how it happened, and she replied:—

"It was the rule that we go to help the others, and I went to help a girl, and she kept twisting the twine so," giving her hands a great flourish. "But my little finger always *did* stick

out from the others, and it got caught among the flax, and I knew it would take my hand off, and I jerked it out with all my might, and only lost half the finger. If I had been slow, my hand would have been taken off."

This is the simple story of a girl of twelve years. She was trying to imitate one more skillful than herself. The stories of other fingers lost in twine factories would differ but slightly from this. A moment's forgetfulness of the danger, but one moment of yielding to the universal childish impulse to play, and the mischief is done.

It is expected that penalties must follow violations of the law of mechanics, as of other laws, but children should not be placed in situations where so sad a penalty is the result of a moment's inattention. Their innocence and ignorance appeal for protection against the possibility of such calamities. An engine of 150 horse-power, driving a balance-wheel of 18,000 pounds weight, is an irresistible force when it clashes with the little finger of a child. Should not children's fingers be protected from the destruction threatened by such machinery, in some manner, by law if not otherwise?

But if the situation of children engaged in regular employment is so sad, what can be said of those who are drifting about the streets of the city, without any real homes or steady employment, but supporting a miserable existence by such irregular work as they can obtain—living "by their wits." From fifteen to twenty thousand is considered a moderate estimate of the number of boys and girls situated thus in the midst of this great centre of wealth and refinement. Many of these are orphans—others worse than orphans—children of criminals and poor wretches sunk deep in the degradation of drunkenness. Some are runaways from other cities; some are children of emigrants whose parents die upon the way here; some have fathers in the army and no mothers; others have invalid mothers and no fathers. Their daily portion is hunger, cold, and misery of almost every description. They may be seen almost every day upon the street, bent double, staggering under heavy loads, sweeping the crossings, or begging. Sometimes they go

without food until sick with hunger. Often their loathing of the miserable holes they call home is so great that they seek lodging in the station-house, and not unfrequently the beginning is made in crime for the sake of the shelter of even a prison over their heads.

The work of the New York Juvenile Asylum was fully described in the first number of this magazine. The Children's Aid Society is likewise doing a beneficent work for a portion of these outcasts by providing shelter, employment, food, and schools in the city, and permanent homes in the West. Six thousand sent to permanent homes, and twelve thousand aided to employment in some direction, during the period of seventeen years, is a great work in itself, but compared to that which needs to be done it is but a mite. The means of the Society are limited, and in other respects its operations are hampered by obstacles which a mere private enterprise must necessarily encounter.

Why should not the State aid, if not sustain such efforts entirely by liberal appropriations, or by the enactment of wise helping laws?

The magnitude of this evil is not appreciated. When it was proposed by Mr. Brace, the leading spirit in the Children's Aid Society work, to start the Rivington Street lodging-house for boys, many persons, even those who were engaged in the work, doubted the necessity of the step. The president of the society thought there were not homeless boys enough to need it; but very soon it was full, and now applicants for lodging have to be sent away every day.

I asked some bright little newsboys, lodgers at this house, how many such hotels they thought there ought to be for boys in New York? One thought that thirty would do, and another said it would need fifty. I asked another if he thought there were many boys now out of employment in New York? He said,

"The city's full of them. Why, there's men even offering to work for boys' wages."

When this unequal struggle of childhood with hunger, cold, and all the nameless horrors of poverty has produced its natural effect, and the boy or girl has become hardened, the

people, in self-protection, are obliged to support them in reformatories or prisons, while any plan by which all the poor children might be supported and schooled, and thus made useful citizens, would seem to the same people like useless extravagance. It is stated that it now costs the State of New York more than four times as much to support her criminal courts as to educate her children. Is this fact true? And if it is true, what of it?

Horace Mann, the great apostle of the people, as President Sarmiento so justly designates him, saw the truths which underlie this question more clearly, and stated them more forcibly than any other person has ever

done. Twenty-five years ago he told the people of this republic that—"No greater calamity can befall us as a nation than that our children should grow up without knowledge and cultivation. If we do not prepare them to become good citizens, develop their capacities, enrich their minds with knowledge, imbue their hearts with a love of truth and duty, and a reverence for all things holy, then our republic must go down to destruction as others have gone before it, and mankind must sweep through another vast cycle of sin and suffering before the dawn of a better era can arise upon the world."

THORWALDSEN'S SACRED MARBLES.

THORWALDSEN was especially the delineator of the antique, and in this field he has greatly enriched the City of Copenhagen with the priceless Museum of Sculpture that bears his name.

When he proposed to adorn the Frauen-Kirche of the same city with the sublimest theme of Christianity, that of Christ and the Apostles, it was a matter of interest to know whether his antique culture would sustain him in the embodiment of the Christian idea. His task was admirably performed; the statues of Christ and the Apostles crowned the column of his fame.

The old church, antique in style, is well adapted to display the figures, which are arranged two and two on each side of the pillars of the nave, whilst the statue of Christ occupies the sombre niche of the altar, extending its arms as if to receive the worshippers. The series of Apostles supporting Christ is opened by Peter and Paul, and the pairs seem to be arranged with reference to contrast in character. Peter has turned his head quickly around, as if in the act of resolutely obeying a command. The left hand is holding up his garment, that it may not impede him in his duty, whilst the right is firmly holding the keys that are the symbol of his office. He is the man of quick, determined action. Paul is the teacher. Thought and

clear perception rest on his features, and the whole declares the consciousness of victory, whilst the statue itself is peculiarly dignified. The hand is raised to teach, and the mouth opened to speak; the stern eye is prepared to silence opposition.

The second pair is that of Matthew and John. The former is the careful historian, and is observantly listening to what is being told to him. The mouth is firmly closed, and he seems absorbed in his occupation, which is that of writing. It is his duty to relate the blessed story of salvation, and the angel reclining at his side seems absorbed in the revelation of this mystery. But John, in some respects the masterpiece of the group, is the most perfect contrast of his companion. He is the man of inspiration. His spirit has soared to the eternal world, and is sunk in the contemplation of it, all his powers being absorbed by the announcements from on high. He reports not the deeds of history that are perceived by the senses, but their mysterious nature—the mystery of the Godhead. He is not the historian, but the prophet in history. What he relates comes not to him by tradition, but by inspiration. And while the heads of the other statues are nearly all inclined to the ground, his is turned gently upward. His countenance is that of youth, but not of effeminacy or sentimentality.



THORWALDSEN'S ST. JOHN.

He is the man in the youth, but with less individual expression than the others, for he is wholly lost in the contemplation of the divine mystery. God is revealed in the flesh. The eagle at his feet is a symbol of his soaring nature.

The third pair is that of Philip and James the brother of John. Philip's mouth is open-

ed in sadness, and his head is turned on one side. His gentle nature is affected with grief that the world can be so hostile to the messengers of Christ. Here all vigor seems lost in sorrow. James, on the contrary, is the man of cheerful determination, who journeys through the world without hesitation. His pilgrim's hat is thrown over the shoulder, his

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left hand is on his garment, and the right holds his pilgrim's staff. He is in the act of stepping forward with the left foot, and his head is turned sideways to the place that he is leaving: he is casting yet one sad glance toward Jerusalem as he goes out into the world to proclaim to it the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Following these are James the son of Alphaeus, and Andrew. This James much resembles Jesus in the gentleness cast over the whole statue, but strength is wanting. James is tired of his pilgrimage; his knees bend a little in weakness, his left hand leans on the strong staff, and the right feebly reclines on the left. In contrast to him is Andrew. Here all is calm firmness—defiance. The external form, broad shoulders, short neck, and broad, firm head, indicate defiance to the world and its power as he leans on his cross, the instrument of his martyrdom and the sign of his victory.

The next are Thomas and Judas. The former is resting the index-finger of his right hand reflectingly on his cheek, and gives us the impression of thoughtful melancholy. Judas seems absorbed in prayer, and is embracing the halberd that is to kill him. His bearing is an answer to the enigmas that torture the soul of Thomas.

The last pair is composed of Bartholomew and Simon Zelotes. The bald head and furrowed brow of Bartholomew indicate age, but it has not broken his strength, and he is calmly regarding in his right hand the knife that is the sign of his martyrdom. Simon is leaning with both hands on the saw that is to

deprive him of life, and observing it with a feeling of inexpressible sadness. His soul suffers at the thought that all the love and mercy of God are lost on a world filled only with hatred against his messengers.

And now for the statue of Christ in the central niche of the altar. One must school himself to appreciate it, for it is not possible to represent Christ in statue. It is more easy to do this in painting, for the conception of Christ needs something symbolical. Thorwaldsen has sought to make his statue of Christ the expression of an idea. We see the Apostles in their calling as we imagine them on earth, but the figure of Christ is an ideal one. It is not Jesus, as he walked on earth; it is not the Son, sitting at the right hand of the Father, but it is the embodiment of the Gospel; and therefore he has not the garments as he wore them in life, but has a light envelope thrown around him, as if risen from the dead, and thus his right shoulder and side are bare, showing the wound in the latter. The extended hands and the whole form have something inviting in their character, as if he were exclaiming to poor sinners: "Come hither, ye weak and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The impression left by the entire group is that of marvelous gradation of conception, and great fullness of thought and feeling; but what is common to them all is that seriousness which in individual cases rises to sadness, and that responsibility of calling that rests on them, and creates in them the resolution to live and die for their Lord and Master.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

UNDER the Larch with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn, my love I met.

Under the Larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of Life with its fond regret,
What have Love and Memory yet?
Only an April violet.

DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUE SILVER

THE artistic and learned world of Germany has recently been thrown into quite an excitement about a rare discovery of antique silver vessels, such as never before have been found within its borders. Some Prussian soldiers were making excavations for artillery purposes near Hildesheim, not far from the city of Hanover, in North Germany, when at a depth of ten feet they suddenly came upon three large vases, about two feet in height, containing quite a number of smaller vessels, with beakers, bowls, and salvers.

A close inspection proved them to be of great value, being ninety pounds of solid silver, partly overlaid with gold. But far more than this was their artistic worth, as the workmanship proved to be of surpassing beauty, and induced those connoisseurs who first examined them to declare them to be relics of the flourishing art-period of the Renaissance, when the influence of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Benevenuto was so clearly seen in the rich arabesques and graceful images of that period.

But the later investigations of the professional antiquarians of Germany proved that not half their value had yet been surmised. These gentlemen declared them to be splendid specimens of antique art, originating in the golden age of Augustus or his immediate successors. They were evidently the eating and drinking service of some luxurious old Roman, as the ornaments were all emblematic of the art and mythology of ancient Rome in her highest glory. And finally a critical inspection, after still more careful cleaning, discovered Roman weights, expressed in pounds, ounces, and scruples, and even the Roman names of some of the artists in the old Roman alphabet.

The discovery is therefore evidently antique, and far more extensive and valuable than any ever made north of the Alps, and even superior to the remarkable treasures in this line exhumed in Pompeii in 1835. The interesting question then immediately arose as to how these rare vases, beakers, salvers, candelabras, and all the utensils of a gorgeous table-service, should be found so far north, and in a region of no large Roman colony. The oxydized state of the vases proved them to have been buried a great length of time, for some of these were fairly eaten through.

This enigma set the antiquarians and historians at work again, and they soon told the following interesting story: About nine years after the birth of Christ the Roman Proconsul Varus was sent to Northwest Germany, to subdue the rebellious tribes under the old hero Hermann. The Roman general had commanded in Syria,



ANTIQUÉ SILVER BELL-SHAPED VASE.



ANTIQUÉ SILVER BEAKER-VASE, WITH HANDLES.

and found it but soldierly sport to subdue these weak and effeminate people. This led him to over-estimate himself and under-estimate his foes. He consequently undertook this ancient "Holiday Promenade to Berlin," accompanied by everything that could redound to his luxury and splendor, not forgetting his magnificent table-service with which to enjoy his delicacies and his wines. The Great Hermann led him by superior strategy into the pathless wilderness of the Teutoburger Forest, and there, after a three days' battle, totally annihilated the Roman Army. In its flight it doubtless buried these treasures in hope of recovering them, or certain victorious German clans may have thus concealed them from their own foes and never been able to recover them.

But they have at last arrived at Berlin, after a pretty tedious journey, it must be confessed, and are now adding their charms to the many priceless ornaments of the Art Museum of that great capital. And we now propose to give a concise description of some of the principal pieces of that great discovery, accompanied by splendidly-executed illustrations of three of these rarest works of art.

The first and most beautiful one is a bell-shaped vase, whose artistic execution leaves no doubt of its old Roman origin. It seems to have been a massive punch-bowl, though all its accessories are unfortunately wanting. It is very much corroded, but the largest part of it is in a tolerable state of preservation. A delicate plexus of grape-vines springs from the wings of griffins at the base, and twines around it to the summit, forming meshes in which are sportive children catching fish and crabs, beetles and butterflies. The entire execution is of workmanship so exquisitely delicate that none of the modern imitations of the antique fully equal it.

The second figure is a beaker-vase with handles. It is only about four inches in height, but its artistic perfection is quite equal to the preceding larger one. It has fallen into five pieces: the outer shell, the inner body of massive silver, the two handles, and the base. But each of these parts is uninjured, and there is no difficulty at all in attaching the parts together by solder. This beaker is surrounded by the foliage of the vine, and adorned with dramatic masks in very bold relief. These are as exquisite in



ANTIQUÉ SILVER BOWL, WITH THE INFANT HERCULES.

drawing as they are perfect in expression.

The third figure, which is also very beautiful, is a shallow bowl of about a span in diameter. In the bottom of it simply rests the infant Hercules, for it rises in such lofty relief that only a portion of the head and back touch the base. The boy is throttling serpents, as prophetic of his future strength, and he performs the dangerous task with a smile over his easy victory. The whole execution is of thrilling effect, and clearly indicative of its origin.

In addition to these, the collection contains a larger bowl, with an image of Minerva in the bottom, the whole figure of the goddess being heavily gilded and adorned with shield and helmet and a wreath of olive leaves. In execution it is not quite equal to those we have given in the cuts. Then there is a very beautiful small bowl, containing a bust that has been supposed to be that of Paris, from its delicacy and the absence of a beard.

Another bowl contains a medallion with the bust of a goddess, at first supposed to be Helena, but afterwards, from its symbols and surrounding, decided to be that of Cybele. Among the smaller vessels and utensils are many valuable specimens—three shallow bowls, with rich foliage and the heads of men and beasts, and a drinking vessel, ornamented with a simple laurel wreath. There are five beakers worked with enameled leaves, and a large vase, of some twenty inches in height, shaped like a funnel, and adorned with prancing steeds and raging boars.

A very interesting feature regarding the affair, are the learned and critical discussions among the German savans concerning the symbols, and the conclusion to be drawn from these as to epochs and artists. "Did they belong to such an age and to the Proconsul Varus, and are they the handiwork of Roman, Greek, or even of Asiatic goldsmiths?" Was there ever a richer field for the digging, delving, hair-splitting antiquarians of Germany?

THE FLY.

FROM time immemorial the fly has had an existence upon the earth ; a special and important mission to fulfill. It has been written a bore and pronounced a nuisance ; declared a pest, and gravely regarded a messenger of evil ; made a "Plague" and known as a scavenger ; adjudged an assassin and condemned as a malefactor ; used as an emblem in proverb and in prophecy ; and if not canonized, it is at least placed in the heavens, and we find it taking rank among the stars as a constellation. From the remotest antiquity to the present moment it has been an unchanged representative of its class, and yet it is to-day regarded with as little interest and as much contempt as when Young wrote that the immortal soul, when thrown into tumult by the varied and fitful scenes of earth,

"Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

Yet its part in the universe is scarcely less important to-day than when, by reason of its numbers, it "corrupted the land" in order to convey a great moral lesson to Pharaoh's hardened heart, and a convincing argument to his benighted understanding.

The profusion with which flies are distributed over the surface of the globe, causes them to fulfill two important duties in the economy of nature. On the one hand they furnish to insectivorous birds an inexhaustible supply of food, and on the other they contribute to the removal of all decaying animal and vegetable substances, and thus serve to purify the air which we breathe. Their fecundity, the rapidity with which one generation succeeds another, and their great voracity, added to the extraordinary quickness of their reproduction, are such as to warrant Linnaeus in saying that three flies, with the generations that spring from them, would eat up a dead horse as quickly as could a lion. Certainly these little insects are worthy of our attention and study, from the part they play in the general economy of nature. Man has no more potent aid in the conservation of health and the mitigation of disease and suffering. By their agency are quickly removed the noxious

fluids of decaying plants and animals, which, if left undisturbed, would not only offend the senses, but would scatter broadcast the seeds of disease, and produce speedy and certain destruction of life. Among these the classes Diptera and Coleoptera, of which the fly and the beetle are the representatives, may be said to constitute by far the largest portion to which this office is assigned.

When we consider their relations to ourselves and other animals, they become, also, objects of fear and repulsion. Gnats and mosquitoes suck our blood ; the gad-fly and asylus attack our cattle. It is related of one species, that it attacks and ultimately destroys many of the wretched convicts who are sent to the penitentiary of Cayenne, in French Guiana, South America. When one of these degraded beings, who live in a state of sordid filth, goes to sleep, a prey to intoxication, this fly, *Lucilia hominivorax*, sometimes gets into his mouth and nostrils, lays its eggs there, and when they are changed into larvæ the death of the victim usually follows. Instances of a similar character are reported in some of our medical works, showing that the larvæ, under the favoring circumstance of filth, have attacked the living flesh and occasioned an agonized death in a short time. Who would suppose that one of the causes which render it so difficult to explore Central Africa, is a fly not larger than the house-fly ? The Tsetse fly (*Glossina morsitans*) is not dangerous to man, to any wild animals, nor to the pig, the mule, the ass, nor the goat ; but it stings mortally the ox, the horse, the sheep, and the dog, and renders the countries which it curses uninhabitable for these valuable animals. This sucker of blood secretes, in a gland placed at the base of his trunk, so subtle a poison that three or four flies are sufficient to kill an ox ; and yet a most remarkable feature is that man and wild animals, and even calves while they continue to feed upon milk, possess entire immunity from the effects of the poison. The *Glossina morsitans* abounds on the banks of the Zambesi and in other marshy situations. The African cattle recognize its ominous buz-

zing and manifest the greatest fear at this fatal sound. Dr. Livingstone, in crossing these regions, lost more than forty fine oxen in as many minutes by the bite of the Tsetse fly, notwithstanding they were carefully guarded and had been but little bitten.

But the common house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is a representative of the whole class, and being a constant companion in our dwellings, may with propriety be the special object of study. Unlike the butterfly and moth, the fly has but one pair of wings, the second being replaced by two appendages called bal-



FIG. 1.—THE BALANCER.

ancers (technically halteres, Fig. 1), because they serve to regulate the flight. They are little membranaceous threads, placed one at the base of each wing near a spiracle, and terminated by a minute oval button, which seems capable of contraction and dilatation. The animal moves these organs with great vivacity, often when at rest and probably when flying. If either or both of these organs be cut off, the insect can no longer fly nor walk; hence it is supposed the poisers are connected with the feet, and are air-holders, and not improbably connected with respiration, by

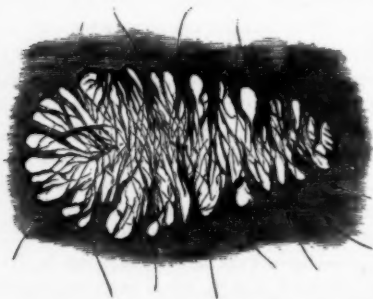


FIG. 2.—SPIRACLE OF HOUSE-FLY.



FIG. 3.—THE TRUNK.

opening and closing the spiracle in their vicinity. The respiratory apparatus of all insects is not by air-tubes communicating with lungs, as in the vertebratæ, nor by gills, as in the mollusks, but by stigmata, spiracles, or breathing-pores, located upon the surface of the body, which communicate with a system of minute air-tubes scattered everywhere throughout the body for the aëration of the blood. These spiracles (Fig. 2), while they open upon the surface, are guarded from the reception of dust, &c., by a net-work of fibres stretching from border to border, and so interlaced as to be efficient protectors.

Flies take their food by suction, either finding it or reducing it to a fluid state by secreting and throwing out a fluid from their trunks for this purpose. The mouth, or trunk (Fig. 3), consists of a sheath, a sucker, and one to four bristle-formed-lancets, which at the same time that they pierce the food apply to each other so accurately as to form an airtight tube;—the last two named parts are retractile, and when withdrawn and hidden in the sheath may be forced out by pressing between the thumb and finger either the two sides or the upper and under part of the thorax, when the fly is forced to show its

trunk to its fullest extent. The lips—the extremity of the proboscis—are capable of closing in the middle, leaving an opening front and back; thus arranged, and acting with great rapidity in a hundred different ways, alternately lengthening and shortening, and becoming successively flat and convex, the mouth becomes a pump and the fluid rises by suction; the fly exhausting the air from the tube of its trunk, and the liquid at the opening going up through the influence of atmospheric pressure.

They feed principally upon fluids that exude from the bodies of other animals; sweat, saliva, and other secretions; they also seek vegetable juices, and may be seen in our houses to feed eagerly upon fruits and sweet substances. It is this passion that causes them to attack and occasion mischief to our books, by scraping off with their liplets the white of egg and sugar varnish used to give polish to the covers, &c., leaving traces of their depredations in the soiled and spotted appearance which it occasions. It is by means of these same organs also that the fly teases us in the heat of summer, when it alights upon the hand or face to sip the perspiration as it exudes and is condensed upon the skin.

The antennæ are of peculiar structure, and are the more interesting to study, not only because they present a great variety of forms, but from the probability that they are the organs of hearing for this class of insects. In our fly they originate in the front of the head, close together, and diverge as they proceed. They are jointed and densely covered with hairs, which decrease regularly in length

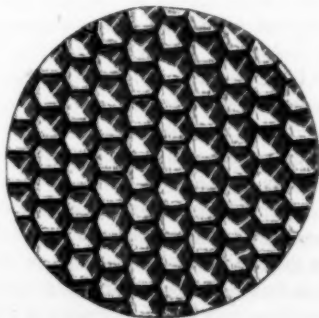


FIG. 4.—THE EYE OF THE FLY.

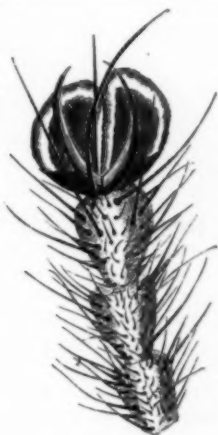


FIG. 5.—THE FOOT OF THE FLY.

from the base, making a wide and pointed plume.

While examining the proboscis you will not fail to observe two large protuberances upon the head, often covering nearly the whole surface;—these, the eyes, usually compound and consisting of many thousands, are constructed thus: each little hexagon of the eyelets, or ocelli, that compose the compound eye, (Fig. 4), is a perfect instrument of vision, consisting of the horny lens,—a six-sided prism, and an inner conical lens, which last is also compound, composed of two lenses placed together by their flat sides, and having different refracting powers. This arrangement enables all insects possessing mosaic composite eyes to see objects with more distinctness in proportion to the number of cones, since each cone will receive at least one direct ray of light from every object that is presented to the eye from the external world. The law of compensation, which is ever found throughout nature to maintain the balance between necessity and convenience, is nowhere more distinctly and beautifully exemplified than in the composite eyes of insects. The number of ocelli has been estimated at 7,000 in the house-fly, 12,000 in the dragon-fly, and 34,000 in the butterfly.

The principle upon which the fly can with ease, safety, and rapidity traverse the ceiling has long been the subject of thought and theory, and not until the microscope revealed the

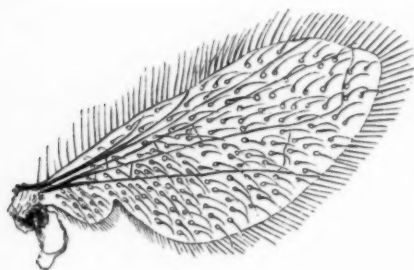


FIG. 7.—WING OF HOUSE-FLY.

structure of the foot could these marvelous movements be fully and confidently explained; a minute examination of this organ will unfold the principle as well as the wonderful wisdom and beauty of the arrangement. The foot (pulvillus), (Fig. 5), is a membranous structure, having seated upon its upper surface two claws, which are movable in every direction. Projecting from the lower surface are the organs which have been termed "hairs"—"hair-like appendages," &c.—These are the immediate agents in holding, and may be termed "tenent hairs," in allusion to their office. Fig. 6 shows the under surface of the fore-foot of the flesh-fly with tenent hairs *a* and *b* more magnified. It has been found by experiment that flies cannot walk without slipping upon glass when it is moistened by the breath or steam, or sprinkled with flour; and the frequent rubbing together of the under side of the feet, and backward and forth, along the whole surface of the hairs with which the tarsi are clothed, is not an operation of cleanliness or amusement only, but one of absolute necessity, in order to keep the *pulvilli* in a fit state for climbing smooth, verti-



FIG. 6.—UNDER SURFACE OF THE FOOT.

cal surfaces; the hairs of the tarsi serving as a brush for this particular purpose.

In ordinary flight the house-fly makes about 600 strokes with its wings in a second, and is carried through the air about five feet in that brief time, but if alarmed the velocity can be increased six or seven-fold, so as to carry the insect thirty or thirty-five feet in the second. To accomplish this wonderful movement the wing (Fig. 7), must be adapted to the end; consequently we find it composed of two membranes of exceeding tenuity stretched upon a framework of nervures which have their origin in the trunk of the body and communicate with the air-vessels. The nervures are hollow, horny tubes, which divide and ramify

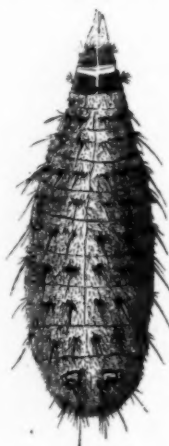


FIG. 8.—LARVA.



FIG. 9.—COCOON.

throughout the wing. They contain spiral threads, which appear to be air-vessels, analogous to the air-vessels in the wings of birds, and into which a subtle fluid is introduced at every voluntary expansion of the wings. Those insects that are longest on the wing, the dragon-fly for instance, have their wings most covered with nervures: the upper surface is also studded with hooked spines of the same horny texture.

Their reproductive power is enormous. A blue meat-fly (*Musca vomitoria*) will deposit in less than half a day, upon a piece of meat, not less than 200 eggs in irregular heaps of various sizes, and has been known to produce 20,000 living larvæ, and in twenty-four hours

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each has increased its own weight above 200 times. The eggs are of an iridescent white color, and four or five times as long as they are broad. In less than twenty-four hours after the egg is laid the larva (Fig. 8) is hatched. As soon as it is born it begins to eat, and with the hooks and lancets with which it is provided, buries itself in the meat. These worms discharge no solid excrement, but produce a sticky liquid, which keeps the meat moist and hastens putrefaction. The larvæ eat voraciously and continually, and arrive at full growth in four or five days. They now seek a retreat under ground and take no more nourishment until they are transformed into flies. In this retreat they assume a globular or oval form, disengage themselves from their skin, which becomes reddish-brown, shut themselves up in this box, closing it in every part, and strengthening it so as to secure themselves from the effects of the air and the attacks of other animals. In four or five days after, the cocoon (Fig. 9) is occupied by a white pupa, provided with all the parts of a fly. The fly is inanimate, and is like a mummy enveloped in its cloths, each member having its own special case or sheath. It emerges from the end of the cocoon where the head of the larva was placed. This end is composed of two half cups, placed one against the other, and which can be detached from each other and from the rest of the cocoon. It requires considerable strength to

raise these lids, or valves, and disengage itself from the swaddling-clothes in which it is enveloped. It raises the cup by a series of expansions and contractions of its body, and by butting against it with the head, and comes out gray, but in the course of three hours perfects itself, and assumes its ultimate color, at the same time unfolding its wings and other parts. The common flies deposit their eggs upon vegetables, and particularly on fungi in a state of decomposition, and on manure heaps, &c., and are essentially parasites, settling on both man and beast, to suck up the fluid substances that are diffused over the surface of their bodies. These insects are of great service, not only in a general sense, by taking up large masses and visible portions of matter, but their province being as well the consumption of decaying animal matter which is found about in quantities so small as to be imperceptible to most people, and is not removable by ordinary means, even in the best kept apartments during hot weather.

The popular notion is that the presence of large numbers of flies in any locality is a precursor of sickness; this phenomenon, rightly interpreted, would indicate that there is present an undue quantity of decomposing animal matter, which if left undisturbed would form a nidus for some form of disease. The flies, however, being attracted in proportionate numbers, these little scavengers become a saving element in the economy of life.

LUCKY PEER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Concluded from page 516.)

XL

MADAM COURT expected Peer to visit her at her house, and he went there.

"Now you shall know my Court," said she, "and you shall make the acquaintance of my chimney-corner. I never dreamed of this when I danced in 'Circe' and 'The Rose Elf in Provence.' Indeed, there are not many now who think of that ballet and of little Frandsen. 'Sic transit gloria in the moon,' as they say in Latin. My Court is a witty

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fellow, and uses that phrase when I talk about my time of honor. He likes to poke fun at me, but he does it with a good heart."

The "chimney-corner" was an inviting low-studded room, with a carpet on the floor, and an endless lot of portraits for a book-binder to have. There was a picture of Gutenberg, and one of Franklin, of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Molière, and the two blind poets, Homer and Ossian. Lowest down, hung, glazed and in a broad frame, one cut out in

paper of a *danseuse*, with great spangles on a dress of gauze, the right leg lifted toward heaven, and written beneath a verse :—

"Who wins our hearts by her dancing?
Who of her wreath-trophies can sing,*
Mademoiselle Emilie Frandsen!"

It was written by Court, who wrote excellent verse, especially comic verse. He had himself clipped the picture out and pasted and sewed it before he got his first wife. It had lain many years in a drawer, now it flourished here in the poetic picture gallery; "my chimney-corner," as Madam Court called her little room. Here were Peer and Court introduced to each other.

"Is he not a charming man?" said she to Peer. "To me he is just the most charming."

"Ay, on a Sunday, when I am well bound in State clothes," said Herr Court.

"You are charming without any binding," said she, and then she tipped her head down as it came over her that she had spoken a little too childishly for one of her age.

"Old love does not rust," said Herr Court. "An old house a-fire burns down to the ground."

"It is as with the Phoenix," said Madam Court; "one rises up young again. Here is my Paradise. I do not care at all to seek any other place, except an hour at your mother and grandmother's."

"And at your sister's," said Herr Court.

"No, angel Court; it is no longer any Paradise there. I must tell you, Peer, they live in narrow circumstances, but there is a great mangle-mangle about them for all that. No one knows what he dare say there in that house. One dare not mention the word 'darkey,' for the eldest daughter is beloved by one who has negro blood in him. One dare not say 'hunchback,' for that one of the children is. One dare not talk about 'defalcation,'—my brother-in-law has been in that unfortunate way. One dare not even say that he has been driving in the wood: wood is an ugly sound, for it is just the same as

* It is but fair to say for the enthusiastic Court that he is not responsible for the disgraceful English rhymes. His Danish ones were built on Miss Frandsen's name.—TRANS.

Woods, who fought with the youngest son. I don't like to go out and sit and hold my tongue. I don't dare talk, so I just come back to my own house and sit in my chimney-corner. Were it not too emphatic, as they say, I would gladly ask our Lord to let us live as long as my chimney-corner holds out, for there one grows better. Here is my Paradise, and this my Court has given me."

"She has a gold mill in her mouth," said he.

"And thou hast gold grain in thy heart," said she.

"Grind, grind all the bag will hold,
Milly's the grain, Milly's pure gold,"

said he, as he chucked her under the chin.

"That verse was written right on the spot! It ought to be printed!"

"Yes, and handsomely bound!" said he.

So these two old folks rallied each other.

A YEAR passed before Peer began to study a rôle at the theatre. He chose "Joseph," but he changed it for "George Brown," in the opera of "The White Lady." The words and music he quickly made his own, and from Walter Scott's romance, which had furnished the material for the opera, he obtained a clear, full picture of the young, spirited officer who visits his native hills and comes to his ancestral castle without knowing it; an old song wakens recollections of his childhood; fortune attends him, and he wins a castle and his wife.

What he read became as if something which he himself had lived—a chapter of his own life's story. The music, rich in melodies, was entirely in keeping. There was meanwhile a long, very long time before the first rehearsals began. The singing-master did not mean that there should be any hurry about his appearance, and at length he too understood this. He was not merely a singer, he was an actor; and his whole being was thrown into his character. The chorus and the orchestra at the very first applauded him loudly, and the evening of the representation was looked forward to with the greatest expectation.

"One can be a great actor in a night-gown at home," said a good-natured companion; "can be very great by daylight, but only

so-so before the lights in a full house. That you will see for yourself."

Peer had no anxiety, but a strong desire for the eventful evening. The singing-master, on the contrary, was quite feverish. Peer's mother had not the courage to go to the theatre; she would be ill with anxiety for her dear boy. Grandmother was sick, and must stay at home, the doctor had said; but the trusty friend Madam Court promised to bring the news the very same evening how it all went off. She should and would be at the theatre, even if she were to be in the last extremity.

How long the evening was! How the three or four hours stretched into eternity! Grandmother sang a psalm, and prayed with mother to the good God for their little Peer, that he might this evening also be Lucky Peer. The hands of the clock moved slowly.

"Now Peer is beginning," they said; "now he is in the middle; now he has passed it."

The mother and grandmother looked at one another, but they said never a word. In the streets there was the rumbling of carriages; people were driving home from the theatre. The two women looked down from the window; the people who were passing talked in loud voices; they were from the theatre, they knew, bringing good news or sorrow up into the garret of the merchant's house.

At last some one came up the stairs. Madam Court burst in, followed by her husband. She flung herself on the necks of the mother and grandmother, but said never a word. She cried and sobbed.

"Lord God!" said mother and grandmother. "How has it gone with Peer?"

"Let me weep!" said Madam Court, so overcome was she. "I cannot bear it. Ah! you dear good people, you cannot bear it either!" and her tears streamed down.

"Have they hissed him off?" cried the mother.

"No, no! not that!" said Madam Court. "They have—oh, that I should live to see it!"

Then both mother and grandmother fell to weeping.

"Be calm, Emilie," said Herr Court.

"Peer has been victorious! He has triumphed! The house came near tumbling down, they clapped him so. I can feel it still in my hands. It was one storm of applause from pit to gallery. The entire royal family clapped too. Really, it was what one may call a white day in the annals of the theatre. It was more than talent—it was genius!"

"Ay, genius," said Madam Court, "that is my word. God bless you, Court, that you spoke that word out. You dear good people, never would I have believed that one could so sing and act in comedy, and yet I have lived through a theatre's whole history." She cried again; the mother and grandmother laughed, whilst tears still chased down their cheeks.

"Now sleep well on that," said Herr Court; "and now come, Emilie. Good-night! good-night!"

They left the garret-chamber and two happy people there; but these were not long alone. The door opened, and Peer, who had not promised to come before the next forenoon, stood in the room. He knew well with what thoughts the old people had followed him; how ignorant, too, they still must be of his success, and so, as he was driving past with the singing-master, he stopped outside; there were still lights up in the chamber, and so he must needs go up to them.

"Splendid! glorious! superb! all went off well!" he exclaimed jubilantly, and kissed his mother and grandmother. The singing-master nodded with a bright face and pressed their hands.

"And now he must go home to rest," said he, and the visit was over.

"Our Father in Heaven, how gracious and good Thou art," said these two poor women. They talked long into the night about Peer. Round about in the great town people talked of him,—the young, handsome, wonderful singer. So far had Peer's fame gone.

XII.

THE morning papers mentioned the *début* with a great flourish of trumpets as something more than common, and the dramatic reviewer reserved till another number his

privilege of expressing his opinion. The merchant invited Peer and the singing-master to a grand dinner. It was an attention intended as a testimony of the interest which he and his wife felt in the young man, who was born in the house, and in the same year and on the very same day as their own son.

The merchant proposed the health of the singing-master, the man who had found and polished this "precious stone," a name by which one of the prominent papers had called Peer. Felix sat by his side and was the soul of gayety and affection. After dinner he brought out his own cigars; they were better than the merchant's; "he can afford to get them," said that gentleman; "he has a rich father." Peer did not smoke,—a great fault, but one that could easily be mended.

"We must be friends," said Felix. "You have become the lion of the town! all the young ladies, and the old ones too, for that matter, you have taken by storm. You are a lucky fellow all over. I envy you; especially that you can go in and out over there at the theatre, among all the little girls."

That did not now seem to Peer anything so very worthy of envy.

He had a letter from Madam Gabriel. She was in transports over the extravagant accounts in the papers of his *début*, and all that he was to become as an artist. She had drunk his health with her maids in a bowl of punch. Herr Gabriel also had a share in his honor, and was quite sure that he, beyond most others, spoke foreign words correctly. The apothecary ran about town and reminded everybody that it was at their little theatre they had first seen and been amazed at his talent, which was now for the first time recognized at the capital. "The apothecary's daughter would be quite out of conceit with herself," added Madam, "now that he could be courting Baronesses and Countesses." The apothecary's daughter had been in too much of a hurry and given in too soon; she had been betrothed, a month since, to the fat counsellor. The bans had been published, and they were to be married on the twentieth of the month.

It was just the twentieth of the month when Peer received this letter. He seemed

to himself to have been pierced through the heart. At that moment it was clear to him that, during all the vacillation of his soul, she had been his steadfast thought. He thought more of her than of all others in the world. Tears came into his eyes; he crumpled the letter in his hand. It was the first great grief of heart he had known since he heard, with mother and grandmother, that his father had fallen in the war. It seemed to him that all happiness had fled, and his future was dull and sorrowful. The sunlight no longer beamed from his youthful face; the sunshine was put out in his heart.

"He does not seem well," said mother and grandmother. "It is the wear and tear of that theatre life."

He was not the same as formerly, they both perceived, and the singing-master also saw it.

"What is the matter?" said he. "May I not know what troubles thee?"

At that his cheeks turned red, his tears flowed afresh, and he burst out with his sorrow, his loss.

"I loved her so earnestly!" said he. "Now, for the first time, when it is too late, I see it clearly."

"Poor, troubled friend! I understand thee so well. Weep freely before me, and hold fast by the thought, as soon as thou canst, that what happens in the world happens best for us. I too have known and felt what you now are feeling. I too once, like you, loved a girl; she was discreet, she was pretty and fascinating; she was to be my wife. I could offer her good circumstances, but one condition before the marriage her parents required, and she required: I must become a Christian—!"

"And that you would not?"

"I could not. One cannot, with an honest conscience, jump from one religion to another without sinning either against the one he takes leave of or the one he steps into."

"Have you no faith?" said Peer.

"I have the God of my fathers. He is a light for my feet and my understanding."

They sat for an hour silent, both of them. Then their hands glanced over the keys, and the singing-master played an old folk song.

Neither of them sang the words ; each made his own thoughts underlie the music. Madam Gabriel's letter was not again read. She little dreamed what sorrow it had carried.

A few days after there came a letter from Herr Gabriel ; he also wished to offer his congratulations and "a commission." It was this especially which had given occasion to the letter. He asked Peer to buy a little porcelain thing, namely, Amor and Hymen, Love and Marriage. "It is all sold out here in the town," he wrote, "but easily to be got in the capital. The money goes with this. Send the thing along as quickly as possible : it is a wedding present for the counsellor, at whose marriage I was with my wife." Finally Peer came to—"Young Madsen never will become a student : he has left the house, and has daubed the walls over with stale witticisms against the family. A hard subject that young Madsen. 'Sunt pueri pueri, pueri puerrilia tractant !' i.e., 'Boys are boys, and boys do boyish things.' I translate it since you are not a Latinist," and with that Herr Gabriel's letter closed.

XIII.

SOMETIMES, when Peer sat at the piano, there sounded tones in it which stirred thoughts in his breast and head. The tones rose into melodies that now and then carried words along with them ; they could not be separated from song. Thus arose several little poems that were rhythmic and full of feeling. They were sung in a subdued voice. It was as if they were shy and timid in feeling, and moved in loneliness.

Like the wind our days are blown,
No tarrying place is here ;
From cheeks the roses have flown :
Perished the smile and the tear.

Wherefore, then, smitten with grief ?
Sorrow, too, taketh its flight,
Everything fades like the leaf,
Men and women, and daytime and night.

Vanishing, vanishing all !
Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.
Like the wind, they heed not thy call,
They vanish, nor turn back again.

"Where did you get that song and melody?"

asked the singing-master, who accidentally found the words and music written down.

"It came of itself, that and all this. They do not fly farther into the world."

"A downcast spirit sets out flowers too," said the singing-master, "but it dare not give counsel. Now we must set sail and steer for your next *début*. What do you say to Hamlet, the melancholy young Prince of Denmark?"

"I know Shakspeare's tragedy," said Peer, "but not yet Thomas's opera."

"The opera should be called Ophelia," said the singing-master. "Shakspeare has, in the tragedy, made the Queen tell us of Ophelia's death, and this is made to be the chief point in the musical rendering. One sees before his eyes, and feels in the tones, what before we could only learn from the narrative of the Queen."

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element ; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

The opera brings all this before our eyes. We see Ophelia : she comes out playing, dancing, singing the old ballad about the mermaid that entices men down beneath the river, and while she sings and plucks the flowers the same tones are heard from the depths of the stream ; they sound in the voices that allure from the deep water ; she listens, she laughs, she draws near the brink, she holds fast by the overhanging willow and stoops to pluck the white water-lily ; gently she glides on to it, and singing, reclines on its broad leaves ; she swings with it, and is carried by the stream out into the deep, where, like the broken flower, she sinks in the moon-

light with the mermaid's melody welling forth about her.

In the entire scene it is as if Hamlet, his mother, his uncle, and the dead, avenging king alone were necessary to make the frame for the picture. We do not get Shakspeare's Hamlet, just as in the opera Faust we do not get Goethe's creation. The speculative is no material for music; it is the passionate element in both these tragedies which permits them to be rendered in a musical production.

The opera of Hamlet was brought on the stage. The actress who had Ophelia's part was admirable; the death scene was most effectively rendered; but Hamlet himself received on this evening a commensurate greatness, a fulness of character which grew with each scene in which he appeared. People were astonished at the compass of the singer's voice, at the freshness shown in the high as well as in the deep tones, and that he could with a like brilliancy of power sing Hamlet and George Brown.

The singing parts in most Italian operas are a patchwork in which the gifted singers, men and women, work in their soul and genius, and then, out of the variegated colors given them, construct shapes as the progress of the poem requires; how much more glorious, then, must they reveal themselves when the music is carried out through thoughts and characters; and this Gounod and Thomas have understood.

This evening at the theatre Hamlet's form was flesh and blood, and he raised himself into the position of the chief personage in the opera. Most memorable was the night scene on the ramparts where Hamlet, for the first time, sees his father's ghost; the scene in the castle, before the stage which has been erected, where he flings out the words that are drops of poison; the terrible meeting with his mother, where the father's ghost stands in avengeful attitude before the son; and finally, what might in the singing, what music at Ophelia's death! She became as a lotus flower upon the deep, dark sea, whose waves rolled with a mighty force into the soul of the spectators. Hamlet this evening became the chief personage. The triumph was complete.

"How came he by it!" said the merchant's rich wife, as she thought on Peer's parents and his grandmother up in the garret. The father had been a warehouse-man, clever and honorable; he had fallen as a soldier on the field of honor; the mother, a washer-woman,—but that does not give the son culture, and he grew up in a charity school,—and how much, in a period of two years, could a provincial schoolmaster instil into him of higher science.

"It is genius!" said the merchant. "Genius!—that is born of God's grace."

"Most certainly!" said his wife, and folded her hands reverently when she talked to Peer. "Do you feel humble in your heart at what you have received?" she asked. "Heaven has been unspeakably gracious to you. Everything has been given. You do not know how overpowering your Hamlet is. You have yourself created the representation. I have heard that many great poets do not themselves know the glory of what they have given; the philosophers must reveal it for them. Where did you get your conception of Hamlet?"

"I have thought over the character, have read a portion of what has been written about Shakspeare's work, and since, on the stage, I have entered into the person and his surroundings. I give my part and our Lord gives the rest."

"Our Lord," said she, with a half-reproving look. "Do not use that name. He gave you power, but you do not believe that he has anything to do with the theatre and opera!"

"Most assuredly I do!" said Peer, courageously. "There also does he have a pulpit for men, and most people hear better there than in church."

She shook her head. "God is with us in all good and beautiful things, but let us be careful how we take his name in vain. It is a gift of grace for one to be a great artist, but it is still better to be a good Christian." Felix, she felt, would never have named the theatre and the church together before her, and she was glad of that.

"Now you have laid yourself out against mamma!" said Felix, laughing.

"That was very far from my thoughts!"

"Don't trouble yourself about that. You will get into her good graces again next Sunday when you go to church. Stand outside her pew, and look up to the right, for there, in the balcony-pew, is a little face which is worth looking at—the widow-baroness's charming daughter. Here is a well-meant piece of advice, and I give it to you:—You cannot live where you are now. Move into larger lodgings, with the stairs in good order; or, if you won't leave the singing-master, then let him live in better style. He has means enough, and you have a pretty good income. You must give a party too, an evening supper. I could give it myself, and will give it, but you can invite a few of the little dancing girls. You're a lucky fellow! but I believe, heaven help me, that you don't yet understand how to be a young man."

Peer did understand it exactly in his own way. With his full, ardent young heart, he was in love with art; she was his bride, she returned his love, and lifted his soul into gladness and sunshine. The depression which had crushed him soon evaporated, gentle eyes looked upon him, and every one met him in a friendly and cordial manner. The amber-heart, which he still wore constantly on his breast, where grandmother once had hung it, was certainly a talisman, as he thought, for he was not quite free from superstition,—a child-like faith one may call it. Every nature that has genius in it has something of this, and looks to and believes in its star. Grandmother had shown him the power that lay in the heart, of drawing things to itself. His dream had shown him how, out from the amber-heart, there grew a tree which burst through garret and roof, and bore a thousand-fold of hearts and silver and gold; that surely betokened that in the heart, in his own warm heart, lay the might of his art, whereby he had won and still should win thousands upon thousands of hearts.

Between him and Felix there was undoubtedly a kind of sympathy, different as they were from each other. Peer assumed that the difference between them lay in this: that Felix, as the rich man's son, had grown up in temptations, and could afford to taste them and take his pleasure thus. He had, on the

contrary, been more fortunately placed as a poor man's son.

Both of these two children of the house were meanwhile growing up into eminence. Felix would soon be a Kammerjunker,* and that is the first step to being a Kammerherr,* as long as one has a gold key behind. Peer, always lucky, had already in his hand, though it was invisible, the gold key of genius, which opens all the treasures of the earth, and all hearts too.

XIV.

It was still winter-time. The sleigh-bells jingled, and the clouds carried snow-flakes in them, but when sunbeams burst through them there was a heralding of spring. There was a fragrance and a music in the young heart that flowed out in picturesque music and found expression in words.

A SPRING SONG.

In swath of snow the earth is lying,
Over the sea merry skaters are flying,
The frost-rimmed trees are specked with crows,
But to-morrow, to-morrow the winter-time goes.
The sun bursts through the heavy skies,
Spring comes riding in summer guise, †
And the willow pulls off its woollen glove,
Strike up, musicians, in leafy grove;
Little birds, little birds, sing in the sky,
Winter's gone by! winter's gone by!

O, warm is the kiss of the sun on our cheek,
As violets and stonewort in the woodland we seek:
'Tis as if the old forest were holding its breath,
For now in a night each leaf wakes from death.
The cuckoo sings! (you know its tell-tale song),
So many years your days will be long; ‡
The world is young! be thou, too, young;
Let happy heart and merry tongue
With spring-time lift the song on high,
Youth's never gone by! never gone by!

* Tides of court attendants. The latter of these gentlemen wear in their court dress a gold key hanging by a ribbon as the back of the coat.

† It is a custom at Eastertide for the peasants to come riding into the towns and villages, their horses and themselves decked with green boughs, especially of the beech, and so they go in procession and have a merry dance in the evening: it is then said in the people's way,—“Spring is riding summer-wise into town.”

‡ It is a Scandinavian superstition that the first cuckoo one hears in the spring will answer the question,—“How many years shall I live?” by a prophetic number of notes. Many other questions are asked, and boys and girls will go out at night that in the early morning they may hear the cuckoo's answers.

Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !
 The earth lives a charmed life for aye,
 With its sun and its storm, its joy and its pain.
 So in our hearts a world has lain,
 That will not be gone, like a shooting star,
 For man is made like God afar,
 And God and Nature keep ever young.
 So teach us, Spring, the song thou'st sung,
 And pipe in, little birds in the sky,—
 "Youth's never gone by ! never gone by !"

"That is a complete musical painting," said the singing-master, "and well adapted for chorus and orchestra. It is the best yet of your pieces which have sprung out of words. You certainly must learn thorough bass, although it is not your vocation to be a composer."

Some young music friends meanwhile quickly brought out the song at a great concert, where it excited remark but led to nothing. Our young friend's career was open before him. His greatness and importance lay not in the sympathetic tones of his voice, but in his remarkable dramatic power. This he had shown as George Brown and as Hamlet. He very much preferred the regular opera to the singing of pieces. It was contrary to his sound and natural sense, this stepping over from song to talking, and back to singing again.

"It is," said he, "as if one came from marble steps on to wooden ones, sometimes even on to mere hen-roosts, and then again to marble. The whole poem should live and breathe in its passage through tones."

The music of the future, which the new movement in opera is called, and of which Wagner is specially standard-bearer, received a response and strong admiration from our young friend. He found here characters so clearly marked, passages so full of thought, the entire handling characterized by forward movement, without any stand-still or recurrence of melodies. "It is surely a most unnatural thing, the introduction of arias."

"Yes, introduction," said the singing-master. "But how they, in the works of most of the great masters, stand prominently forth, a large part of the whole ! So must and should it be. If the lyric has a home in any place, it is in the opera ;" and he mentioned in Don Juan, Don Octavio's aria, "Tears,

cease your flowing." "How like is it to a charming lake in the woods, by whose bank one rests and is filled to the brim with the music that streams through the leafy woods ! I pay my respects to the profundity that lies in the new musical movement, but I do not dance with you before that golden calf. Nor is it your heart's real meaning which you express, or else you are not yourself quite clear about it."

"I will appear in one of Wagner's operas," said our young friend. "If I cannot show my meaning by the words, yet I will by my singing and acting."

The choice fell on Lohengrin, the young mysterious knight who, in the boat drawn by swans, glides over the Scheldt to do battle for Elsa of Brabant. Who so well as he ever acted and sang the first song of the meeting, the conversation of two hearts in the bridal chamber, and the song of farewell when the holy Grail's white dove hovers about the young knight, who came, won—and vanished ? This evening was, if possible, another step forward in the artistic greatness and celebrity of our young friend, and to the singing-master it was a step forward in the recognition of the music of the future—

"Under certain conditions," he said.

xv.

At the great yearly exhibition of paintings, Peer and Felix one day met before the portrait of a young and pretty lady, daughter of the widow-baroness, as the mother was generally called, whose salon was the rendezvous for the world of distinction and for every one of eminence in art and science. The young baroness was in her sixteenth year, an innocent, charming child. The picture was a good likeness and given with artistic skill.

"Step into the saloon here close by," said Felix. "There stands the young beauty with her mother."

They stood engaged in looking at a characteristic picture. It represented a field where two young married people came riding on the same horse, holding fast to one another. The chief figure meanwhile was a young monk who was looking at the two happy travelers. There was a sorrowful dreamy look in the young

man's countenance; one could read in it his thought, the story of his life; an aim missed, great happiness lost! human happiness in human love he had not won.

The elder baroness saw Felix, who respectfully greeted her and the beautiful daughter. Peer showed the same customary politeness. The widow-baroness knew him immediately from having seen him on the stage, and after speaking to Felix she said some friendly, obliging words to Peer as she pressed his hand.

"I and my daughter belong to your admirers."

What perfect beauty seemed to possess the young girl at this moment! She looked with her gentle, clear eyes almost gratefully upon him.

"I see in my house," continued the widow-baroness, "very many of the most distinguished artists. We common people stand in need of a spiritual airing. You will be heartily welcome. Our young diplomat," she pointed to Felix, "will show you the way the first time, and afterward I hope that you will find the way yourself."

She smiled on him. The young girl reached out her hand naturally and cordially, as if they had long known each other.

Later in the autumn, one cold, sleety evening, the two young men went as they had been invited. It was weather for driving and not walking in for the rich man's son, and for the first singer on the stage. Nevertheless they walked, well wrapped up, with galoshes on their feet and rough caps on their heads.

It was like a complete fairy scene to come out from the raw air into the apartment displaying such luxury and good taste. In the vestibule, before the carpeted stairs, there was a great display of flowers among bushes and fan-palms. A little fountain plashed in the basin, which was surrounded by tall callas.

The great salon was beautifully lighted, and a great part of the company had already gathered. Soon there was almost a crowd. People trod on silk trains and laces; there was a hum round about of conversation's sonorous mosaic, which, on the whole, was the least worth while of all the splendor there.

Had Peer been a vain fellow, which he was not, he could have imagined that it was a feast made for him, so cordial was the reception which he met from the mistress of the house and the beaming daughter. Young ladies and old, yes, and gentlemen with them, said most agreeable things to him.

There was music. A young author read a well-written poem. There was singing, and true delicacy was shown in that no one urged our young and honored singer to make the whole affair most complete. The lady of the house was the observing hostess, full of spirits and full of hospitality in that elegant salon.

It was his introduction into the great world, and our young friend was soon here also one of the select ones in the choice family circle. The singing-master shook his head and smiled.

"How young thou art, dear friend," said he, "that thou canst enjoy going among these people. They can be good enough in and for themselves; but they look down on us plain citizens. For some of them it is only a piece of vanity, an amusement, and for others a sort of mark of exclusive culture when they receive into their circle artists and the lions of the day. These belong in the salon much as the flowers in a vase, they wither and then they are thrown away."

"How harsh and unjust," said Peer. "You do not know these people, and will not know them."

"No," answered the singing-master. "I am not at home with them, nor are you either, and this they all remember and know. They caress you and look at you just as they pat and look at a race-horse that is to win a wager. You belong to another race than they. They will let you go when you are no longer in the fashion. Do you not understand that? You are not proud enough. You are vain, and you show that by seeking these people."

"How very differently you would talk and judge," said Peer, "if you knew the widow-baroness and a few of my friends there."

"I shall not get to knowing them," said the singing-master.

"When is the engagement to come out?" asked Felix one day. "Is it the mother or

the daughter?" and he laughed. "Don't take the daughter, for then you'll have all the young nobility against you, and I too shall be your enemy, and the fiercest one."

"What do you mean?" asked Peer.

"You are the most favored one. You can go out and in at all hours. You'll get the cash along with the mother, and belong to a good family."

"Stop your joking," said Peer. "There is nothing amusing to me in what you say."

"No indeed, there is no fun at all in it," said Felix. "It is a most serious matter, for you'll not let her grace sit and weep and be a double widow."

"Leave the baroness out of your talk," said Peer. "Make yourself merry over me if you want to, but over me alone, and I will answer you."

"No one will believe that it is a love match on your side," continued Felix. "She is a little outside of the line of beauty—one does not live on spirit alone!"

"I gave you credit for more refinement and good sense," said Peer, "than would let you talk thus of a lady you ought to esteem, and whose house you visit, and I won't talk of this longer."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Felix. "Will you fight?"

"I know that you have learned that, and I have not, but I can learn," and he left Felix.

A day or two afterward the two children of the house met again, the son from the first floor and the son from the garret. Felix talked to Peer as if no quarrel had risen between them. He answered courteously, but curtly too.

"What is the matter now!" said Felix. "We two were a little irritable lately, but one may have his joke without being flayed for it; so let us forget and forgive."

"Can you forgive yourself the manner in which you spoke of a lady to whom we both owe great respect?"

"I spoke very frankly!" said Felix. "In fine society one may talk with a razor-edge, but that is not thought an ill thing. It is the salt for the tasteless every-day fish dinner, as the poet calls it. We are all just a little wicked. You can also let a drop fall, my

friend; a little drop of innocence which makes one smart."

So they were soon seen arm in arm. Felix well knew that more than one pretty young lady who would otherwise have passed him by without seeing him, now noticed him since he was walking with the "Ideal of the Stage." Lamp-light always casts a glamour over the theatre's hero and lover. It still shines about him when he shows himself on the street, in day-light, but is generally rather extinguished then. Most of the artists of the stage are like swans; one should see them in their element, not on the paving stones or the public promenade. There are exceptions, however, and to these belonged our young friend. His appearance apart from the stage never disturbed the conception one had of him as George Brown, or Hamlet, or Lohengrin. It was the form associated thus with poetry or music that many a young heart made to be the same with the man himself, and exalted into the ideal. He knew that it was thus, and found a kind of pleasure in it. He was happy in his art, and in the means he possessed of exercising it, yet there would come a shadow over the joyous young face, and from the piano sounded the melody with the words:—

Vanishing—vanishing all!

Thy youth, thy hope, and thy friend.

Like the wind, they heed not thy call,

They vanish, nor turn back again.

"How mournful!" said the widow-baroness. "You have happiness in full measure. I know no one who is so happy as you."

"Call no one happy before he is in his grave, the wise Solon said," replied he, and smiled through his seriousness; "it were a wrong, a sin, if I were not thankful and glad of heart. I am thus. I am thankful for what is intrusted to me, but I myself set a different value on this from what others do. It is a beautiful piece of fireworks which shoots off and then is all out. The actor's work thus vanishes out of knowledge. The everlasting shining stars may be forgotten for the meteor of a moment, but when these are extinguished, there is no living trace of them except by the old signs. A new generation does not know and cannot picture to itself those

who delighted their fathers from the stage; youth, perhaps, applauds splendor and brass as delightedly and as loudly as the old folks once did splendor and true gold. Far more fortunately placed than the scenic artist are the poet, the sculptor, the painter and the composer. They may in the struggle of life experience hard fortune and miss the merited appreciation, while those who exhibit their works, as the actor and the musician, live in luxury and proud state. Let the many stand and gaze at the bright-colored cloud and forget the sun, yet the cloud vanishes, the sun shines and beams for new generations."

He sat at the piano and improvised with a richness of thought and a power such as he never before had shown.

"Wonderfully beautiful!" broke in the widow-baroness. "'Twas as if I heard the story of a whole life-time. You gave your heart's canticle in the music."

"I thought of the Thousand and one Nights," said the young girl, "of the lamp of fortune, of Aladdin," and she looked with pure, dewy eyes upon him.

"Aladdin!" he repeated.

This evening was the turning-point in his life. A new section surely began.

What was befalling him this flitting year? His fresh color forsook his cheeks; his eyes shone far more clearly than before. He passed sleepless nights, but not in wild orgies, in revels and rioting, as so many great artists. He became less talkative, but more cheerful.

"What is it that fills you so?" said his friend the singing master. "You do not confide all to me!"

"I think how fortunate I am!" he replied—"I think of the poor boy! I think of—Aladdin."

XVI.

MEASURED by the expectations of a poor-born child, Peer now led a prosperous, agreeable life. He was so well to do that, as Felix once said, he could give a good party to his friends. He thought of it, and thought of his two earliest friends, his mother and grandmother. For them and himself he provided a festival.

It was charming spring weather; the two

old people must drive with him out of town and see a little country place which the singing master had lately bought. As he was about seating himself in the carriage, there came a woman, humbly clad, about thirty years old; she had a begging paper recommending her signed by Madam Court.

"Don't you know me?" said she. "Little Curly-head, they used to call me. The curls are gone, there is so much that is gone, but there are still good people left. We two have appeared together in the ballet. You have become better off than I. You have become a great man. I am now separated from two husbands and no longer at the theatre."

Her "paper" begged that she might come to own a sewing-machine.

"In what ballet have we two performed together?" asked Peer.

"In the 'Tyrant of Padua,'" she replied. "We were two pages, in blue velvet and feathered cap. Do you not remember little Malle Knallerup? I walked just behind you in the procession."

"And stepped on the side of my foot!" said Peer, laughing.

"Did I?" said she. "Then I took too long a step. But you have gone far ahead of me. You have understood how to use your legs in your head," and she looked with her melancholy face coquettishly and with a simper at him, quite sure she had passed quite a witty compliment. Peer was a generous fellow. She should have the sewing-machine, he promised. Little Malle had indeed been one of those who especially drove him out of the ballet into a more fortunate career.

He stopped soon outside the merchant's house, and stepped up-stairs to his mother and grandmother. They were in their best clothes, and had accidentally a visit from Madam Court, who was at once invited to join them, whereupon she had a sore struggle with herself, which ended in her sending a messenger to Herr Court to inform him that she had accepted the invitation.

"Peer gets all the fine salutations," said she.

"How stylishly we are driving!" said mother; "And in such a roomy, great carriage," said grandmother. Near the town,

close by the royal park, stood a little cozy house, surrounded by vines and roses, hazels and fruit-trees. Here the carriage stopped. This was the country-seat. They were received by an old woman, well known to mother and grandmother; she had often helped them in their washing and ironing.

The garden was visited, and they went over the house. There was one specially charming thing—a little glass house, with beautiful flowers in it. It was connected with the sitting-room. There was a sliding door in the wall.

"That is just like a *coulisse*," said Madam Court. "It moves by hand; and one can sit here just as in a bird-cage, with chickweed all about. It is called a winter-garden."

The sleeping-chamber was also very delightful after its kind. Long, close curtains at the windows, soft carpets, and two arm-chairs, so commodious that mother and grandmother must needs try them.

"One would get very lazy sitting in them," said mother.

"One loses his weight," said Madam Court. "Ah! here you two music people can swim easily enough through the seas of theatrical labor. I have known what they are. Ay, believe me, I can still dream of making *battements*, and Court makes *battements* at my side. Is it not charming—'two souls and one thought.'"

"There is fresher air here, and more room, than in the two small rooms up in the garret," said Peer with beaming eyes.

"That there is," said mother. "Still home is so good. There did I bear thee, my sweet boy, and lived with thy father."

"It is better here," said grandmother. "Here there are all the conveniences of a rich man's place. I do not grudge you and that noble man the singing-master this home of peace."

"Then I do not grudge it to you, grandmother, and you, dear blessed mother. You two shall always live here, and not, as in town, go up so many steps, and be in such narrow and close quarters. You shall have a servant to help you, and see me as often as in town. Are you glad at this? Are you content with it?"

"What is all this the boy stands here and says!" said mother.

"The house, the garden, all are thine, mother, and thine, grandmother. It is for this I have labored to lay up money. My friend the singing-master has faithfully helped me by getting it ready."

"What is all this you are saying, child?" burst forth the mother. "Will you give us a gentleman's seat? My dearest boy, thou wouldst do it if thou couldst."

"It is all true," said he. "The house is thine and grandmother's." He kissed them both; they burst into tears, and Madam Court shed quite as many.

"It is the happiest moment of my life!" exclaimed Peer, as he embraced them all.

And now they had to see everything all over again, since it was their own. In place of their row of five or six plants in pots out on their roof, they now had this beautiful little conservatory. Instead of a little closet they had here a great roomy pantry, and the kitchen itself was a complete little warm chamber. The chimney had an oven and cooking-stove; it looked like a great shining box iron, said mother.

"Now you two have at last a chimney corner just like me!" said Madam Court. "It is royal here. You have got all that man can get on this earth, and you too, my own courted friend."

"Not all!" said Peer.

"To be sure the little wife comes!" said Madam Court. "I have her already for you. I have her in my feeling! but I shall keep my mouth shut. Thou noble man! Is it not like a ballet, all this?" She laughed with tears in her eyes, and so did mother and grandmother.

XVII.

To write the text and music for an opera, and be himself the interpreter of his own work on the stage, this was his great aim. Our young friend had a talent in common with Wagner, in that he could himself construct the dramatic poem; but had he, like him, the fulness of musical power so that he could fashion a musical work of any significance?

Courage and doubt alternated in him. He could not dismiss this constant thought from his mind. A year and a day since had it shone

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forth as a picture of fancy; now it was a possibility, an end in his life. Many free fancies were welcomed at the piano as birds of passage from that country of Perhaps. The little romances, the characteristic spring song gave promise of the still undiscovered land of *tone*. The widow-baroness saw in them the sign of promise, as Columbus saw it in the fresh green weed which the currents of the sea bore toward him before he saw the land itself on the horizon.

Land was there! The child of fortune should reach it. A word thrown out was the seed of thought. She, the young, pretty, innocent girl spoke the word—Aladdin.

A fortune-child like Aladdin was our young friend. This was the light that broke into him. With this light he read and re-read the beautiful oriental story; soon it took dramatic form: scene after scene grew into words and music, and the more it grew the richer came the music thoughts; at the close of the work it was as if the well of *tone* were now for the first time pierced, and all the abundant fresh water gushed forth. He composed his work anew, and in stronger form, months afterward, arose the opera Aladdin.

No one knew of this work; no one had heard any measures at all of it, not even the most sympathetic of all his friends, the singing-master. No one at the theatre, when of an evening the young singer with his voice and his remarkable playing entranced the public, had a thought that the young man who seemed so to live and breathe in his rôle, lived far more intensely, ay, for hours afterward, lost himself in a mighty work of music that flowed forth from his own soul.

The singing-master had not heard a bar of the opera Aladdin before it was laid upon his table for examination, complete in notes and text. What judgment would be passed? Assuredly a strong and just one. The young composer passed from highest hope to the thought that the whole thing was only a self-delusion.

Two days passed by, and not a word was interchanged about this important matter. At length the singing-master stood before him with the score in his hands, that now he knew. There was a peculiar seriousness spread over

his face that would not let his mind be guessed.

"I had not expected this," said he. "I had not believed it of you. Indeed, I am not yet sure of my judgment: I dare not express it. Here and there there are faults in the instrumentation, faults that can easily be corrected. There are single things, bold and novel, that one must hear under fair conditions. As there is with Wagner a working over of Carl Maria Weber, so there is noticeable in you a breath of Haydn. That which is new in what you have given is still somewhat far off from me, and you yourself are too near for me to give an exact judgment. I would rather not judge. I would embrace you!" he burst out with a rush of gladness. "How came you to do this!" and he pressed him in his arms. "Happy man!"

There was soon a rumor through the town, in the newspapers and in society gossip, of the new opera by the young singer, whom all the town was flattering.

"He's a poor tailor who could not put together a child's trousers out of the scraps left over on his board," said one and another.

"Write the text, compose it, and sing it himself!" was also said. "That is a three-storied genius. But he really was born still higher—in a garret."

"There are two at it, he and the singing-master," they said. "Now they'll begin to beat the signal-trumpet of the mutual admiration society."

The opera was given out for study. Those who took part would not give any opinion. "It shall not be said that it is judged from the theatre," said they; and almost all put on a serious face that did not let any expectation of good show itself.

"There are a good many horns in the piece," said a young man who played that instrument, and also composed. "Well if he doesn't run a horn into himself!"*

"It has genius, it is sparkling, full of melody and character"—that also was said.

"To-morrow at this time," said Peer, "the scaffold will be raised. The judgment is, perhaps, already passed."

* Alluding to a Danish popular phrase, in which a man is supposed to gore himself.

"Some say that it is a masterpiece," said the singing-master; "others, that it is a mere patchwork."

"And wherein lies truth?"

"Truth!" said the singing-master. "Pray show me. Look at that star yonder. Tell me exactly where its place is. Shut one eye. Do you see it? Now look at it with the other only. The star has shifted its place. When each eye in the same person sees so differently, how variously must the great multitude see!"

"Happen what may," said our young friend, "I must know my place in the world, understand what I can and must put forth, or give up."

The evening came,—the evening of the representation. A popular artist was to be exalted to a higher place, or plunged down in his gigantic, proud effort. A shot or a drop! The matter concerned the whole city. People stood all night in the street before the ticket-office to secure places. The house was crammed full; the ladies came with great bouquets. Would they carry them home again, or cast them at the victor's feet?

The widow-baroness and the young, beautiful daughter sat in a box above the orchestra. There was a stir in the audience, a murmuring, a movement that stopped at once as the leader of the orchestra took his place and the overture began.

Who does not remember Henselt's piece—"Si l'oiseau j'étais," that is like a twittering of birds? This was something akin; merry playing children, happy child-voices; the cuckoo gave its note with them, the thrush struck in. It was the play and carol of innocent childhood, the mind of Aladdin. Then there rolled in upon it a thunderstorm; Nourreddin displayed his power; a flash of lightning rent the rocks; gentle beckoning tones followed, a sound from the enchanted grotto where the lamp shone in the petrified cavern, while the wings of mighty spirits brooded over it. Now there sounded forth, in the notes of a bugle, a psalm so gentle and soft as if it came from the mouth of a child; a single horn was heard and then another, more and more were blended in the same tones, and rose in fullness and power as if they were the trumpets of the judgment day. The lamp was in

Aladdin's hand, and there swelled forth a sea of melody and majesty as if the ruler of spirits and master of music held sway.

The curtain rolled up in a storm of applause which sounded like a *fanfare* under the conductor's baton. A grown-up boy played there, so big and yet so simple,—it was Aladdin who frolicked among the other boys. Grandmother would at once have said:—

"That is Peer, as he played and jumped about between the stove and the chest of drawers at home in the garret. He is not a year older in his soul!"

With what faith and earnest prayer he sang the prayer Nourreddin bade him offer before he stepped down into the crevice to obtain the lamp. Was it the pure religious melody, or the innocence with which he sung, that drew all hearts after him? The applause was unbounded.

It would have been a profane thing to have repeated the song. It was called for, but it was not given. The curtain fell,—the first act was ended.

Every critic was speechless; people were overcome with gladness—they could only speak out their gratitude.

A few chords from the orchestra, and the curtain rose. The strains of music, as in Gluck's "Armida," and Mozart's "Magic Flute," arrested the attention of each; as the scene was disclosed where Aladdin stood in the wonderful garden, a soft subdued music sounded from flowers and stones, from springs and deep caverns, different melodies blending in one great harmony. A *susurrus* of spirits was heard in the chorus; it was now far off, now near, swelling in might and then dying away. Borne upon this unison was the monologue of Aladdin; what one indeed calls a great aria, but so entirely in keeping with character and situation that it was a necessary dramatic part of the whole. The resonant, sympathetic voice, the intense music of the heart subdued all listeners, and seized them with a rapture that could not rise higher, when he reached forth for the lamp that was fanned by the song of the spirits.

Bouquets rained down from all sides, a carpet of living flowers was spread out before his feet.

What a moment of life for the young artist,—the highest, the greatest! A mightier one could never again be granted him, he felt. A wreath of laurel glanced upon his breast and fell down before him. He had seen from whose hand it came. He saw the young girl in the box nearest the stage, the young baroness, rising like a Genius of Beauty, singing a pæan over his triumph.

A fire rushed through him, his heart swelled as never before, he bowed, took the wreath, pressed it against his heart, and at the same

moment fell backward.—Fainted? dead?—What was it?—The curtain fell.

“Dead!” ran the word through the house. Dead in the moment of triumph, like Sophocles at the Olympian Games, like Thorwaldsen in the theatre during Beethoven’s symphony. An artery in his heart had burst, and as by a flash of lightning his day here was ended, ended without pain, ended in an earthly jubilee, in the fulfilment of his mission on earth. Lucky Peer! More fortunate than millions!

THE END.

THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR.*

DURING the past two or three years Christendom has been thrilled by accounts of the marvellous successes of Christianity in Madagascar; and yet, until quite recently, no reliable sources of information in regard to that remarkable work have been open to the public. The newspapers, both religious and secular, have abounded in allusions to that work; but in regard to the history of the island, the circumstances connected with the introduction of Christianity there, the rise and progress of the latter, its long night of trial, and particularly its more recent remarkable progress, the means of popular information have hitherto been most tantalizingly meager.

Mr. Ellis has fully met this great need. No man, indeed, could well be better qualified than he to render this important service. Himself a veteran missionary, and having, in the course of his long and laborious life, paid three protracted visits to this island, he may be said truly to have been, not only an eye-witness, but also himself a part of what he so well describes. This, his latest contribution to our missionary literature, will prove most welcome, not only on the score of the merits of his story, which must be regarded as one of the brightest and most romantic passages in the history of Christian progress, but on account of its intrinsic literary excellencies. It will, of course, soon find its way

to the shelves of every man whose heart beats in sympathy with the cause of Christian missions.

The existence of the large African island known as Madagascar, washed on all sides by the waters of the Indian Ocean, was first made known to Europe towards the close of the thirteenth century, by Marco Polo. It is some nine hundred miles long from north to south, by three hundred broad in its widest part, containing thus an area larger than that of England, Ireland, and France combined. The central portions of the island are 6,000 feet above the sea, while some of the single mountains rise to double that elevation. The lower ranges of the country are fertile, richly wooded and well watered, the mountain streams occasionally forming extensive lakes, and the pent-up waters near the coast frequently spreading out into marshy levels, which render the surrounding country, at certain seasons of the year, highly insalubrious, particularly to foreigners.

The population of Madagascar is supposed to be about four millions. The predominant race at the present time is the Hora, evidently of Malayo-Polynesian extraction, and occupying the more central and elevated parts of the island. Though native traditions describe the country as formerly inhabited by a single homogeneous people, called Vazimba, the present population is evidently composed of a variety of races, the chief and dominant

* *The Martyr Church.* By Rev. Wm. Ellis. Boston, 1869.

ing one being generally known as Malagasys, and notably superior to the tribes occupying the adjacent coast of the African continent.

The government of this island seems never in former times to have formed a single kingdom,—the territory having been occupied, and, in a qualified sense, governed by several independent tribes. Quite recently, however, and especially since their alliance with the English, the Horas have effectually subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as rulers over the entire country.

Until within the present century the Malagasy were regarded by Europeans as but little better than untamed savages, while their country was valued chiefly as a vast hunting-ground for slaves. Though by no means so debauched or cruel as the aboriginal inhabitants of most of the South Sea islands, yet idolatry in religion, and polygamy and infanticide in domestic life, are said formerly to have been universal.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816. The first Radama, ruler of the Horas, then in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and unquestionably, in many respects, by far the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the peaceful and friendly envoy, and treated him with most assiduous and gentle kindness. A treaty of amity and good-will was soon ratified, one of the earliest and most important results of which was the abolition of the slave-trade in the island in 1817.

Two years later a still more important commission visited this island. At the instance of Sir Robert Farquhar, then Governor of Mauritius, a mission, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, an unsectarian yet evangelical body, supported by the Dissenting churches of England, was sent out to Madagascar in 1820. This first mission consisted of Messrs. Jones and Bevan, with their respective families, and was received with certain flattering demonstrations of favor. Reaching their destination, however, in the rainy season, the sultriest and most fatal portion of the year, the whole

party, Mr. Jones excepted, were swept off in a few days by fever. Two years passed away before Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. Griffiths, was enabled, in 1820, to recommence the mission. Established now with the express sanction of Radama, and fixing its seat of operations at Sananarivo, the capital, and withal the healthiest and most populous part of the island, the mission entered upon its arduous task under the most auspicious circumstances. Schools were formed in the capital, and in various towns throughout the island, in which not only the English language, but the principles of the Christian religion were carefully inculcated.

For fifteen years the mission proceeded almost altogether without molestation or interruption. In this time the Bible had been translated into the native tongue, which, at the outset, was without even an alphabet. Tracts and catechisms by the thousands had been printed and scattered. One hundred schools had been established, with four thousand scholars, and at least fifteen thousand persons in all had received instruction at the hands of the missionaries; while multitudes, enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, were beginning to throw off the bondage of superstition, and to turn their faces towards the rising day.

The first converts to Christ in Madagascar were baptized on the 29th of May, 1831. On that day twenty, who for some time had been earnest seekers after truth, had received special attention and instruction by the missionaries, and who now seemed to give good evidence that they understood the nature, extent, and claims of the Gospel, and had experienced its transforming power upon their own hearts by receiving this ordinance of baptism, publicly and forever renounced their paganism, and avowed themselves Christians. Two were husband and wife, and afterwards became very distinguished among the Madagascar saints. The former had been celebrated among his countrymen as a diviner. He publicly destroyed all his emblems of superstition and instruments of divination, and taking not only a Christian, but an apostolic name, became known thenceforth not as a diviner, but as "Paul, the divine."

The example of these baptisms stimulated inquiry among others, and now much of the time of the missionaries was occupied in the welcome and delightful employment of answering questions, and giving religious instruction to those who were becoming personally interested in the new religion. Congregations were multiplying; conversions were becoming every day more frequent. The more barbarous customs of the country, moreover, were beginning to yield to the influence of Christian teaching. Infanticide was disappearing. The ordinance of Tangena—the compulsory drinking of water poisoned by a plant of that name as a test of guilt or innocence—began to be abolished, while some four thousand officers employed by the government were now transacting their business in writing, although at the time of the arrival of the missionaries in the country such things as pen and ink were unknown. In short, everything indicated a rapid change from barbarism, with its cruel superstitions and dark idolatries, to Christianity and civilization.

In the mean time, however, King Radama, who, though never professing to have become a Christian, proved himself an earnest and faithful friend of Christianity, died; and an entirely different policy was adopted by his successor. Treacherous, unscrupulous, and cruel to the last degree, and effecting her succession to the throne only by means of violence, fraud, and wholesale murder, "Queen" Ranavalona—one of the inferior wives of the late King—soon inaugurated a bitter and relentless crusade against the Christians. The latter were required to close their schools, shut up their houses of worship, to labor upon the Sabbath, and finally to abandon their Christian profession altogether; and all this upon the utterly groundless charge that the missionaries and all those associated with them were hostile to and were endeavoring to destroy her government.

In consequence of repeated orders from the government, four of the missionaries left the island in June, 1835. One year later, the remainder, consisting of Messrs. Johns and Baker, with great sorrow, also took leave of the island. From this time until 1861 the cause of missions in Madagascar was, so far

as European aid was concerned, abandoned to its fate.

Notwithstanding all these sore and unaccustomed trials, however, and the prospect of yet severer ones, the young converts continued in secret to worship God. In the forest and on the mountains, under the cover of night and with bated breath, they held their meetings for prayer and mutual consolation. Unable any longer with safety to use their Testaments and hymn-books, they dug a large hole in the mountain side, lined it with long dry grass and leaves, and there buried all the books they had.

Although, throughout the twenty-six years during which the missionaries were absent from the island, this persecution reigned with unbroken power, so that seldom, if ever, did one year pass without some of the Christians suffering, yet there were seasons when this malignant spirit raged with especial violence.

The first real storm burst forth just as the missionaries were leaving, in 1836. The first person seriously to suffer in consequence was a woman belonging to a family of rank and position, that had been remarkable for its zealous devotion to the idols and the superstitions of the country. Her name was Rafaravavy. Awakened to a sense of concern for her soul's salvation, and fully committed to the Christian religion previous to the latter having been proscribed by the government, she had lavishly devoted time, strength, and means to the support of the infant and now persecuted cause. A person of such earnestness, and especially of such social distinction, could not, of course, long escape the attention or vengeance of this strangely infuriated queen. She was accused, arrested, put in irons, and finally sentenced to death. Through the influence of powerful friends her sentence was commuted to perpetual slavery. Effecting her escape at length from this, she subsequently spent several years in England, where, by her intelligence, urbanity, gentleness of demeanor, benevolence, and manifest sincerity of character, she deeply interested all who met her, and particularly her own sex, on behalf of that cause, for the sake of which she was an exile from her native land. Early in 1842 this noble woman—this beautiful earnest of the

future triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar—returned to Mauritius, where, if we mistake not, in self-denying Christian toil she spent the remainder of her days.

The first actual martyr in Madagascar was Rasalama. When informed that her death had been determined upon, she said that she rejoiced that she had been accounted worthy to suffer for believing in Jesus, adding: "I have hope of life in heaven." On the day previous to her death, besides being most cruelly beaten, she was put in heavy irons, which were so fastened as to confine the body in a position of excruciating pain. In the early morning, as she was borne along to the place of execution, she sang hymns by the way; and on reaching the spot—a broad, dry, shallow fosse, or ditch, strewn with the bones of previous criminals—she calmly knelt on the earth, committed her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer, and fell pierced with the spears of the executioners.

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Among the number who in 1842 were added to the glorious company of martyrs was a poor cripple. The officer appointed to administer the poison-water assured him that if he would stop praying to Jehovah he should not only live, but have a home with a family who would maintain him free of all expense. The temptation was a strong one; but, turning to the officer, he tearfully exclaimed: "How can I cease praying to One who has done everything for me?" The deadly draught was swallowed, and the poor fellow died in great agony soon after.

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These were the several persecutions that had fallen upon the Church in Madagascar during the reign of Ranavalona. Ten thousand persons had during that time been sentenced to different kinds of penalties. Death had been threatened in the name of all that was powerful and dreaded in heaven and earth to every one who should avow the hated faith. The country had been scourged by troops, and the gods of the land had been invoked against the outlawed and defenceless Christians; and now with what result? Though destitute of all human guidance and all human aid; though no European teacher or preacher had, during all these dreary twenty-six years of oppression and suffering, gone out and in before them, the Christians in the island had increased from one to seven thousand. Indeed it would seem that by her fierce and unrelaxed persecution, pursued through the greater part of her protracted reign, Ranavalona had served simply as "the instrument of testing, purifying, and strengthening in her country that divinely implanted faith which the chief energies of her life had been given to destroy."

But a great change for the better is now at hand. On the 16th of July, 1861, Ranavalona died, and the Prince Royal, her son, with the title of Radama II., quietly, though not altogether without opposition, succeeded to the throne. This prince from an early day had sympathized deeply with the Christians, and had assisted and favored them in various ways. Repeatedly he had interposed on their behalf, and thwarted the purposes of the blood-thirsty Prime Minister. On one occasion he was the means of saving the lives of twenty-one Christians. Under the circumstances it was not unnaturally expected that whenever

ing one being generally known as Malagasys, and notably superior to the tribes occupying the adjacent coast of the African continent.

The government of this island seems never in former times to have formed a single kingdom,—the territory having been occupied, and, in a qualified sense, governed by several independent tribes. Quite recently, however, and especially since their alliance with the English, the Horas have effectually subjugated the other races, established their military posts in every province, and now receive acknowledgment and homage, if not tribute, as rulers over the entire country.

Until within the present century the Malagasy were regarded by Europeans as but little better than untamed savages, while their country was valued chiefly as a vast hunting-ground for slaves. Though by no means so debauched or cruel as the aboriginal inhabitants of most of the South Sea islands, yet idolatry in religion, and polygamy and infanticide in domestic life, are said formerly to have been universal.

The earliest embassy of friendship to the central regions of Madagascar was sent by the English in 1816. The first Radama, ruler of the Horas, then in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and unquestionably, in many respects, by far the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar, joyfully welcomed the peaceful and friendly envoy, and treated him with most assiduous and gentle kindness. A treaty of amity and good-will was soon ratified, one of the earliest and most important results of which was the abolition of the slave-trade in the island in 1817.

Two years later a still more important commission visited this island. At the instance of Sir Robert Farquhar, then Governor of Mauritius, a mission, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, an unsectarian yet evangelical body, supported by the Dissenting churches of England, was sent out to Madagascar in 1820. This first mission consisted of Messrs. Jones and Bevan, with their respective families, and was received with certain flattering demonstrations of favor. Reaching their destination, however, in the rainy season, the sultriest and most fatal portion of the year, the whole

party, Mr. Jones excepted, were swept off in a few days by fever. Two years passed away before Mr. Jones, assisted by Mr. Griffiths, was enabled, in 1820, to recommence the mission. Established now with the express sanction of Radama, and fixing its seat of operations at Sananarivo, the capital, and withal the healthiest and most populous part of the island, the mission entered upon its arduous task under the most auspicious circumstances. Schools were formed in the capital, and in various towns throughout the island, in which not only the English language, but the principles of the Christian religion were carefully inculcated.

For fifteen years the mission proceeded almost altogether without molestation or interruption. In this time the Bible had been translated into the native tongue, which, at the outset, was without even an alphabet. Tracts and catechisms by the thousands had been printed and scattered. One hundred schools had been established, with four thousand scholars, and at least fifteen thousand persons in all had received instruction at the hands of the missionaries; while multitudes, enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, were beginning to throw off the bondage of superstition, and to turn their faces towards the rising day.

The first converts to Christ in Madagascar were baptized on the 29th of May, 1831. On that day twenty, who for some time had been earnest seekers after truth, had received special attention and instruction by the missionaries, and who now seemed to give good evidence that they understood the nature, extent, and claims of the Gospel, and had experienced its transforming power upon their own hearts by receiving this ordinance of baptism, publicly and forever renounced their paganism, and avowed themselves Christians. Two were husband and wife, and afterwards became very distinguished among the Madagascar saints. The former had been celebrated among his countrymen as a diviner. He publicly destroyed all his emblems of superstition and instruments of divination, and taking not only a Christian, but an apostolic name, became known thenceforth not as a diviner, but as "Paul, the divine."

The example of these baptisms stimulated inquiry among others, and now much of the time of the missionaries was occupied in the welcome and delightful employment of answering questions, and giving religious instruction to those who were becoming personally interested in the new religion. Congregations were multiplying; conversions were becoming every day more frequent. The more barbarous customs of the country, moreover, were beginning to yield to the influence of Christian teaching. Infanticide was disappearing. The ordinance of Tangena—the compulsory drinking of water poisoned by a plant of that name as a test of guilt or innocence—began to be abolished, while some four thousand officers employed by the government were now transacting their business in writing, although at the time of the arrival of the missionaries in the country such things as pen and ink were unknown. In short, everything indicated a rapid change from barbarism, with its cruel superstitions and dark idolatries, to Christianity and civilization.

In the mean time, however, King Radama, who, though never professing to have become a Christian, proved himself an earnest and faithful friend of Christianity, died; and an entirely different policy was adopted by his successor. Treacherous, unscrupulous, and cruel to the last degree, and effecting her succession to the throne only by means of violence, fraud, and wholesale murder, "Queen" Ranavalona—one of the inferior wives of the late King—soon inaugurated a bitter and relentless crusade against the Christians. The latter were required to close their schools, shut up their houses of worship, to labor upon the Sabbath, and finally to abandon their Christian profession altogether; and all this upon the utterly groundless charge that the missionaries and all those associated with them were hostile to and were endeavoring to destroy her government.

In consequence of repeated orders from the government, four of the missionaries left the island in June, 1835. One year later, the remainder, consisting of Messrs. Johns and Baker, with great sorrow, also took leave of the island. From this time until 1861 the cause of missions in Madagascar was, so far

as European aid was concerned, abandoned to its fate.

Notwithstanding all these sore and unaccustomed trials, however, and the prospect of yet severer ones, the young converts continued in secret to worship God. In the forest and on the mountains, under the cover of night and with bated breath, they held their meetings for prayer and mutual consolation. Unable any longer with safety to use their Testaments and hymn-books, they dug a large hole in the mountain side, lined it with long dry grass and leaves, and there buried all the books they had.

Although, throughout the twenty-six years during which the missionaries were absent from the island, this persecution reigned with unbroken power, so that seldom, if ever, did one year pass without some of the Christians suffering, yet there were seasons when this malignant spirit raged with especial violence.

The first real storm burst forth just as the missionaries were leaving, in 1836. The first person seriously to suffer in consequence was a woman belonging to a family of rank and position, that had been remarkable for its zealous devotion to the idols and the superstitions of the country. Her name was Rafaravavy. Awakened to a sense of concern for her soul's salvation, and fully committed to the Christian religion previous to the latter having been proscribed by the government, she had lavishly devoted time, strength, and means to the support of the infant and now persecuted cause. A person of such earnestness, and especially of such social distinction, could not, of course, long escape the attention or vengeance of this strangely infuriated queen. She was accused, arrested, put in irons, and finally sentenced to death. Through the influence of powerful friends her sentence was commuted to perpetual slavery. Effecting her escape at length from this, she subsequently spent several years in England, where, by her intelligence, urbanity, gentleness of demeanor, benevolence, and manifest sincerity of character, she deeply interested all who met her, and particularly her own sex, on behalf of that cause, for the sake of which she was an exile from her native land. Early in 1842 this noble woman—this beautiful earnest of the

future triumphs of the Gospel in Madagascar—returned to Mauritius, where, if we mistake not, in self-denying Christian toil she spent the remainder of her days.

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he should ascend the throne, persecution, on account of religion in Madagascar would cease, and the spread of Christianity there be as a triumphal march. Nor were his friends, or the friends of Christian civilization in Madagascar, altogether disappointed. The most absolute religious freedom was at once proclaimed. Schools were reorganized; scattered congregations were regathered; religious exiles were recalled; prison doors were opened, and the missionaries were invited at once to return and to resume their labors. No longer in the heart of forests, or on the tops of lonely mountains, or concealed by the darkness of unfrequented caves, did the Christian people of Madagascar assemble to worship God. And not more welcome, we may readily believe, to the weary and suffering watchers through the night, is the breaking up of darkness and the dawn of day, than was the advent of this Gospel day to these long-persecuted saints.

The reign of Radama II. was comparatively brief. Having become very dissipated in his habits, and accordingly, in the minds of many, unfit for his position, a conspiracy against him was organized, which finally culminated in his assassination. Suddenly, about daybreak on the 12th of May, 1863, two officers, with a number of men, invaded his apartments, and disregarding alike the efforts and entreaties of his wife on his behalf, removed her from the room, seized the King, cast a mantle over his head, and then tightened the sash about his neck until he sank a lifeless corpse upon the floor. Thus perished one whose soul, in spite of his antecedents, God had filled with generous impulses, a horror against the destruction of human life in any form, and a sincere and disinterested sympathy towards all suffering from injustice and cruelty. Raised up at a most critical period in the early history of the martyr church of Madagascar, and exercising over the mind of his cruel mother an influence exerted by no other mortal, Radama II. had the honor of lightening the heavy yoke under which the Christians in that land were so long bowed down, of inspiring in the bosoms of those Christians hopes of a better future, and subsequently of actually inaugurating that blessed day.

Within a few hours after the death of her husband, Rabodo, Queen of the late King, was offered the then vacant throne, which she accepted. Though never altogether abandoning her faith in idols, Rasoherina—the title under which she was proclaimed Queen—continued to the Christians the same religious privileges bestowed by her late husband.

It was during this reign that (1867) the most important and joyous event occurred which had as yet marked the progress of the Madagascar Mission—the opening at Ambatonakanga of the first Memorial Church—occupying the very spot which, thirty years before, had been baptized with the blood of the first martyr, Rasalama; and whose cap-stone was literally brought with shoutings of “Grace, grace be unto it.” When the top-stone, with the vane, had been fixed on the pinnacle of the spire, at the instance of the chief mason—a native Christian—and the minister, who, together with the workmen, were sitting on the scaffolding around the top of the spire, all removed their hats, and then unitedly offered thanksgiving unto God, who had thus far so signally blessed the work of their hands.

Rasoherina died in April, 1868. On the following morning her younger sister, Romomo, was proclaimed sovereign. This woman had first heard of Christ from a man afterward burned for his faith. A brother of hers, Prince Ramonja, an officer of high rank in the army, had not only been reduced to the ranks because of his Christian profession, but subjected meantime to such cruel hardships that an almost helpless invalidism was entailed upon him for life. The Prince, nevertheless, remained to the very last the faithful friend, the wise counsellor, the eloquent and fearless champion of the Christians. And now his sister, by the grace of God, ascends the throne—the first Christian sovereign of Madagascar. Upon the occasion of her formal coronation she took her seat beneath a gorgeous canopy, on the front of which were inscribed, in shining letters, the Malagasy words signifying, “*Glory be to God;*” on the other sides, “*Good-will among men;*” “*On earth peace;*” and “*God shall be with us.*” On one hand of Her Majesty stood a small table bearing a magnificent copy of the Bible; while in her coro-

nation speech there was a clear, distinct proclamation of religious liberty. Neither idols nor priests were present, as upon former occasions—nothing inconsistent with a devout Christian ceremony.

From this time, naturally, the movement in favor of Christianity became still more general and strongly marked. Respectable families came in company to church. Officers came attended by their subordinates. The most influential portions of society, as well as the most servile, flocked on the Lord's day to the house of God. Though their places of worship were being constantly enlarged and multiplied, these were still all filled by crowds apparently eager to hear and learn.

On the 21st of February, 1869, on the invitation of the Queen, all the high officers, the nobles, the head men of the people, and the preachers from all the churches of the city assembled in the court in the front of the palace. After singing, prayer, and preaching, Audriambelo—one of the first native preachers—proceeded, in accordance with a previous arrangement, publicly to baptize both the Queen and her prime minister. No wonder the people, who were present as spectators on this occasion, saw the Queen, the prime minister, and all the Christians greatly moved and weeping. From that very palace, but a few years before, had gone forth many an edict sentencing to death all who called on the name of Jesus. Now the high officials of the land—possibly the very officers that aforetime had led these martyrs out to execution—are called upon to behold, in the broad light of day, another Ranavalona on the throne of Madagascar, publicly and forever renouncing the idols and every form of heathenism, explicitly avowing her faith in Jesus Christ, and henceforth associating herself with his disciples. It was natural enough, surely, that those Christians, under the circumstances, should have wept from sympathy, thankfulness, and joy.

Not long after this (September, 1869) an order was issued by the Queen utterly to destroy all the national idols in the realm. The keepers of these idols, as was natural, affected to be frantic with terror. Their occupation was gone. A few of the natives were slightly ex-

ercised with misgivings, and confidently looked for a failure of the rice crop in consequence of this act. But the great body of the people sincerely rejoiced when these national idols were thus sentenced and committed irrevocably to the flames.

The influence of this imperial example may easily be imagined. "Almost all the higher officers of the government," writes one of the missionaries from there, winter before last, "are coming forward as candidates for baptism. I have now, at one place, over one hundred persons under weekly instruction, among whom are the chief of the idol-keepers, the late Queen's astrologer, several of the present Queen's household, the head of the civilians, and other members of the government." Multitudes of all classes are now following their Queen and accepting Christ. Twenty thousand persons are reported to have joined the Christian congregation last year. Pagan influence and power over the people would seem to be broken, and already that nation may be said to be fairly started on a race of civilization.

Madagascar is not yet, it is true, altogether a Christian country; but with her people eagerly seeking instruction by thousands, can we doubt that the 20,000 lately added to her worshiping congregations is but a small fraction of those who, in the years to come, will there seek and find a nobler and a purer faith?

From these results of the operations of Christianity in Madagascar, philanthropists and students of social science can readily estimate the practical value and power of the Gospel as a means of civilization. Have they any reason to believe that they can successfully get on without it? Has any other instrumentality ever proved so effectual—so mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of wickedness, and for the moral recovery of our fallen race?

Latitudinarians, who are trying to persuade themselves that we have outgrown the Gospel, and that a new religion is imperatively demanded for this our "happy and progressive age," would do well, we think, to ponder the lessons of "the Martyr Church" of Madagascar. Strange that people do not always see that it

is one thing to *talk*, and quite another to *do*, and that what the world wants is *doing*; that it is one thing to theorize and speculate and criticise and utter smart sneers at Revelation, and quite another to do the hard work of reforming and civilizing ignorant and besotted men.

And finally, Christians, and not most as-

surely without reason, will recognize, in these most remarkable and modern triumphs of their cause, an additional evidence of the undiminished efficacy of their religion, and accordingly a fresh and glorious confirmation of their faith and hope respecting the ultimate and universal triumphs of the Cross in the earth.

FLORIDA ROSES.

NOT Sharon's Roses were more fair
Than these, which Southern gardens bear—
These, pure as snows of Northern air—
White Roses!

Or these, alive with Nature's flush,
Tinted as by a maiden's blush;
They make life's current in me gush—
Pink Roses!

Or these, like drops from Nature's heart;
Only her life-blood could impart
Such vital hues as shame poor Art—
Red Roses!

Or these, so yellow, that they seem
From golden walks of which we dream,
Or born of some celestial beam—
Gold Roses!

Or these, which nothing else can mate—
Such form, such coloring delicate,
As only Rainbows could create—
Cloud Roses!

Or these, embosomed in green moss,
Dainty and soft as fairy floss;
I kiss these, as some kiss the Cross—
Moss Roses!

Or these, of faintest scent refined,
As borne from distance on the wind
Bringing some long-lost joy to mind—
Weird Roses!

I gaze on all till sight grows dim;
I scent them till my senses swim;
I think who made them, and bless HIM—
God's Roses!

THE ANTHRACITE PROBLEM.

IN the six counties of Luzerne, Carbon, Northumberland, Dauphin, Columbia, and Schuylkill, in the State of Pennsylvania, are about 400 mines, producing last year 15,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, which is the entire yield of the Western continent. The middle Atlantic slope obtains fuel almost exclusively from these mines, and upon them, and the carrying trade they create, nearly 200,000 men solely depend for employment. This brief statement of the leading facts shows that there is no one branch of American industry in which so many millions of people are directly interested, and it is not strange, therefore, that every rumor of trouble in any one of those six counties, by which coal production is, or threatens to be, suspended, not only disturbs the immediate locality, but stirs metropolitan journals to vigorous comment, and agitates remote hamlets which newspapers seldom reach.

Suspension of mining, more or less general and protracted, has become an annual event. There has rarely been, of late years, a time when all the mines were worked, and there has scarcely been a moment when any one of them was worked to the full extent of the capacity of the labor employed. Yet the average price of coal to the consumer, during this period, has been unreasonably high, and occasionally exorbitant rates have been demanded. At the same time the labor of the coal-fields has been so meagrely remunerated that it has sought to better its condition by the formation of one of the most extensive and powerful Labor Unions in the world. And, although the mining of anthracite requires large capital, it is admitted that there are few business enterprises that should pay a larger interest upon the investment. It is evident from this statement of the secondary facts of the case that there is something awry in the coal-fields, and it is the purpose of this article to bring that something into the foreground, where it can be recognized without the risk of a mistake.

Nature's choicest gifts are so grudgingly bestowed that the best fuel ever used by man

was found in a region isolated by physical obstacles from the markets of the world. There was no navigable stream flowing from the rugged highlands, which concealed the black treasure, to any centre of population, and the first problem of the coal-fields was that of transportation. The Susquehanna River, rising in North-western New York, and stretching on its sinuous course through the beautiful Wyoming Valley, washed the bases of a hundred hills containing coal deposits. But nature was never more wasteful than with this enticing and useless stream. A volume of water that, properly confined, would be sufficient at nearly all seasons for barge navigation, is so spread over a vast bed that no serious attempt has ever been made to utilize the river. The only other water-courses found near the anthracite fields were the Lehigh and Schuylkill rivers, which only skirted the edges, and were there nothing but unmanageable mountain torrents in the wet season, and exasperating rivulets in dry weather. But, such as they were, after vast labor and expenditure they became, by means of a canal and slack water navigation, the first extensive coal-carriers. Their capacity, however, was inadequate to the demands of even the mere specks of coal territory which they drained. The problem of transportation remained unsolved, after the completion of several canals transporting 864,384 tons in 1840, and there is little doubt the necessity for its solution hastened by many years the development of the railway on this continent.

It is claimed that the first railway of America, except one of three miles at Quincy, Mass., was the Gravity road, nine miles in length, from Mauch Chunk to Summit Mines; but whatever may be the facts as to the beginning, it is certain that railroads improved and multiplied faster in the coal regions than anywhere else in the first years following their introduction. There was a necessity for them more imperative than existed elsewhere, and no sooner had the feasibility of the new means of inter-communication been demonstrated than capital and enterprise rushed in to

operate where both were so sure to meet with a rich reward. The natural obstacles to railroad construction to be overcome were great, for the face of the country was rugged in the extreme. But these obstacles were surmounted, and all other difficulties overcome, until the Schuylkill region had been tapped by the Reading Railroad; the great middle or Lehigh basin reached by the Lehigh Valley and Lehigh and Susquehanna roads, running side by side for more than a hundred miles; and the vast northern fields of Luzerne cut in twain by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western road, which opened outlets east to New York, and westward via Binghamton and the Erie Railway. But these trunk lines were supplemented by numerous branch tracks, threading the fields in all directions, and leading up under the breakers of hundreds of mines, including among them the famous Switch-Back or Gravity Railroad, back of Mauch Chunk, which has been for years the wonder of tourists. With these achievements it might be supposed that the great problem of the coal-fields had been successfully worked out. In fact, only the first steps in its solution had been taken.

It so happened that the southern fields were first developed, and the natural consequence was that the business of mining was scattered in many hands. Men of enterprise and limited capital flocked to the new industry in such numbers that very few succeeded in obtaining more than one mine, and in many cases a single mine was the property of an association of individuals. The mine, with perhaps the exception of a small amount of rolling stock, in a few instances, was the sole property of these men, who were therefore coal producers only, and from these facts they came to be known in the parlance of the trade as "small operators," and under that title became one of the three antagonistic forces which have operated to the disturbance of the coal-fields.

The rich and accessible anthracite deposits of the northern basin, contained almost entirely in Luzerne county, remaining comparatively untouched long after the southern and middle basins had been developed, as naturally became the spoil of capital associated on

a gigantic scale as the others had been left to individual effort; every new enterprise enlisting first the men of small means and great faith. So in this case the small operators, working against many obstacles, had shown that these were mines of wealth as well as coal, before combined capital came to profit by the road personal daring had opened. But when it did come it went to work with a will. Restricted by the prior occupation of the other regions to the northern basin, it built railroads, canals, hamlets, cities. It honey-combed the hills overhanging the Lackawanna valley, or, fringing that other valley embalmed in song and story as the Wyoming, it gave an impetus to this most tardily developed of the fields that soon shot it far ahead of its competitors. All this was done by the power of associated capital, working through what are known as the great coal corporations, which are now, as they have been from the first, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company. Owning now more than half of the 130 mines in the northern basin, and either owning or having favorable contracts with the trunk lines of transportation, these three companies are the Titans of the coal trade, as well as the second of its disturbing forces.

Labor went first of all to the new fields. Mining of coal ranking more from usage than fact as a skilled industry, the anthracite mines, by reason of the great thickness of the veins and their comparative freedom from fire-damp, attracted the experienced miners of England, Ireland, and Wales. Few in numbers at first, immigration has kept pace with the demand for such industry until now the miners and mine laborers number over 40,000. The great majority being of the nationalities named, and bred from their cradles to toil, are men of little culture, perhaps, but they are men of strong sense, who thoroughly understand the specialty in which they are engaged. And no class of laboring men, skilled or unskilled, ever had more decided views of the rights of labor or were more resolute in demanding them. Living for years on the edge of starvation, because of the vicissitudes of the trade upon

which they depended, they began to assume the cares of capital, and search for a remedy for the ills that the coal trade is heir to. There is not space, nor is it necessary, to trace step by step the increasing dissatisfaction resulting from meagre and uncertain pay, which finally culminated in the formation of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, and the great strike of 1869 for the basis. Both events had apparent and real causes, and the latter were fully developed as the contest progressed. The miners, with the wrongs of years of poorly-requited toil to be righted, and acting with the tremendous power of combination, are the third of the contending forces in the anthracite fields.

In the spring of 1869 coal was unusually low in the great markets, and the small operators of the southern fields, having to pay heavy charges for transportation, were crushed by the great corporations which owned their avenues to market, and thus combined the profits of producers and carriers. Schuylkill, with 105 firms, owning 146 mines, could not compete with two companies owning forty-five mines, besides the railroads and canal which connected them with the points of delivery to consumers. Upon such a state of facts came the strike of 1869, beginning in Schuylkill and spreading northward until the whole anthracite region was paralyzed, but not simultaneously, as suspension did not reach the upper fields for some time after it was general in the lower, where, on the other hand, resumption occurred some weeks before it did in the upper. In Schuylkill and the adjacent region the strike, although ostensibly in the interest of the miners, was so plainly for the benefit of the operators that it was openly charged and by many believed that it had been instigated and fostered by the latter. There was never any more positive proof of this than the fact that general suspension had the effect, as always before, to greatly advance prices, by which the Schuylkill operators were the first to profit. Their case was too simple to need more than a brief statement. Depending almost entirely upon the Reading Railroad for transportation to market, that line charged rates which were not perhaps exorbitant in themselves, but its capacity being always over-

taxed, it could not be expected to lower them in response to a decline in prices of coal, and the Schuylkill operators therefore went upon a falling market with all their profits absorbed by the transit from the mines. It was inevitable that the operators, being unable to dispute with the railroad, should economize in all possible directions. First of all they cut down the wages of miners, and this expedient proving as futile as it was desperate, it was natural that they should be compelled to suspend operations, at last, without having succeeded in anything, but adding to their perplexities by increasing the disaffection of the labor upon which they were dependent. It thus happened that when coal fell naturally to a reasonable rate, a majority of the operators in the lower fields were immediately forced to work at a loss, and were vitally interested in raising prices by such artificial means as the stoppage of production. For these reasons, and in consideration of the fact that by resumption in the lower fields, long before it became general, these operators were temporarily extricated from an awkward dilemma, it was alleged that the suspension was really a strike of southern operators against low prices.

But the miners always claimed that the strike was begun and maintained by themselves, in their own interests, and without suggestions or aid from any operators in Schuylkill or elsewhere. This claim was substantiated by the face of the record, for the strike was undoubtedly decreed by the General Council of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, in behalf of a measure that seemingly originated with the miners, and purported to be devised as the only certain remedy for the hardships of inadequate and precarious wages under which they labored. That measure was popularly known as "the basis," because it contemplated the basing of wages upon the price of coal. An arbitrary minimum was to be established each year, and a specified portion of that being paid for mining, a named per cent. of all advances upon that price was to accrue to the miner. This arrangement not only made the miner a sharer in the profits without incurring any of the risks of an enterprise in which he had not a dollar in-

vested, but made him a power above natural laws by clothing him with the high prerogative of naming the minimum price of coal for a year in advance. But this programme was accepted by nearly all the miners and most of the operators in the lower fields, as the only possible solution of the evils of coal production; and while it would, in any event, have resulted in increased hardships to the miners, it might have lightened the burdens of the small operators and consumers if it had been adopted, as had been designed, throughout the coal regions. It was the chief purpose, although unavowed, of the basis to stop production when prices fell below the arbitrary minimum, and as it would have had that effect, if it had been everywhere observed, the advantages enjoyed by the great corporations from a normal market would have been destroyed.

Partial failure, however, waited upon the new expedient from its birth. Accepted in the lower fields as the universal panacea, it was rejected in the upper as the device of the charlatans of industry. The miners in the employ of the great corporations, numbering more than one-seventh of all in the anthracite fields, were not only not members of the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, but greatly weakened that organization by resolutely refusing to join in the strike for "the basis" when it was begun in Schuylkill. The leaders in the movement knew perfectly well that so long as they stood aloof the strike was a failure, and the Association a farce. It is not surprising, therefore, that extraordinary exertions were made to secure their adhesion.

The history of labor agitations has no more exciting scenes than were witnessed in Scranton in the early spring of '69, when the emissaries of the strikers pleaded with their brethren, who were yet at work, to join in the movement. Expostulations and threats naturally followed hard upon unavailing argument, and a state of feeling was created that needed only some untoward incident to explode into actual violence. The large mining town of Hyde Park, which is part of the city of Scranton, and inhabited exclusively by the miners and *employés* of the great corporations, seethed with the agitation for many

days; but finally, on the 23d of May, the miners resolved, by a vote of 408 to 369, not to suspend, and the question was considered settled. But on the morning of the 25th, when the men there employed gathered to go down the great Oxford Shaft, they found a notice posted at its mouth, which declared, in the most labored of false syntax and orthography, that the men of the southern fields were determined to enforce suspension, and the proclamation ended with these words: "Any Man goes Down this Shaft let him have his Coffin made." This vague, illiterate, anonymous scrawl achieved in a moment what weeks of argument and entreaty had failed to accomplish. Not a man went down the shaft, and the panic spreading with marvelous rapidity, before sunset of that day not a worker was left in any mine in all the anthracite regions. By these questionable means universal suspension became, for the first time, an accomplished fact.

At this moment the Miners' Union—which name is more suggestive and convenient than the official title of Workingmen's Benevolent Association—seemed to have gained a complete victory. Organized only in the previous autumn out of the dissensions engendered by the partial strike of 1868, for the enforcement of the eight-hour law, it was born of discord, and had been nurtured by disturbance. Yet it proclaimed itself the apostle of peace, humanity, and law, and declared by its leaders that it sought nothing for the miner but his just due, and did not desire even that at the expense of consumers. It asserted that it would so establish mining industry upon a secure and satisfactory basis as to make the local strikes, which had been so prolific of misfortune in past years, entirely impossible. It proclaimed that it never acted in the interests of any operators, large or small, but in its every deed had the benefit of its members in view. It courted the closest scrutiny of its acts, and dared its enemies to produce proof that it was other than it seemed. It repudiated the device by which suspension had been at last secured in the Scranton district, and claimed that it had employed and intended to use none but moral forces. It was fortunate in its president, John Parker, a

man of strong sense, equable temper, and undoubted honesty, eminently fitted by experience and character to secure public confidence for the Union, of which he was the controlling spirit. Yet the first fruit of the supremacy of the Union was desolation to the miner, and its second result benefit to the small operators. By the middle of June the "basis" was satisfactorily arranged with the wholesale price of coal at New York fixed at \$5, and in a few days the mines of Schuylkill were being worked to their utmost capacity. The general suspension of a month had so inflated prices that the poor of the great cities were unable to buy fuel, but they had also reached a point where there was something left after satiating the railroad cormorant, and the trade was prosperous again. The miners had indeed eaten the bread of idleness to the last crumb, and the poor in hundreds of cities had suffered sorely; but the Union had pulled the chestnuts of the small operators out of the big corporation fire, and there was great rejoicing because of "the triumph of labor over capital."

Many weeks were yet to elapse before it could be generally understood how barren was the victory the miners had obtained. Although stampeded into suspension, the Hyde Park men did not join or make common cause with the Union, but sullenly maintained a separate struggle of their own with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company. That great corporation frankly met the issue with the unequivocal declaration that it would have no partners, and would never accede to the "basis" arrangement. When the men stopped work they were getting eighty-six cents per car for mining, and the Company persistently said they could receive the same wages, or more, whenever they desired to work. The miners declined these terms; insisted upon the "basis," but yet declined all overtures for adhesion to the Union. The Company, being confronted in a few weeks with resumption in the lower fields, was still more determined not to yield, and the men, seeing in the same event the success of the strike, were encouraged to hold out. From these causes the strike in the Scranton district, which dominates the upper fields, continued

until the beginning of September, when it ended with the surrender of the principle for which the miners had so sturdily contended. Resumption was accompanied by the Avondale disaster, and the miners had the shadow of that horror to embitter their defeat. They did indeed get a very great advance in wages, for they had accepted the offer of the Company of \$1.31 per car, but they did not get the least recognition of any one of the claims which they had set up, and which had been granted in the lower fields. The long strike of 1869, therefore, ended, with the power of the corporations unbroken, with the miners impoverished by months of idleness, with the Union unrecognized where it most needed allegiance, and with the Schuylkill operators for the time as the sole beneficiaries of the struggle.

Fifteen months of delusive peace followed the protracted and bitter contest of 1869. It was a period of unprecedented prosperity to the Luzerne miners, who were receiving two-thirds more wages than they had obtained prior to the strike, and were rapidly getting forehanded with the world. The miners in the other counties, who were working under the basis, were receiving much less pay than this, and their condition had been in no way improved by the suffering they had endured. And the small operators soon relapsed into their former condition, for while transportation tolls were not reduced, the uninterrupted production inevitably depressed the market. The great corporations worked with such vigor that, during the year 1870, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western mined 2,350,341 tons, the Delaware and Hudson 2,269,948 tons, and the Pennsylvania Coal Co., 1,086,008, and, combined, they put upon the market more than one-third of the entire annual production. The two first owning their lines of transportation, these facts show that the coal trade was again thrown back into its chronic condition, by reason of the small operators being unable to compete with corporations mining and transporting these great quantities, without paying tribute thereon to the Reading Railroad. Schuylkill paying these heavy tolls on its 3,138,429 tons, while in Luzerne the same parties took the

profits of producers and carriers on 5,706,297 tons, places the whole case beyond argument. The Schuylkill operators, who had a short season of prosperity in the previous summer, while suspension continued in the northern districts, were again between the upper and nether mill-stones of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and Reading Railroads, and many of them were crushed. As coal went down many collieries suspended for want of orders, which were not sought, and the general condition of both miners and operators in the southern fields was deplorable. Nor did the corporations fare much better, for they were paying inordinately high rates for mining; and despite their advantages, their profits were difficult to discover as the market receded.

At last the November auction sale in New York, for coal to be delivered in December, yielded only an average of \$3.99½, and the fact was seized as the occasion, if not excuse, for a stroke of policy which produced events unparalleled in the coal regions. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company suddenly reduced wages to the rates before the strike of 1869, and the Luzerne miners, who had never before inaugurated suspension, began a strike which yet continues, and has already become one of the most general and disastrous in its effects with which this unfortunate region has been afflicted.

The Company claims that it did not desire or expect suspension as the result of reducing wages at once and without warning from \$1.31 to 86 cts.; but it came so swiftly and naturally that nobody was astonished. To avoid recognition of the "basis," and irritated by four months of idleness, the Company in the previous year had unwisely advanced wages thirty per cent. beyond a fair amount, so that this new trouble had the same germ as its predecessors, in the warring interests of small operators, miners, and corporations. The arrangement which had concluded the strike of 1869 had brought disaster to each of the contending forces at last. Schuylkill could withstand the transportation pressure no better than before, and the corporations had neutralized their advantages in that respect by advancing mining wages far beyond what the business would warrant, with no other appa-

rent purpose than to add to Schuylkill's miseries and to cripple the Union by keeping their *employés* out of it. This policy bore its natural fruit; and everybody finding himself in the condition of the sheep that came home shorn, nobody could think of any remedy for the new phase of an old evil but the stale device of a general suspension. This time the Luzerne miners were the apostles of idleness as the road to wealth, and spread their emissaries abroad preaching the gospel to which they were such late converts. For the first time they became eager advocates of the Union, and formally offered unquestioning adherence if the General Council would order and enforce general suspension. In no other way could they hope to maintain their struggle with the corporations for any length of time, and they became almost abject in their supplications to a body they had spurned in the previous year. The leaders of the Union remembered and spoke bitterly of the past; but in the end common interest triumphed over pique, and the Council meeting at Tamaqua decreed a general suspension, to begin January 11, 1871. The order was obeyed with a few trivial exceptions, and the stupor of paralysis again fell upon the whole anthracite region, to last many weeks. There was scarcely a pretence upon the part of the miners of denying that the purpose of suspension was to bull the market to abnormal rates; and the operators and corporations, seeing the wisdom of silence, have been chary of explanations.

At the time this article is written the strike yet continues, with unpleasant symptoms that it may produce acts of lawless violence, which have hitherto been rare accompaniments of these troubles. As the present results of the strike, more than 100,000 men have dragged dependent families to starvation, and the poor in the great Atlantic cities are freezing for want of fuel, which has advanced beyond their reach—while neither small operators nor corporations will in the end reap any substantial reward from a disruption as senseless as it is needless. In the end resumption must come very much as it has before, and be followed in its turn by other suspensions. So long as the present causes are in operation, it is inevitable that there will be periodical dis-

turbances of coal production, with most disastrous results to producers and consumers.

The anthracite coal trade has increased from 365 tons in 1822, to about 15,000,000 tons in 1870. While railroads carried only 850 tons in 1841, the bulk of last year's production was taken to market by rail. The capital invested in coal production and transportation approximates \$250,000,000, of which \$45,000,000 are represented by opened and working mines, \$75,000,000 by railroads, \$40,000,000 by canals, and the remainder by the value of the coal lands. That this great trade has increased with such marvelous rapidity, and this vast capital yielded a fair annual interest, is due wholly to the fact of the creation of these artificial avenues to market. The cure of present evils lies in the cause of past success. The cry of over-production means only that enough money has not been invested in railroads. Nothing is more certain than that the earnings of the existing coal railroads must be diminished before coal production can be uninterrupted and satisfactory to all parties. There must be additional rail outlets from the lower fields eastward sufficiently capacious to give the Schuylkill operators the benefit of competition in transportation.

It makes little difference whether these roads lead to New York or Philadelphia, so that they are kept independent of existing lines. When they are built, and the means of transportation in the lower fields equal or surpass their productive capacity, the corporation Sampsons of Luzerne will be shorn of the locks which give them strength to crush rivals staggering to market under heavy tolls. When these roads are completed, and additional outlets south and west from the lower and middle fields are opened, the problem of the anthracite fields will be solved. But only the display elsewhere of the energy, pluck, and ability which has developed the Scranton district beyond all competitors, although it was only opened in 1855, can bring lasting peace to the coal-fields and reasonable fuel to the consumer. Only by the equalization of advantages can miners, small operators, and great corporations, strive together in harmony. Every year the production and consumption of anthracite increases, and as both must in-

crease faster in the future than in the past, it is only by the multiplication of trunk lines of railroads from the mines in the southern fields that this equalization can be secured.

The suspension which is just ending has been more disastrous in its effects upon consumers and producers than any of its predecessors. The wretchedly poor in the city of New York paid, in the last days of February, at the rate of \$28 per ton for fuel, and the miners were at the same time suffering as they never did before, for want of the necessities of life. At this moment of extreme disaster, when the needs of all classes made resumption imminent, the railroads tapping the Southern and Middle fields showed how vast is their power, and how little the public interest is consulted in their use of it, by suddenly advancing tolls to \$7.10 per ton, and thereby made resumption an impossibility. When this had been done, on the 23d day of February, all the operators gathered in council at Philadelphia, thus presenting the singular spectacle of the Lackawanna lions lying down with the Schuylkill lambs to roar and bleat that stale device of a "basis" which had been first promulgated by the Miners' Union, and had, by the experience of a year, been found to be a basis of nothing but ruin. Having, in four resolutions, taken precisely the ground, as to Schuylkill and Lehigh, occupied by the Union in the previous year, this meeting declared that the operators were united in opposing any interference, by workmen or their association, with the management of their works. The Miners' Union is justly chargeable with many crimes against consumers, and with many follies closely akin to crimes against producers,—but it never did anything so senseless or so mean as this. The precarious truce between the great Lackawanna companies and their staggering rivals seemed concluded only to insult the general intelligence by resolutions which perpetuate present evils; and by leaving all parties to the contest precisely where they were before, seemed cunningly devised to keep the door open for future suspensions when the interests of either of the contracting parties may demand it. Nothing was said or done concerning the outrage committed by the coal-carriers in advan-

cing tolls to an exorbitant rate, for which sin of omission these operators are entitled to the public thanks. In no other way could they have so clearly shown that the real anthracite problem is one of transportation. The majority at this meeting, controlling all the coal-carrying railroads, finding nothing better to do at a moment of panic and widespread disaster resulting from their previous

acts, than to declare against outside interference with their management, afforded an irrefutable argument against their exclusive control of a great industry.

Let the public keep in mind that coal is reasonable in price only so long as production is uninterrupted, and that suspension has been always forced by exorbitant tolls on the avenues to market.

A HOROSCOPE.

I srr and sigh, but not with idle pain ;
 I have outlived the callow heats of youth ;
 The time of buds that go to come again
 Is past with me, and I desire the truth.

The deep, deep truth of long, long love I need ;
 I have no heart to waste in fruitless bloom,
 But all my heart I have for love indeed,
 And all my heart goes forth to meet my doom.

What can I do, but sit and fold my hands ?
 I hear no footfalls of the one to come—
 Else I would rise and run through many lands
 To meet her coming, and to lead her home.

What do I long for ?—since I know not whom ;
 I long for peace from longing, and for rest ;
 Whether that I grow old—I find in room
 Of venturous pinions, now a homesick breast :

Homesick, though not with retrospective pain,
 Hollow with hunger for a home to be,
 Breaking for longing toward a sweet refrain
 Forever borne o'er an enchanted sea.

This wind and wave has worn my youth away ;
 'Tis long to anchor by the Blessed Isles ;—
 Yet there I dreamed for me a future lay
 Securely glad in one sweet woman's smiles.

Oh, inaccessible lady charmed from me !
 I see thee sit at evening by my fire,
 A light of wifely welcome circling thee,
 As home I draw to close with thy desire.

I see thee there, my queen of feast and grace,
 Throned at my board, dispense the Attic cheer ;
 I look across and watch thee in thy place,
 Mine, and so fair—so queenly, and so dear.

I hear thee sing clear carols of the hearth,
Pensive and sweet, in tender twilight glooms
My children love the music more than mirth,
And gather in from all the darkening rooms.

Steals on a holier household hour than all :
Thy children grouped about their mother's chair,
Upon thy knees with them I see thee fall—
Most beautiful among thy children there !

I talk with thee alone—I stroke thy hair—
I read thy eyes—I fold thee to my breast ;
We mix our mutual dreams, and purely share
Love lapsing on through all our raptured rest.

The days go onward ever, sun and rain ;
The nights between them follow, cloud or star ;
The same to us, no matter loss or gain,—
Each unto each what naught could make, can mar.

And we grow old together, in my dream,
Like blended rivers placid toward the sea—
Alas, but now my lone divided stream
Still hither, thither roves in quest of thee !

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

"AUTHOR OF 'ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,' 'ALEC FORBES,' 'ROBERT FALCONER,' ETC.

(Continued from page 556.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

I TOLD them my story. Even Clara looked grave when I came to the incident of finding myself on the verge of the precipice.

"Thank God, my boy !" said Mr. Coningham, kindly. "You have had a narrow escape. I lost myself once in the Cumberland hills, and hardly got off with my life. Here it is a chance you were ever seen again, alive or dead. I wonder you're not knocked up."

I was, however, more so than I knew.

"How are you going to get home ?" he asked.

"I don't know any way but walking," I answered.

"Are you far from home ?"

"I don't know. I daresay the people here

will be able to tell me. But I think you said you were going down into the Grindelwald. I shall know where I am there. Perhaps you will let me walk with you. Horses can't go very fast along these roads."

"You shall have my horse, my boy."

"No. I couldn't think of that."

"You must. I haven't been wandering all day like you. You can ride, I suppose ?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Then you shall ride with Clara, and I'll walk with the guide. I shall go and see after the horses presently."

It was indeed a delightful close to a dreadful day. We sat and chatted a while, and then Clara and I went out to look at the Jungfrau. She told me they had left her mother at Interlaken, and had been wander-



WILFRID ON THE MOUNTAINS.

ing about the Bernese Alps for nearly a week.

"I can't think what should have put it in papa's head," she added; "for he does not care much for scenery. I fancy he wants to make the most of poor me, and so takes me the grand tour. He wanted to come without mamma, but she said we were not to be trusted alone. She had to give in when we took to horseback, though."

It was getting late, and Mr. Coningham came out to find us.

"It is quite time we were going," he said. "In fact we are too late now. The horses are ready, and your clothes are dry, Mr. Cumbermede. I have felt them all over."

"How kind of you, sir!" I said.

"Nonsense. Why should any one want another to get his death of cold? If you are to keep alive, it's better to keep well as long as ever you can. Make haste, though, and change your clothes."

I hurried away, followed by Clara's merry laugh at my clumsy gait. In a few moments

I was ready. Mr. Coningham had settled my bill for me. Mother and daughter gave me a kind farewell, and I exhausted my German in vain attempts to let them know how grateful I was for their goodness. There was not much time, however, to spend even on gratitude. The sun was nearly down, and I could see Clara mounted and waiting for me before the window. I found Mr. Coningham rather impatient.

"Come along, Mr. Cumbermede; we must be off," he said. "Get up there."

"You *have* grown, though, after all," said Clara. "I thought it might be only the petticoats that made you look so tall."

I got on the horse which the guide, a half-witted fellow from the next valley, was holding for me, and we set out. The guide walked beside my horse, and Mr. Coningham beside Clara's. The road was level for a little way, but it soon turned up on the hill where I had been wandering, and went along the steep side of it.

"Will this do for a precipice, Clara?" said her father.

"Oh dear! no," she answered; "it's not worth the name. It actually slopes outward."

Before we got down to the next level stretch it began again to rain. A mist came on, and we could see but a little way before us. Through the mist came the sound of the bells of the cattle upon the hill. Our guide trudged carefully but boldly on. He seemed to know every step of the way. Clara was very cool, her father a little anxious, and very attentive to his daughter, who received his help with a never-failing merry gratitude, making light of all annoyances. At length we came down upon the better road, and traveled on with more comfort.

"Look, Clara!" I said—"will that do?"

"What is it?" she asked, turning her head in the direction in which I pointed.

On our right, through the veil, half of rain, half of gauzy mist, which filled the air, arose a precipice indeed—the whole bulk it was of the Eiger mountain, which the mist brought so near that it seemed literally to overhang the road. Clara looked up for a moment, but betrayed no sign of awe.

"Yes, I think that will do," she said.

"Though you are only at the foot of it?" I suggested.

"Yes; though I am only at the foot of it," she repeated.

"What does it remind you of?" I asked.

"Nothing. I never saw anything it could remind me of," she answered.

"Nor read anything?"

"Not that I remember."

"It reminds me of Mount Sinai in the Pilgrim's Progress. You remember Christian was afraid because the side of it which was next the wayside did hang so much over that he thought it would fall on his head."

"I never read the Pilgrim's Progress," she returned, in a careless if not contemptuous tone.

"Didn't you? Oh, you would like it so much!"

"I don't think I should. I don't like religious books."

"But that is such a good story!"

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"Oh! it's all a trap—sugar on the outside of a pill! The sting's in the tail of it. They're all like that. I know them."

This silenced me, and for a while we went on without speaking.

The rain ceased; the mist cleared a little; and I began to think I saw some landmarks I knew. A moment more, and I perfectly understood where we were.

"I'm all right now, sir," I said to Mr. Coningham. "I can find my way from here."

As I spoke I pulled up and proceeded to dismount.

"Sit still," he said. "We cannot do better than ride on to Mr. Forest's. I don't know him much, but I have met him, and in a strange country all are friends. I daresay he will take us in for the night. Do you think he could house us?"

"I have no doubt of it. For that matter, the boys could crowd a little."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not above two miles, I think."

"Are you sure you know the way?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you take the lead."

I did so. He spoke to the guide, and Clara and I rode on in front.

"You and I seem destined to have adventures together, Clara," I said.

"It seems so. But this is not so much of an adventure as that night on the leads," she answered.

"You would not have thought so if you had been with me in the morning."

"Were you very much frightened?"

"I was. And then to think of finding you!"

"It was funny, certainly."

When we reached the house there was great jubilation over me, but Mr. Forest himself was very serious. He had not been back more than half an hour, and was just getting ready to set out again, accompanied by men from the village below. Most of the boys were quite knocked up, for they had been looking for me ever since they missed me. Charley was in a dreadful way. When he saw me he burst into tears, and declared he would never let me out of his sight again. But if he had been with me it would have

been death to both of us : I could never have got him over the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest received their visitors with the greatest cordiality, and invited them to spend a day or two with them, to which, after some deliberation, Mr. Coningham agreed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGAIN THE ICE-CAVE.

THE next morning he begged a holiday for me and Charley, of whose family he knew something, although he was not acquainted with them. I was a little disappointed at Charley's being included in the request, not in the least from jealousy, but because I had set my heart on taking Clara to the cave in the ice, which I knew Charley would not like. But I thought we could easily arrange to leave him somewhere near until we returned. I spoke to Mr. Coningham about it, who entered into my small scheme with the greatest kindness. Charley confided to me afterwards that he did not take to him—he was too like an ape, he said. But the impression of his ugliness had with me quite worn off; and for his part, if I had been a favorite nephew he could not have been more complaisant and hearty.

I felt very stiff when we set out, and altogether not quite myself; but the discomfort wore off as we went. Charley had Mr. Coningham's horse, and I walked by the side of Clara's, eager after any occasion, if but a pretence, of being useful to her. She was quite familiar with me, but seemed shy of Charley. He looked much more of a man than I; for not only, as I have said, had he grown much during his illness, but there was an air of troubled thoughtfulness about him which made him look considerably older than he really was; while his delicate complexion and large blue eyes had a kind of mystery about them that must have been very attractive.

When we reached the village, I told Charley that we wanted to go on foot to the cave, and hoped he would not mind waiting our return. But he refused to be left, declaring he should not mind going in the least; that he was quite well now, and ashamed of his behavior on the former occasion; that, in fact, it must have been his approaching illness that caused it. I could not insist, and we set out. The

footpath led us through fields of corn, with a bright sun overhead, and a sweet wind blowing. It was a glorious day of golden corn, gentle wind, and blue sky, with great masses of white snow, whiter than any cloud, held up in it.

We descended the steep bank; we crossed the wooden bridge over the little river; we crunched under our feet the hail-like crystals lying rough on the surface of the glacier; we reached the cave and entered the blue abyss. I went first into the delicious, yet dangerous-looking blue. The cave had several sharp angles in it. When I reached the farthest corner I turned to look behind me. I was alone. I walked back and peeped round the last corner. Between that and the one beyond it stood Clara and Charley, staring at each other with faces of ghastly horror.

Clara's look certainly could not have been the result of any excess of imagination. But many women respond easily to influences they could not have originated. My conjecture is, that the same horror had again seized upon Charley when he saw Clara; that it made his face, already deathlike, tenfold more fearful; that Clara took fright at his fear, her imagination opening like a crystal to the polarized light of reflected feeling; and thus they stood in the paralysis of a dismay which ever multiplied itself in the opposed mirrors of their countenances.

I too was in terror—for Charley, and certainly wasted no time in speculation. I went forward instantly, and put an arm round each. They woke up, as it were, and tried to laugh. But the laugh was worse than the stare. I hurried them out of the place.

We came upon Mr. Coningham round the next corner, amusing himself with the talk of the half-silly guide.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out again," I answered. "The air is oppressive."

"Nonsense," he said merrily. "The air is as pure as it is cold. Come, Clara; I want to explore the penetralia of this temple of Isis."

I believe he intended a pun.

Clara turned with him; Charley and I went out into the sunshine.

"You should not have gone, Charley. You have caught a chill again," I said.

"No, nothing of the sort," he answered. "Only it was too dreadful. That lovely face! To see it like that—and know that is what it is coming to!"

"You looked as horrid yourself," I returned.

"I don't doubt it. We all did. But why?"

"Why, just because of the blueness," I answered.

"Yes—the blueness, no doubt. That was all. But there it was, you know."

Clara came out smiling. All her horror had vanished. I was looking into the hole as she turned the last corner. When she first appeared, her face was "like one that hath been seven days drowned;" but as she advanced, the decay thinned, and the life grew, until at last she stepped from the mouth of the sepulchre in all the glow of her merry youth. It was a dumb show of the resurrection.

As we went back to the inn, Clara, who was walking in front with her father, turned her head and addressed me suddenly.

"You see it was all a sham, Wilfrid!" she said.

"What was a sham? I don't know what you mean," I rejoined.

"Why that," she returned, pointing with her hand. Then addressing her father, "Isn't that the Eiger," she asked—"the same we rode under yesterday?"

"To be sure it is," he answered.

She turned again to me.

"You see it is all a sham! Last night it pretended to be on the very edge of the road and hanging over our heads at an awful height. Now it has gone a long way back, is not so very high, and certainly does not hang over. I ought not to have been satisfied with that precipice. It took me in."

I did not reply at once. Clara's words appeared to me quite irreverent, and I recoiled from the very thought that there could be any sham in nature; but what to answer her I did not know. I almost began to dislike her; for it is often incapacity for defending the faith they love which turns men into persecutors.

Seeing me foiled, Charley advanced with the doubtful aid of a sophism to help me.

"Which is the sham, Miss Clara?" he asked.

"That Eiger mountain there."

"Ah! so I thought."

"Then you are of my opinion, Mr. Osborne?"

"You mean the mountain is shamming, don't you—looking far off when really it is near?"

"Not at all. When it looked last night as if it hung right over our heads, it was shamming. See it now—far away there!"

"But which then is the sham, and which is the true? It looked near yesterday and now it looks far away. Which is which?"

"It must have been a sham yesterday; for although it looked near, it was very dull and dim, and you could only see the sharp outline of it."

"Just so I argue on the other side: The mountain must be shamming now, for although it looks so far off, it yet shows a most contradictory clearness—not only of outline but of surface."

"Aha!" thought I, "Miss Clara has found her match. They both know he is talking nonsense, yet she can't answer him. What she was saying was nonsense too, but I can't answer it either—not yet."

I felt proud of both of them, but of Charley in especial, for I had had no idea he could be so quick.

"What ever put such an answer in your head, Charley?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! it's not quite original," he returned. "I believe it was suggested by two or three lines I read in a review just before we left home. They took a hold of me rather."

He repeated half of the now well-known little poem of Shelley, headed *Passage of the Apennines*. He had forgotten the name of the writer, and it was many years before I fell in with them myself:—

"The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm."

In the middle of it I saw Clara begin to titter, but she did not interrupt him. When he had finished, she said with a grave face, too grave for seriousness:—

"Will you repeat the third line—I think it was, Mr. Osborne?"

He did so.

"What kind of eggs did the Apennine lay, Mr. Osborne?" she asked, still perfectly serious.

Charley was abashed to find she could take advantage of probably a provincialism to turn into ridicule such fine verses. Before he could recover himself, she had planted another blow or two.

"And where is its nest? Between the earth and the sky is vague. But then to be sure it must want a good deal of room. And after all, a mountain is a strange fowl, and who knows where it might lay? Between earth and sky is quite definite enough. Besides, the bird-nesting boys might be dangerous if they knew where it was. It would be such a find for them!"

My champion was defeated. Without attempting a word in reply, he hung back and dropped behind. Mr. Coningham must have heard the whole, but he offered no remark. I saw that Charley's sensitive nature was hurt, and my heart was sore for him.

"That's too bad of you, Clara," I said.

"What's too bad of me, Wilfrid?" she returned.

I hesitated a moment, then answered:

"To make game of such verses. Any one with half a soul must see they were fine."

"Very wrong of you, indeed, my dear," said Mr. Coningham from behind, in a voice that sounded as if he were smothering a laugh; but when I looked round, his face was grave.

"Then I suppose that half soul I haven't got," returned Clara.

"Oh! I didn't mean that," I said, lamely enough. "But there's no logic in that kind of thing, you know."

"You see, papa," said Clara, "what you are accountable for. Why didn't you make them teach me logic?"

Her father smiled a pleased smile. His daughter's naïveté would in his eyes make up for any lack of logic.

"Mr. Osborne," continued Clara, turning back, "I beg your pardon. I am a woman, and you men don't allow us to learn logic. But at the same time you must confess you were making a bad use of yours. You know it was all nonsense you were trying to pass off on me for wisdom."

He was by her side the instant she spoke to him. A smile grew upon his face: I could see it growing, just as you see the sun growing behind a cloud. In a moment it broke out in radiance.

"I confess," he said. "I thought you were too hard on Wilfrid; and he hadn't anything at hand to say for himself."

"And you were too hard upon me, weren't you? Two to one is not fair play—is it now?"

"No; certainly not."

"And that justified a little false play on my part?"

"No, it did *not*," said Charley, almost fiercely. "Nothing justifies false play."

"Not even yours, Mr. Osborne?" replied Clara, with a stately coldness quite marvellous in one so young; and leaving him, she came again to my side. I peeped at Mr. Coningham, curious to see how he regarded all this wrangling with his daughter. He appeared at once amused and satisfied. Clara's face was in a glow, clearly of anger, at the discourteous manner in which Charley had spoken.

"You mustn't be angry with Charley, Clara," I said.

"He is very rude," she replied indignantly.

"What he said was rude, I allow, but Charley himself is anything but rude. I haven't looked at him, but I am certain he is miserable about it already."

"So he ought to be. To speak like that to a lady, when her very friendliness put her off her guard! I never was treated so in all my life."

She spoke so loud that she must have meant Charley to hear her. But when I looked back, I saw that he had fallen a long way behind, and was coming on very slowly, with dejected look and his eyes on the ground. Mr. Coningham did not interfere by word or sign.

When we reached the inn he ordered some

refreshment, and behaved to us both as if we were grown men. Just a touch of familiarity was the sole indication that we were not grown men. Boys are especially grateful for respect from their superiors, for it helps them to respect themselves; but Charley sat silent and gloomy. As he would not ride back, and Mr. Coningham preferred walking too, I got into the saddle and rode by Clara's side.

As we approached the house, Charley crept up to the other side of Clara's horse, and laid his hand on his mane. When he spoke Clara started, for she was looking the other way and had not observed his approach.

"Miss Clara," he said, "I am very sorry I was so rude. Will you forgive me?"

Instead of being hard to reconcile, as I had feared from her outburst of indignation, she leaned forward and laid her hand on his. He looked up in her face, his own suffused with a color I had never seen in it before. His great blue eyes lightened with thankfulness, and began to fill with tears. How she looked, I could not see. She withdrew her hand, and Charley dropped behind again. In a little while he came up to my side, and began talking. He soon got quite merry, but Clara in her turn was silent.

I doubt if anything would be worth telling but for what comes after. History itself would be worthless but for what it cannot tell, namely, its own future. Upon this ground my reader must excuse the apparent triviality of the things I am now relating.

When we were alone in our room that night—for ever since Charley's illness we two had had a room to ourselves—Charley said,

"I behaved like a brute this morning, Wilfrid."

"No, Charley; you were only a little rude from being over eager. If she had been seriously advocating dishonesty, you would have been quite right to take it up so; and you thought she was."

"Yes; but it was very silly of me. I dare say it was because I had been so dishonest myself just before. How dreadful it is that I am always taking my own side, even when I do what I am ashamed of in another. I suppose I think I have got my horse by the head, and the other has not."

"I don't know. That may be it," I answered. "I'm afraid I can't think about it to-night, for I don't feel well. What if it should be your turn to nurse me now, Charley?"

He turned quite pale, his eyes opened wide, and he looked at me anxiously.

Before morning I was aching all over: I had rheumatic fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I SAW no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unrelenting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing should not be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard. Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? I couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it

exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, I thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw *him*. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very scum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what *he* told me."

"But he doesn't mean *himself*," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I *don't* believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy *couldn't* talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know, however, that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakespeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of which I shall attempt to report by and by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakespeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but *I am not*—I know that."

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw *him*, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried:

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying:

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost

should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendor of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvelously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees and crept forward. A short way farther the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

"Never mind, Charley," I said, "you didn't mean it."

"Yes, I did mean it," he returned. "The temptation came, and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have done it if you had."

"How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I

might have done it. Isn't it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn't done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn't that I didn't think of it—don't say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had leveled my gun I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement."

"But God will forgive you, Charley."

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me? I would go on my knees to the little bird if I could, to beg its pardon, and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything for *certain sure* myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said,

"that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be?'" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly, thoughtless boy——"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on—

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there *were* a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? I had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,—

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley? Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should I know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might be*?" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was—

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was, however, this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time, certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it, and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapors which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he

that it should be unassailable ; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation ; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN EXPLOSION.

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question : " How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it ? " I, who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible : if there be a God it must be in and through Him that all men live ; only if he be not true, then in Him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip. Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter

than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him—

" There they go—a pair of sneaks ! "

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

" Home," he said, " no gentleman would say so. "

" And why not ? " said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

" Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

" Then you mean to say I am a liar. "

" I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, " that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it. "

" There is my apology then ! " said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne ; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

" Fighting like bullies ! " he said. " I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least ! "

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding-whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

" Oh, sir ! " he said, laying his hand on the

master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with *you* presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to *you* at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there *is* no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"*If* there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle, not Mr. Forest, was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the

door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honor for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then, Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it? O God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now; yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You have been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honor," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honor," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. I never thought of striking back; how should you?"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are so good, and I am so unworthy."

He put his arms around me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bedtime came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but

lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 3."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides, I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit *him*."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It *is* all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far-off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct; if the coloring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter, which

I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword; but even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether, indeed, he could have given me any particulars. One day, as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy-chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old-fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over,

and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said, "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course, the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe, at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth was cause of great offence, even of open feud between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But, of course, when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I, too, have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling *is* pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I

answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not ill-pleased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eyeing me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work for years before their own profession begin to show them favor. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favor with which my schoolfellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behavior, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had *felt* before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the

observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

PROFESSIONAL MORALS.

No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community. This is a very simple proposition, to which no respectable man in any profession will presume to make objection. If there ever lived a professional villain of whom a professional vilifier could say: "This is he who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal," he could only be saved from universal execration by a natural doubt of the justice of the sarcasm and the candor of its author. Theoretically, there are no differences among decent men on this subject, when it is placed before the mind in this way. It is one of those simple, self-evident propositions, about which no man would think of arguing for an instant. Up to the bar of this proposition one can bring every act of his professional life, and decide for himself whether it be legitimate and morally good. We repeat it,—*No man has a right to practice his profession in such a way as to encourage personal vice in those whom he serves, or wrong-doing towards individuals and the community.*

The great cities are full of men who have achieved remarkable skill in the treatment of a certain class of diseases, and other dangerous or inconvenient consequences of a bestial social vice. No matter how often

their patients may approach them, or how vile they may be, or how successfully they may scheme against the peace and purity of society, or what form the consequences of their sin may assume, these professional men take their fee, and do what they can to shield the sinners from the effect of their crimes. Whatever they may be able to do professionally to make it safe for men and women to trample upon the laws of social purity, they do and constantly stand ready to do. Yet these men have a defense of themselves which enables them to hold their heads up. They are physicians. It is their business to treat disease in whatever form it may present itself. It would be impertinent in them to inquire into the life of those who come to them for advice. They are not the keepers of other men's consciences. They are men of science and not of morals. It is their business to cure disease by the speediest and best methods they know, and not to inquire into character, or be curious about the indirect results of their skill. Such would be their defense, or the line of their defense; yet, if it can be seen or shown that their professional life encourages vice in the community, by the constant shield which it offers against the consequences of vice, the defence amounts to nothing. If a debauchee or a sensualist of any sort finds impunity for his excesses in the professional skill of his physician, and relies upon that skill to shield him from the consequences of his

sin, be they what they may, his physician becomes the partner of his guilt for gold, and a professional pander to his appetites. He may find professional brethren to defend him, but before the unsophisticated moral sense of the world he will be a degraded man, and stand condemned.

There are such men in the world as professional pardoners of sin. • There are men in priestly robes who, on the confession of a penitent, or one who assumes the position of a penitent, release him professionally from the consequences of his misdeeds. Unless history has lied, there have been men among these to whom the vicious have gone for shrift and pardon for a consideration, and received what they went for, on every occasion of overt crime when the voice of conscience in their superstitious souls would not be still, and who have retired from the confessional ready for more crimes, from whose spiritual consequences they have intended and expected to find relief in the same way. It is not necessary to charge such desecration of the priestly office upon any one. We have no reason to believe that in this country such things are common; but we know that priests are human, and that there have been bad and mercenary men among them. It is only necessary to suppose cases like this, to see that a priest may, in the exercise of his professional functions, become the partner of the criminal in his crimes, a friend and protector of vice, and a foe to the purity and good order of society. He can set up his professional defense, and find professional defenders, perhaps; but any child, capable of comprehending the question, will decide that he is degraded and disgraced.

What is true, or may be true, of these professions, is true of any profession. Nothing is more notorious than that there are lawyers who are public nuisances—who encourage litigation, who are universally relied upon by criminals for the defense of crime, and whose reputation and money have indeed been won by their ability to clear the guilty from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Between these low extremes of professional prostitution and the high ground occupied by the great mass of legal men, there are many points where self-interest, united with incomplete knowledge, is powerful to lead the best minds into doubtful ways, and engage them in the support of doubtful causes or the defense of doubtful men. It is freely admitted that the best lawyer may find questions of personal morality and professional propriety in his practice that are hard to settle, and that may conscientiously be settled incorrectly; but no lawyer needs to question whether it is right for him to strengthen the position of a notorious scamp, especially if that scamp is known to be a corrupter of the law by all the means in his power, and a wholesale plunderer of the people.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND THE PRESS.

A VERY significant movement relating to the temperance question has been inaugurated in Massachusetts,

recently. Its special suggestiveness resides in the fact that it originates with the friends of the Maine law, and is a tacit acknowledgment of the incompetency of that law to fulfill the purpose for which it was designed. It is now determined to bring to the aid of that law the old temperance machinery, so long thrown into disuse by the expectation that the law would take its place, and perfect the reform it had begun. We greet the restoration of this machinery as a good movement; but, while we give it our hearty approval, we cannot fail to remember that it was found incompetent of itself to achieve the result at which it aimed. Whether it will succeed better as an auxiliary to the law, remains to be seen. That it will help somewhat, we cannot doubt; but the truth is that all these spasmodic and semi-professional efforts at reform—these bands, and brotherhoods, and pledges, and organizations, and appeals—have proved themselves to be of very little permanent usefulness. After the people had been educated by them, or had been under their influence for many years, they relapsed fearfully the moment these means were dropped, and it was undertaken to enforce a law whose efficiency would depend upon the public sentiment which they had developed. After those who had taken the reform into their hands had conscientiously and thoroughly worked their scheme for many years, they found, to their dismay, that not enough of temperance sentiment had been developed to sustain for a day, in efficient practical operation, the law which was to render all further moral efforts unnecessary.

In our judgment, we must have in this country something more and better than Maine laws, and something more and better than temperance organizations and the stereotyped machinery of temperance movements. Neither this law nor this machinery, separately or in combination, has proved itself sufficient to effect the desired reform. We believe, however, that the reform is possible, that the agent to effect it exists, and that that agent has already a foothold in every intelligent house in the land. We have no question that the press of America, fully discharging its duty as a censor, enlightener, and educator of the people, can do more to make the nation temperate in five years than all the temperance laws, lectures, and organizations have been able to effect in twenty-five years. Is it not true, to-day, that not one newspaper in twenty-five, the country through, manifests a positive interest in the temperance question and persistently casts its influence against the use of intoxicating drinks? Is it not true that there is no question of public morals toward which the general American press is so uniformly indifferent, and in regard to which it assumes so little responsibility as this?

There is a good reason for this fact somewhere—a sufficient one, at least, or it would not exist. It is not because the editorial fraternity are without convictions on the subject, that they say nothing about it. It is not because they are tipplers themselves, or because they lack opportunity of acquaintance with the sad results of intemperance. It is mainly because they have

consented to regard the question as practically taken out of their hands. Unless they have manifested entire willingness to become the organs and tools of the temperance organizations of the country,—to say their words, push their schemes, and advocate their measures,—without question or discrimination, those organizations have chosen to regard them as enemies of the temperance cause. It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance towards all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them. Editors have not been alone in this surrender. It is notorious that more than one legislature, in more than one State, has passed laws for the suppression of intemperance that it had no faith in whatever, because the self-appointed champions of the temperance reform demanded them, and would have nothing else. It has not been safe for legislators to oppose the schemes of these men—safe for their reputation for sobriety. It has been assumed and declared that all men who were not with them, in whatever movement they chose to institute, were friends of free rum and the upholders of vice and crime. So legislators have given them their own imperious way, and washed their hands of responsibility by the consideration that temperance men had “got what they wanted.”

The time for a new departure is come. It is punctuated by the shifting and uncertain movements of those who have “had their own way” for many years, and who find themselves as far from the goal at which they aimed as they were when they started. The press, independently, must take this question in hand, and educate the people to temperance. The truth is that there is not a country on the face of the earth where stimulants are needed so little, and where they are capable of producing so much mischief, as in our own. Our sparkling, sunny atmosphere, and the myriad incentives to hope and enterprise in our circumstances, are stimulants of God’s own appointment for the American people. This pouring down of intoxicating liquors is ten thousand times worse than waste—it is essential sacrilege. This straining of the nerves, this heating of the blood, this stimulation or stupefaction of the mind, this imposition of cruel burdens upon the digestive organs, is a foul wrong upon Nature. Tens of thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year to this Moloch of strong drink. The crime, the beggary, the disgrace, the sorrow, the disappointment, the disaster, the sickness, the death that have flowed in one uninterrupted stream from the bottle and the barrel, throughout the length of the land, are enough to make all thinking and manly men curse their source

and swear eternal enmity to it. The American people need to have it proved to them that under no circumstances are the various forms of intoxicating drink good for them. They are not yet convinced of this, although they know, of course, that the abuse of drink brings all the evils that can be imagined. Every juvenile periodical, every newspaper, every magazine, every review, owes it to the country to teach this fact persistently. There has been something in the way in which the temperance reform has been pursued which has brought upon it the stigma of fanaticism. That stigma ought to be obliterated—so thoroughly obliterated, that the man who weakly yields to a degrading appetite, or wantonly courts such an appetite, and the danger and disgrace it brings, shall feel that he bears a stigma which marks his degradation among a generation of clean and healthy men. In short, temperance must be made not only respectable, but fashionable. The wine-bibber and the beer-drinker, as well as those of stronger stomachs and coarser tastes, must be made to feel that they are socially disgraced by their habits. In the family, in the school, everywhere, by all the ordinary means of approach to young and plastic minds, the virtue of temperance should be inculcated. It is fashionable for the young to drink wine to-day. It must not be to-morrow; and in order that it may not be, the accepted leaders of public opinion must tell the people the truth, and enforce upon the people the obligations of duty. That world of high life which sends down its powerful influence upon all the life beneath it never was influenced by professional temperance reformers, or by temperance organizations, and is not likely to be. The clergymen it listens to, the papers, and magazines, and books it reads, and the social authorities it respects, must inculcate temperance until it shall be a shame to place a wine-bottle before a friend.

O Heaven! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men!—men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men worthy to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid-age, or go blindly groping and staggering down into a drunkard’s grave, but who can sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed, and hearts unshaken. Such a generation as this is possible in America; and to produce such a generation as this, the persistent, conscientious work of the public press is entirely competent, as an instrumentality. *The press can do what it will*; and if it will faithfully do its duty, Maine laws will come to be things unthought of, and temperance reformers and temperance organizations will become extinct.

THE SAN DOMINGO QUESTION.

WE suppose that the readers of newspapers have already perceived that an immense amount of personal and political feeling is involved in the discussion of the project for the annexation of San Domingo. It is a pity that such feeling should exist; for the question is

too large and too important to be trifled with—too momentous in its bearings and results to permit any but pure and patriotic motives to guide us in its settlement. Notwithstanding the savage onslaught made upon the President's project in Congress, and by portions of the press, we have seen no reason for revising our expressed opinions; and we still believe, not only that San Domingo will be annexed, but that the wisdom and patriotic purity of the President, in all his relations to the subject, will be thoroughly vindicated. The first installments of news from the interviews of the Commission with Baez and the people tend to confirm us in our belief.

There are in San Domingo one hundred and fifty thousand people in occupation of territory capable of supporting many millions. They are poorly organized, poorly governed, constantly harassed. They seem to be good-natured and easily controlled. They want peace, protection, and the prosperity which they plainly perceive peace and protection only can give them. They seek our protection for their country, and the absorption of themselves into our higher civilization. Now the questions growing out of the attitude of this little people concern the settlement and civilization of

a great realm. The grand question which statesmanship and philanthropy will see among them all, is, whether there shall be in occupation of San Domingo, in half a century from this time, only the poor descendants of the present inhabitants in diminished numbers, or whether the island shall be teeming with an enterprising and intelligent people, with railroads and telegraphs, churches and schools, and all the appointments of an advanced Christian civilization. Gen. Grant and Mr. Sumner will soon pass away. Their opinions and feelings are not of the slightest importance in this question any further than they may assist in settling it correctly. Happily the American people are in the habit of looking into public questions for themselves, and, without taking sides upon this one, they are waiting for the report of the Commissioners before making up their minds. Upon the report of these Commissioners—in whose competency and candor they have entire faith—they will rely for facts; and if these facts sustain the President's assertions and views, there is no politician with will strong enough or influence great enough to prevent the absorption of the beautiful island by the Great Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

AND so you read that "first letter of the new year," written at the Old Cabinet, and you do not think it is altogether fair or generous to assume that old friendships lose their force because, forsooth, we have been lifted above the level of our first loves, because "we have grown and they have not?"

Did we say that this was the only good reason for estrangements? Nay, verily. It is not the only; but it is one. And when we consider the average stuff of which youthful friendships are fashioned, when we consider how much chance and circumstance have to do with it, perhaps it is safe to say that, as a rule, it is an unfavorable sign for us if the original circle is not narrowed down by the process indicated, as we come to years of maturity and to a better understanding of ourselves. We all know what it is—the melancholy, the vague regret as one friend after another passes forever beyond the portal of the intimate heart sanctum. It is one of the saddest things in life—sad when it comes to us slowly in a sense of insufficiency, sadder still when some act of theirs suddenly tears aside the veil, showing them other than we dreamed.

Nevertheless, it is true that friends may find themselves separate from the very necessities of their growth. They have come, to be sure, to the dividing of ways; but the sundered paths both lead toward the mountain-top. Poor Clough felt this when he wrote those mournful, resonant verses ("Qua Cursum Ventus"), which have been a solace to so many.

Let us be sure of another thing also, that for every bereavement there is a recompense. Do not new friends enter in with royal welcome?

"I think when I behold
Full Heaven, I shall not say, 'Why was this never told?'
But, 'Ah! this is not new. From first I saw this bliss.'"

But chiefest recompense of all is the friend found long ago. The friendship that began in the morning of our lives, and waxes brighter and brighter unto the perfect day,—the friendship that breaks upon us with constant new revelations of beauty and perfect grace,—wherein there is no disappointment or regret, or anything that can mar,—that deepens and widens with our deepening, widening lives, is full of comfort and inspiration, and crowned with all heavenly benedictions. There is no language that can tell it. We can only bow our heads and thank the Father.

It was at our quiet country supper-table—after a busy day in the city:

"Theodosia!"

"Well."

"I have an idea."

"Indeed!" (with surprise),—"present it."

"I am going to abandon this literary drudgery. I am going to become distinguished and wealthy. I am going to throw down the Pen, and take up the Rostrum!"

"The Rostrum! Explain yourself."

"I mean that I have made up my mind to go into the lecture field."

"You! Why you never made a speech in your life; you are quite insignificant as a Reformer; you are on the unpopular side of the Goose question; can't walk more than five miles a day without getting weak

in the legs, nor lift a barrel of flour with your teeth; you never wrote a poem or killed anybody in all your born days. What nonsense!"

"Theodosia," we replied, with that ease of manner which accompanies the consciousness of superior wisdom, "I don't like to call you an ignoramus, but it is painfully evident that you haven't the first idea of the present requirements of the lyceum platform, nor of the modern modes and appliances for winning success as a lecturer. Just let me read you the advertisement of the lecture to be given in the Town Hall this very night:—

"*The Most Fascinating Lectress of the Times.*"

THE SIXTH LECTURE

In the course of the Demosthenian Phalanx, will take place at the Town Hall, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 32d inst.

SUBJECT.—*Where, O where has my little dog gone?*

The Committee of the D. P. have the pleasure of announcing that they have succeeded in securing the services of the gifted

MISS K. BELLONA BELLADONNA,

for the sixth lecture in their very popular course, this being the ONLY appearance of Miss B. in our midst during the present winter. Miss Belladonna has deservedly won for herself the proud title of the

PET OF THE PROSCENIUM,

and her appearance has everywhere been hailed with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm. We present below a few of the many flattering

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.

"Miss B. was tastefully and modestly attired in a gorgeous lavender-colored silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon, green silk over-skirt, with primrose satin demi-train, caught up at the sides with pink rose-buds, simulating the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Her coiffure was simple and appropriate, consisting merely of puffs à la Pompadour, mignon braids, and curls à l'Impératrice. The lecture was a great success.—*Little Puddington Gazette.*

"Her eyes are of a delicate hazel; her nose has something of the dreamy languor of Southern Italy; while her lips, curved and coral-colored, give a grace to the current matter of the evening. Her chin is delicately moulded—firm without being masculine; reminding one of the finer chiselings of Phidias. This lady has improved marvelously since her début four years ago. Her eyebrows are darker and her tresses more luxuriant. We wish her a long and brilliant career.—*Petersboro Puddler.*

"Miss B. is the tallest lady lecturer we have. But so exquisitely proportioned is she that the audience, in its moments of coldest criticism, would not suspect her of being over five feet three. If we have any

fault to find, it is that her shoulders are too drooping to suit the austere requirements of our intelligent Bricksburgh audiences.—*Bricksburgh Banner.*"

"There," said we triumphantly to Theodosia, "Miss B. is to-day one of the most popular lecturers in the United States. As I passed Jingle's, on my way up from the cars, I saw a cue of ticket-buyers stretching from his counter out across the sidewalk and twice around the lamp-post. The Town Hall will be crowded.

"Now, Theodosia, don't misunderstand me. You know I am not what you would call a vain man; I understand my limitations (Mrs. Howe's word, you know); but I don't profess to be blind to the fact that with a little help from the tailor and barber (not to mention penciling or the Bloom of Youth) and a judicious arrangement of stage-lights, I would be what almost any unprejudiced observer would call rather a presentable fellow. At any rate, I'm going to try it. It's easy enough, you know, to write the 'Notices of the Press' yourself, and 'credit' them with discrimination. It strikes me that something like this would draw:—

"Mr. Q., in appearance, is all that could be desired. Fine, flashing blue eyes; complexion a delirious compound of olive and vermilion; an eagle nose; a *tout ensemble* at once gracious and dignified.—*Jericho Jewsharp.*

"Mr. Q. was faultlessly attired in a perfect-fitting blue swallowtail coat, pearl-color pants, and low-cut vest. His snowy shirt was adorned with embroidery and fastened with pink coral studs. His delicate foot was encased in patent leather, while his pale lemon kids came in with splendid effect in the eloquent peroration.—*Skinnyattilus Skimmer.*

"We had heard much of Mr. Q.'s moustache—but were not prepared to be so entirely carried away. For elegant atmosphere of rigidity and repose, tint of tasseled corn, and singular depth and *insouciance*, we are free to say this feature has never been equaled on the Frogswallow platform.—*Frogswallow Frying-pan.*

"Mr. Q. possesses the advantage of uniting in his own person the best points of all the prominent lecturers of the day. A forehead like Beecher, a nose like Bayard Taylor, an eye like Emerson, a chin like Phillips, and a hand like Greeley—added to the twinkle of a Twain and the dander of a Dickens; these altogether present a combination of charms calculated to secure the breathless attention of our most cultivated audiences.—*The Brooklyn Boomerang.*"

SERIOUSLY, and sadly—who is to blame for the manner in which some of our women lecturers are brought before the public? In the town where Miss K. Bellona Belladonna is holding forth to-night—the sin, we are assured, is to be laid at the door of the Lecture Committee of the Demosthenian Phalanx. We are well acquainted with the chairman of that com-

mittee. He is a Christian and a gentleman—at least he would take it very hard if any one should deny him the attributes of either. He is known as the most successful chairman of the most successful lecture committee the Phalanx ever had. He has won not a little local celebrity in the rôle of “course manager;” and he is, moreover, an exceedingly clever fellow. We know that in his annual reports he has alluded, with entire sincerity and becoming modesty, to the good work which is being done by the public lectures of the Phalanx, “in disseminating the truths of science, cultivating the taste, and uplifting the moral standard of the community.”

And yet—and yet, if we were a woman, and a sister of the chairman of the Phalanx lecture committee—we would hide the scarlet of our cheeks in the china-cupboard there.

How well we remember that morning of the Dickens' Reading! We suppose we must have been wild—in a subdued sort of way—with enthusiastic expectation. Nearly every one else had seen and heard “Boz”—our friend F. had been the very night before—and now it was to be our turn. If we had been as young as once we were, we should have gone around turning chairs upside down, and by similar idiotic proceedings given evidence of the tumult within. As it was, we were merely a little nervous.

The morning was half over when F. dropped in. ‘Yes, he had seen Dickens;—the whole thing was a humbug—had to knock his feet against the legs of the chair to keep awake—there was a sigh of relief all over the house when he stopped reading—and if every one were as honest as he they would tell the same story.’ We cannot even now recall without a shudder the feeling of chilliness, the melancholy depression of spirits that came over us upon this announcement. An unexpected shower-bath would have been nothing in comparison. It need not be told how, at the touch of

the magician, our spirits came again; nor how forever memorable is that wonderful night with the real David Copperfield, and Peggotty, and the Micawbers,—that night of the storm and the wreck, when we saw Steerforth's body lying there with his head upon his arm, as he used to lie at school.

A fudge for the doubters! We wouldn't give a fig for a man who has no enthusiasms.

Blessed, too, be hobbies! They are among the best educators any soul can have.

The sooner a boy mounts a hobby, the better it is for him. No matter if it kick up its heels some day, and land him in the mud. He will be more careful in selecting his animal next time. A boy is no boy who hasn't his hero. Let him make mistakes. Let his heroes “turn to clay”—as some of them will—he can find others of better stuff. It is like falling in love two or three times at an early age,—there is no discipline like it.

THE falling snow filled “the upper and lower air,” and rested on house and tree and street like a great white pall. Now and then a bit of sky flitted overhead; but it was only a duller white—cold, and leaden, and severe. A strange silence fell upon the city. Yet with all the unutterable sadness of it, there was a grace, and a tenderness, a sense of benediction, a consciousness of protection,—a sombre gleam everywhere which told of the warm, serene sun burning steadfast far above.

We think that none who came that week-day morning out of the church on Mercer street and watched the hearse with its precious freight moving away through the storm, but felt that of all the days in the year this day was the fittest in which to bear Alice Cary to her rest: this day so strangely like one of her own poems—and chiefly like that noblest one of all, the poem of her life—with its doubt, and shadow of suffering; its gentle grace, its charity and helpfulness, its inmost heart of hope.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

LACE.

As an adjunct to the toilette, lace ranks next after gems in beauty and costliness. More perishable, but hardly less precious, its delicate webs, though laid aside now and then in favor of some momentary novelty, preserve their value from age to age, and are handed down from grandam to great-granddaughter, priceless heirlooms, to be treasured, watched, and guarded.

Never out of fashion, lace has its times of being the fashion, of which to-day we are witnessing an example. Whether by reason of menaced lace-shops and conscripted workmen in late luxurious France, we cannot tell; certain it is, society has taken alarm, and with outstretched hands is demanding lace—for trimming, for head-dresses, to flounce, to drape, to frill. Bright eyes are peering into

and fair fingers carefully opening long-locked drawers, wherein, embalmed in old-time scents, sandal-wood, lavender, or *pois pourri*, repose the treasures of a past generation. The Mechlin square that topped the powdered rolls of some beauty of the Revolution, surmounts with equal grace the *chignon crispé* of 1871. Veils, turbans, what not, are brought into play. “Lace is lace,” according to the dictum of Mrs. Grundy; applicable almost anyhow and anywhere, and bearing with it through all circumstances an air of elegance and high-breeding.

The costliest laces are the preferred. Point d'Alençon, whose every mesh is worth a golden coin; Chantilly, Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, mock the longing gaze in shop-windows with unattainable beauty. Cluny and Honiton, on the contrary, are in eclipse, and we pass the counters where their dainty

frostwork lies regardless and untempted. One of these days a royal hand will again be stretched out, as was Queen Victoria's of yore, and Devonshire valleys be filled anew with happy industry. Meantime the tide of fashion has ebbed to burst in splendor on further shores.

We have less disposition to quarrel with the pretty extravagance, for the poetry and the refinement which belong to it. Rare and delicate laces are works of art, nor breathes there the woman with soul so dead as not to sigh for them. And as to costliness, the permanence of its value makes it on the whole a less expensive trimming than others whose price at the outset is not a tithe so much. Improvident souls, failing to recognize this, go on season after season spending small fortunes on satin, gimp, velvet, and *passementerie*, which perish with the using; and season after season find themselves bereft and shabby, at the mercy of some newer and more popular fancy. But she who, with far-sighted prudence, has hoarded a valuable trimming of lace, is mistress of the situation. Good for a lifetime if carefully worn, appropriate and transferable to twenty different dresses, never out of fashion, always esteemed; it is an investment for a century, and, handed down to children's children, remains for evermore a glory to the Smiths who possess it, and the despairing envy of the Browns, whose remote and misguided ancestress decried its price and spent her money on bugles and quilled satin.

PARLOR GAMES.

ALTHOUGH the calendar tells of spring, and the days are perceptibly longer, the beating snow on our window-panes speaks loudly of winter, and furs and crackling fires are as much in order as ever. Still night follows hastily on the heels of day, blinding the world with his dusky cloak; still the boys and girls, driven in early by the darkness, cluster about the hearth with lesson and needle, or, weary of both, yawn loudly and demand to be amused.

"What shall we do, mother, what shall we play?" perplexing question ofttimes to poor mother, who has no frisk left in her, and wonders why the children can't be content to sit still as older people do. Dear madam, they can't! You might as well ask your cider-barrel to stop working. Their legs and arms are all a-twitch with the insatiable fermentation of their age; their brains are electric with growth. Let them have their fun now at the proper season, and they won't be half so likely to take it bye and bye at the wrong.

Let them act charades, get up tableaux, dance about, "dress up." Never mind if it does pull the room to pieces; or, if the comfort of an invalid or busy person is invaded by the noise, let them play games, of which there are plenty neither boisterous nor difficult. They will enjoy them all the more if you will lay down your work for a while and take a part with them.

There is "piano kaleidoscope," for instance, which

will keep a group of little ones enchanted and happy for a whole evening. The lid of the piano is raised and folded over so as to form, with the help of the piano cover, a long, triangular passage. The children stand at one end of this peeping in; the other is brightly lit by a gas branch or a couple of candles, and Mother holds up at the opening a series of gay objects, such as flowers, lamp-mats, bead-baskets, which, triply reflected in the polished wood, make a series of beautiful effects, like those of a kaleidoscope.

Or there is the "Game of Statues." Everybody is a statue, excepting two who enact a showman and a would-be purchaser. The showman must be the "funny one" of the family. He describes the statues, turns them round, gives the prices, indicates their best points, regrets that this one's nose was a little injured in packing, and that one got dirty on the voyage and hasn't had its face washed yet; the statues meantime standing perfectly still, with immovable faces. Any one who moves or laughs is punished by a forfeit.

"Menagerie" is another nice game, especially if there happens to be a family gathering or a little party. The older people arrange themselves as audience, one person acts showman, the rest are put out of the room and enter one by one. The showman states that he has the finest collection of beasts ever seen; brought together at vast expense from every quarter of the globe; and including every animal that went into Noah's ark. What would the gentleman (or lady) like to see? The visitor is pretty sure to choose some out-of-the-way creature like a crocodile or gorilla in hopes of posing the showman, who prolongs the conversation a little, and manages to extract a sketch of the animal and his ways. After which he draws aside the curtain, behind which a looking-glass is hidden, and Tom, who has demanded the "chimpanzee—a troublesome creature, always in mischief, a dreadful glutton; nails—of course they're dirty—he never cleans them,"—sees his own face! And Flora, who has asked for the porcupine, as a "cross, sulky creature, good for nothing but to make pincushions," is scandalized by a similar reflection! Well managed, this game can be made very amusing.

"Musical fright" is noisier. A row of chairs—one less in number than the persons playing—is ranged down the middle of the room. Some one plays the piano, while the children dance in a circle. Suddenly the music stops and the players run for the chairs. One person of course fails to secure any, and is counted out of the game. After each turn a chair is withdrawn till only one chair and two players are left; the one who gets that is declared winner.

"Russian scandal" is played in this wise: One person takes another out of the room and tells him a story. Player No. 2 calls out No. 3 and repeats the same story. No. 3 tells No. 4, and so on till all have heard it, when the last told rehearses the story aloud to all the others, the version being generally widely different from the original, each person having unconsciously added and left out something.

In "Black Art" there must always be two confederates who know the secret. One goes out of the room while the rest choose some object to be guessed. The person out then re-enters and is asked: "Is it this?" "Is it that?" till finally the right article is named, and immediately to the surprise of all he answers "yes." The apparent witchcraft lies in the fact that confederate No. 2 names first some *black* object and then the thing chosen.

"Charade."—Three or four persons in the secret go into a room by themselves. The rest of the company enter one by one. The word of the charade is "Mimic." No one speaks, but everything done by the new-comer the rest imitate exactly till he guesses the word; after which he takes his place among the actors, and the next comes in.

"The Reviewers."—This is a game for older boys and girls. Each is furnished with pencil and paper, and begins by writing the name of an imaginary book on the top line, folding it once, and passing it to the next player, who adds a second name and an "or," and hands it on. Each then write the author's name, a motto, an "opinion of the press," and a second "opinion of the press." The papers are then opened and read—the contents running something in this wise:—

Dilly Ducker;
or,
The Fiend of the Hills.

By
Penelope Perry.

Motto:

"I heard a little lamb cry, 'Baa!'"

"Sweet—soothing—satisfactory."—*Home Register*.

"A book calculated to make the American eagle screech proudly and flap his wings."—*Kennebunk Argus*.

"Word and question" is also played with pencil and paper. Each player writes a word and a question on two different slips of paper, folds them, and lays them in two baskets provided for the purpose.

They are then distributed hap-hazard, and every person writes a rhyming answer to the question he draws, in which the word is introduced. This game gives great opportunity for clever young people to show their cleverness. We conclude with a list of amusing forfeits:—

The forfeit-payer asks everybody in the room to do her a favor.

She must answer three questions without smiling.

His eyes are bandaged, and he guesses who feeds him with spoonfuls of water.

To put your sister or friend "through the key-hole." (This is done by writing the names on paper and passing them through.)

Answer "no" to twenty questions.

Walk round the room and kiss your own shadow without laughing.

Two persons from opposite sides of the room are to meet and shake hands blindfold.

To imitate a donkey to the best of your powers.

To be put up to auction and bid for. When the forfeit-holder thinks the price sufficient, he restores the forfeit.

Answer five questions without saying "yes" or "no."

STRIKING SEEDS IN THE HOUSE.

COLD as it is, true garden-lovers, impatient as lovers always are, will begin about this time to anticipate spring weather by sowing seeds in pots and boxes for early planting. Pansies, zinnias, asters, balsams, phlox, started thus come into bloom a fortnight or three weeks sooner than they otherwise would, and it is a far safer method of treating rare and delicate seeds than sowing in the open air.

The earth for this indoor culture must be light and friable. Sprinkle the seeds over the surface and smooth them in with the palm of your hand. Water moderately and set in a warm, sunny place, laying over the top of the flower-pot or box a pane of glass. The moisture thus confined (after the principle of the fern-case) coaxes the little germs rapidly forward, and the plants will have reached their second leaf and be ready for out-doors by the time that May has warmed her brown beads and begun to twinkle with beckoning fingers for all green things to come and make merry.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE heavy pall that for the past few months the war in Europe has cast over everything, has at last been partially raised, and the Germans, at least, seem about to resume their usual literary activity. The Christmas holidays exerted a fair share of influence in this regard, as a Christmas in the Fatherland is nothing without a flood of books for old and young.

The mania for profusely illustrated and gorgeously bound volumes had proceeded, indeed, so far, that candid people were beginning to be alarmed as to the utter worthlessness of the matter contained in many of these magnificent exteriors, in which the printer and the binder had performed well their tasks, but wherein the author had given little else than the most tedious and

inappropriate, if not actually silly or pernicious matter, depending entirely on the external garb to allure the buyers, too many of whom were inclined to look at little else. But the most beautiful festival of the year came upon the Germans, this time, under peculiarly serious circumstances; millions of hearts and thousands of homes were too sad for anything frivolous, even in the form of Christmas gifts, and this was most clearly demonstrated in the character of the books adorning the publishers' counters and the Christmas tables. These, for all classes, were of a more serious and thoughtful character than they had been for many a festival past. An unusual number were devotional, and the widely-known *Hours of Devotion*, by Zschocke,

was issued in many and various editions, at an unusually low price.

In naming a few of the most important issues, we would allude especially to the cheap editions of all the classic or standard authors. Within a few years the publication of all of these, up to a certain date, has been thrown open to competition, and the result is a great rivalry among the publishing houses to supply the public with cheap or beautiful editions. Some of these are famous for their explanatory notes and critical introductions, as those of the Bibliographical Institute in Hildburghausen. Grote, in Berlin, is most celebrated for illustrated editions at a reasonable price; while Brockhaus, of Leipsic, is taking in the whole range of national German literature in the 18th and 19th centuries. All of these may be said to be marvels of accuracy, beauty, and cheapness, and they are virtually being scattered broadcast over the country during the last few years, and more than ever just now, under the impulse of the new birth of the Empire.

A charming work just published is *Rossmäster's Forest*; it is full of the warmest poetry and the deepest appreciation of Nature, and seems almost to enter the domain of the devotional. The charms of the forest, and the countless secrets of its marvelous life, are unveiled rather than depicted, and the wonderful results of modern investigation are given in a tone and spirit calculated to lead the reader to a consecrated study of Nature, as a relief from the stormy and cruel conflicts of man.

Another work of a most practical character for the wants of daily life, and intended to cheer and embellish it, bears the title of *Housekeepers' Lexicon*, and is dedicated to the women of Germany and their special duties and interests in the household. One volume gives "Philosophical Glances into Daily Life," another is "Counsellor in the Market," and there are three volumes devoted to treatises on the thousands of articles that ladies need to buy, giving in a most attractive style and instructive manner such a wealth of illustration and advice, and such a mass of information regarding the whole field of intelligent housekeeping in all its bearings, that one wonders where the author collected all his matter and experience. It is just the gift for the period to patient and economical housewives, and doubtless now more acceptable to them in their sorrow than the fashion journals of the day.

But we are also reminded of the wide influence that the principal one of these publications is hereafter to exert in Germany, by the New Year's address of the *Berlin Bazar* to its patrons. This great fashion journal of the world claims a circulation of a half-million of copies, and is issued in twelve different languages. It is emphatically a friend of all classes, as it consults the interests of all, rich and poor, high and low. It is no longer considered a luxury, but rather a necessity in German households, and represents all the interests of women in the line of beauty and economy of dress, endeavoring always to subject this latter to the demands of comfort and womanly propriety. For sixteen years

it has gone on increasing in usefulness and popularity, and has now become, without dispute, the fashion journal of the world, speaking to its patrons in all the languages of civilization, and moulding European taste in the interest of utility and sound common sense. It has for years been the source whence journals in the same sphere, in nearly all the capitals of the world, have drawn material and suggestions, and it now bids fair to receive the credit that it deserves. Its great effort in future will be to prove that it is far superior to any of its rivals that in Paris have so long attracted the eyes of the world to a great extent on capital borrowed from its pages.

BEETHOVEN'S CENTENNIAL engaged, for a few weeks, the attention of a large part of Germany, though the brilliancy and perfection of the grand musical demonstrations were largely interfered with by the war. It was proposed, indeed, for a while to postpone them until a more fitting season, as was the case with the festal ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the Schiller statue in Berlin. But Beethoven, in his musical career, was mainly an Austrian, and the Viennese took too little interest in the Prussian war to let it interfere with their devotion to the Shakespeare of music, who had done so much to glorify their land. But even the Viennese were not so successful as they hoped to be in the great object of their monster demonstration. They desired to secure sufficient funds to obtain a monumental statue of the great Maestro, as an ornament to their capital, and a test of their appreciation of his unrivaled powers. They scarcely received half the sum required, and some new means must now be devised to obtain the rest, or Beethoven's favorite home will be in disgrace. The result of the excitement has been a renewed study of the great musician's creations, and a close investigation of all the events of his life. His living disciples love to relate all the anecdotes that are told about his strange career and incomprehensible eccentricities, and in this way his daily walk and talk have been laid open to the world with an almost cruel minuteness. One of the most noted events connected with the celebration is the publication of a beautiful full-length engraving and portrait of the inimitable composer, by Bruckmann, of Munich and Berlin. It is said to be admirable as a likeness, and represents the "tone-master" in the midst of the landscape of Döbling, a village near Vienna, where he usually spent his summers, and where he is said to have composed his famous Pastoral Symphony. He is wrapped in his traditional mantle, and holds in his hands a roll of notes, while his eyes are directed earnestly and thoughtfully into the distance.

"BEAUTIFUL STRASBURG" is fast becoming a national device with the German people, far and near. They are killing the fatted calf, and receiving the lost and alienated one back to their bosom with every demonstration of joy and interest. Gifts of every kind are flowing into Strasburg from all quarters, and the Germans are determined to conquer it with kindness. A national interest is taken in the restoration or rather in

the replacement of the lost library, which the director seemed maliciously to devote to destruction during the days of the siege. All the great libraries of Germany are preparing to send what duplicates they can spare, and especially whatever they possess that has marked interest in Strasburg in connection with the history of Printing, and of German art in Alsace. Königsberg has just sent 40,000 volumes, and other great centres are forwarding rare books and manuscripts in abundance. Even England is appealed to to join in the movement, and the Deans of Universities and the owners of private libraries are called on to assist in the restitution of a library worthy of one of the oldest university cities of Europe. If matters keep on as well as they promise, Strasburg will soon have again one of the most valuable libraries of the Continent.

THE RUSSIAN DIPLOMATISTS seem to be turning against their old friends in France. Alexander Balche, who was three years in the Russian Embassy at Paris, has just published at Odessa a critical essay on the national malady of "Glory." In this he declares that the vanity of the French character always keeps them in the condition of mediocrity, for they are ever granting the highest prizes to men who are most successful in generous doses of phrases concerning the "glory" of France and her revolutions. How, he asks, can Rouher as statesman, Cousin as philosopher, Thiers as historian, Victor Hugo as poet, be considered other than mediocrities? But they have all met with brilliant success because they have understood, directly or indirectly, how to talk to France about her "glory," and for this appeal France never has deaf ears. This "glory" is the malady of the nation, and one that threatens to become chronic, for those who are called to heal it think only how they may use it to their advantage. That nation must indeed have a fever of glory that will ever cherish it at the expense of its own repose; this evil genius, that rules the nation and paralyzes all its good qualities and noble deeds, must be the demon of illusion and unrest. Read the proclamations of Favre, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, and Quinet; what are they but phrases about the imperishable glory of the nation? what but self-worship and empty words about their natural and sacred supremacy over all the nations of the earth? And even in the most humiliating defeats, Victor Hugo declares that the "barbarous borders" may have the victories, but that the cultured French have all the "glory."

FINLAND is out of the world, in the opinion of most people; but, distant as it is from the great centres of civilization, it lives with the world and takes an active interest in the stirring events of the times. Finland has its "Monthly," published at Helsingfors, and in a recent number it thus discusses the great duel between France and Germany: "In the struggle between these nations, Protestantism and Catholicism are measuring their moral strength. Prussia and Germany are essentially Protestant, for, although a large portion of the population are of the Catholic faith, the spirit of the Reformation has penetrated the marrow of the

people, and has perceptibly affected the views of the Catholics. The influence of Protestantism is visible in the entire population. Scientific investigation is more free, the culture of all classes is more thorough, and the elements of civilization are stronger than in most nations of our day." And thus through the pages of quite a lengthy magazine article, so that we feel compelled to confess a fellow-sympathy with our worthy and thoughtful colleague, the *Finland Monthly* of Helsingfors.

ITALIAN ART-HISTORY has recently received a valuable accession to its pages, in the treatise of Riegel on the Tuscan school, in its representation of the Lord's Supper. The master-piece of Leonardo has ever been considered a model of perfection in this line, and there is no doubt that all the more important monuments of Christ surrounded by His disciples at His last meal with them, are of Tuscan origin. Leonardo was a Tuscan, although his immortal conception was executed on the walls of a monastery of Milan. In Florence there are whole series of worthy representations of the Last Supper, and although other cities, as Sienna, Padua, and Rome, possess many treasures of this kind, they almost all originate with Tuscan artists who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Riegel attributes this fact to the greater liberty of thought in Tuscany during this era, and to its intellectual advantages and political liberty, that shed their quickening influence on the church of that period, and produced mighty talents in poetry, philosophy, and art. The whole discussion of the author is a very broad and instructive one, and leaves the reader impressed with the conviction that our Saviour's last interview with His disciples collectively has been more fully conceived and sublimely illustrated by the Tuscan artists, than those of any other school in or out of Italy.

SPAIN is now having its Dante revival, in common with so many other nationalities. The immortal Florentine poet seems to revisit the earth in spirit whenever the essence of civil and religious liberty receives new strength by the struggles of the nations. The Dante literature is among the richest in bibliographical curiosities, and the greatest of these rarities is an old Spanish translation of the Divina Commedia. It is remarkable as being the first printed translation of this sublime poem in any modern language. To Spain belongs the glory of being foremost in making the poem accessible to the people; but the efforts of the early translators remained without much fruit, for, with three different translations in close succession, the poem had but little success, on account of the intense opposition of the Church and the threats of the Inquisition. For nearly four hundred years, therefore, the early promises were of little avail, and Dante in his Spanish garb lay smothered by the Spanish monks. But scarcely had Spain broken the chains of her recent dissolute dynasty, when Dante came forth to greet the new life of the nation, and in the short space of a year two editions of the poem have been published. The first is a reprint of the early translation of Villegas, which had be-

come extremely rare, and the Italian text is given beside the Spanish. The work is gotten up in gorgeous and very expensive style, and is illustrated with Scaramuzza's highly artistic conceptions of the Inferno. But the beauty of the outfit has made it too expensive for hosts of the friends of Dante, who have called for another cheap edition for the intelligent masses. This has just appeared, but it does not seem to give satisfaction to the lovers of the divine poet; it is a modern translation by an author of no great fame, who seems not to have had the sagacity to use effectively the generous means at his command to give to his countrymen the poem with the light of modern investigation and criticism. The Spanish people are therefore still calling for some literary magnate who shall give them this poet in a popular and attractive form, and we shall perhaps soon have another edition of Dante in that land where his writings were once so bitterly proscribed. Verily, the world moves.

THE VENERABLE GUIZOT, notwithstanding his more than fourscore years, is still actively engaged with his pen. Having finished his *Religious Meditations*, which many thought that he intended as the fitting close of his remarkable literary career, he is now devoting himself to a history of France for its rising generation. If his life is spared he may yet make this labor the most worthy monument of his career, and perform a great service for the France of the future. The youth of France, more than of any other land, seem to need a history written specially for them, in which not only their progress and their victories, but their trials and defeats, are vividly depicted to them as lessons from which to profit. The history of the last few months might be a most prolific theme for good in the hands of an experienced sage like Guizot. What has mainly been related to the youth of France hitherto as history, has much of it been intellectual poison; it has acted on the politico-moral code of the nation like the fiery absinthe on the nervous system of the young Parisians. With but few noble exceptions, modern French historians, romancers, dramatists and poets, have rivaled in impressing on the French youth the most baneful views of civic virtues, and have thrown over all the actions of France a fatal and deceptive gloss. They may have differed most widely from each other on the platforms of politics and religion, but they seem to be in the most perfect harmony in demoralizing their youth in regard to the State.

GERMAN TOURISTS IN AMERICA have not seldom made themselves obnoxious to their countrymen in the Fatherland by their wholesale endorsement of every extravagance that they meet here, and their laudations of every occurrence that comes within their observation. The bowie-knife of the Southwestern ruffian, or the explosion of a steamer on the Mississippi, were capital themes for marvelous stories of adventures in America; and the backwoods scenes have been told over and over in terms as thrilling and romantic as if located among the wilds of Africa. Some few men have made it the profession of their lives to tell these

hobgoblin and wonder stories of America, but they have fairly surfeited their readers on the other side, and disgusted their countrymen on this. The result is that a too general impression prevails among the Germans of the Continent that their fellow-countrymen on this side of the ocean have degenerated into a species of lawlessness and vagabondage, and have forgotten the virtues of their homes and their love for them. But the sympathy of the Germans in this country for their brethren engaged in conflict with their deadly enemy has been so wide-spread and deep as to give rise to a totally different impression, and a much better appreciation of them. A few weeks ago, in Berlin, the Parent Association for the relief fund for the sufferers by the war held a meeting to compare accounts. When it was announced that they had received over two million and a half of dollars, and that more than one-fifth of this had been contributed by the Germans of the United States, there was a grand shout of gratitude for their brothers over the sea, and a resolve to speak hereafter much more respectfully of those who forget not their lares and penates in a foreign land.

OUR "HEATHEN CHINEE" have been fairly outdone by heathen of another stamp, in a very recent occurrence in Florence. All visitors to that beautiful city well remember the delightful promenade known as the "*Cuscine*," so crowded on fair afternoons with the elegant world of the Tuscan capital. In the dead hour of the night a solemn procession was seen approaching this ordinarily festive spot; the principal vehicle was an omnibus containing the body of an Oriental Prince—His Royal Highness Radschah Muharadschah, of Kolapore. The young Prince had just arrived in Florence and was taken suddenly sick, but he refused to take the remedies of the Italian physicians, preferring to dissolve costly pearls and drink the liquor.

He died in a few days, only twenty years old. His servants arrayed the body in his costliest garments, placed a necklace of pearls worth 50,000 francs around his neck, golden bracelets on his arms, and a red turban on his head. Eight of them then took his body into the omnibus, and this was followed by close carriages conveying the officers of his household, the Brahmin priest and the princely physician. His retinue had determined to burn the body, according to the national custom. The funeral pile of wood, about four feet in height, had already been prepared, and the attendants in their gala robes lifted the body from the vehicle and bore it thither. Fragrant essences were sprinkled over the wood, the body laid upon it, and several feet more of wood piled on this. The attendants then formed a circle around the pyre, crossed their arms on their breasts, and engaged in earnest prayer while the mass was being lighted. As soon as the flames burst forth the Hindoos melted into floods of tears while gazing at the solemn conflagration, and continued their oriental ceremonies until 10 o'clock the next morning. They then collected the charred bones into an urn, which the Brahmin took in his arms, and the mourners entered their carriages and returned to

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their hotel. The closing ceremonies of the spectacle were witnessed by a large crowd, for the Florentines flocked to the spot as soon as they learned of the mysterious heathen ceremonies in their midst.

GOUNOD, the famous French composer, whose opera of "*Margaret*" has been the delight of the musical world, owns a modest little villa not far from the Park of St. Cloud—a region that has been fearfully exposed to the ravages of shot and shell. Fearing that his cherished home would be swept away, the brilliant composer wrote in great dejection to the Crown Prince, representing himself as an artist who was not at all responsible for the political and military strife of the day, and as one whose life had been devoted to an art the results of which had, with hard labor, secured to him the darling object of his heart—a modest rural retreat. He begged, if possible, that this might be spared to him for future comfort and labor in his sphere. The Crown Prince immediately gave orders to have the villa protected—no easy task amongst the flying shells. It was placed under the special care of the officers of that outpost, who had everything put in order and sealed under government seal, whilst on the house was placed a large placard giving the name of its owner and the princely command for its protection.

QUEEN VICTORIA is likely to get into a little trouble just now regarding the woman-question, as presented in the famous contest over the admission of women to the medical lectures of the University of Edinburgh. The rival professors on both sides of the question claim that they have her sympathy; but Professor Christenson has just publicly declared that the Queen is opposed to the measure. This is contrary to general report and belief, and an effort is being made to induce the Queen to hold up her royal hand, which has generally been shown on the side of all the reasonable demands of her sex. She has at least brought up her daughters to be very active in all that regards wom-

an's welfare. Her eldest, the Crown Princess of Prussia, seems to spend nearly all her time in Berlin in "patronizing" the institutions for alleviating women's ills, and, during the war, she has led the van in bringing women into the Sanitary Commission, and she herself wears the "Red Cross" during her duties, for hours daily. And the same, indeed, may be said of the Princess Alice, of Hesse, who is much loved by her German subjects.

It is yet too early for us to know just how much the eclipse of Dec. 22d has taught us as to the nature of the sun. It takes the astronomers some time to compare notes and observations. The best abstract is that given in *Nature* by J. Norman Lockyer. Our unscientific readers will understand that the brilliant portion of the sun is called its *photosphere*, outside of which is a less luminous envelope called the *chromosphere*, and visible only in the case of an eclipse, when the sun's photosphere is hidden by the moon. Just what this chromosphere consists of, and how extensive it is, was the problem which the observers in Sicily and Spain tried to solve. In the case of an eclipse the eclipsing moon is seen surrounded by what is called the corona, a kind of "glory" radiating in all directions and extending to a great distance. Mr. Lockyer thinks it probable from the indications that the inner part of this corona is simply the bright chromosphere, which must have a thickness of nearly 150,000 miles. In the lower part are iron, barium, sodium, etc., in a state of vapor, while in the upper part is incandescent hydrogen, and probably a new element, even lighter than hydrogen, and which gives a peculiar green line to the spectrum of the terrestrial aurora. The part of the corona outside of the chromosphere consists of apparent radiations variously seen by observers, and due to reflections within the earth's atmosphere. Much more satisfactory results would have been obtained if the weather had not everywhere been unfavorable.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

BOOKS.

If John Bunyan had dropped theology and had studied Lewis Carroll's *Adventures of Alice in Wonderland* he might have written such a book as George MacDonald's *Phantastes* (*Phantastes; a Faerie Romance, for Men and Women*: Loring, Boston). MacDonald's artistic standard of execution is not equal to his conception; if it were, it would be in his power to produce works such as the world has seldom seen. To the conception he brings rare poetic fancy; large-hearted, wholesome, out-door, every-day charity; tender, subtle, spiritual insight; marvelous knowledge of the workings of human hearts, and inexhaustible love of nature. But to the execution he brings a hand which is often either impatient or careless—we do not know which—we suspect it is carelessness rather than impatience, for impatience seems in-

compatible with such tenderness as he shows: but only impatience, carelessness, or lack of culture, can account for his so often failing in finish, in artistic shape. To one who has learned to love and comprehend his real greatness,—for that he is one of the great writers of the day there can be no question,—this failure is a frequent distress, and an increasing surprise. So many exquisite pictures are marred by one uncouth word, one awkward phrase, that at last one grows sore under the annoyance, as one does under the inexplicable persistence of some intimate friend in a disagreeable personal habit. But as, in even that case, grace and beauty and loveliness of character can finally make us forget the clumsy trick into which the flesh has fallen, so, finally, in reading and loving George MacDonald, one comes to forget that it is often in a clumsy sentence that he sets his wise and tender sayings.

Phantastes is indeed a "faerie romance." Adding to the license of the romance, the limitless scope of the fairy story, it takes us on, we know not, and we wonder not, where, until the whole is as real to us as if we had dreamed it in our own beds. The fancies are not simply fancies, however. There is underlying all the subtlest suggestion of allegory; so subtle that it can never weary, so subtle in fact that there would probably be as many interpretations as readers. Perhaps the most exquisite thing in the story is the conception of the flower-fairies, as described in the first two chapters; the flower being a sort of outer body to the fairy which it can put on or off as it likes. "Whether all the flowers have fairies," he says, "I cannot determine, any more than I can be sure whether all men and women have souls;" and, "Especially do I desire that they should see the fairy of the daisy,—a little, chubby, round-eyed child with such innocent trust in his look. Even the most mischievous of the fairies would not tease him, although he did not belong to their set at all, but was quite a little country bumpkin. He wandered about alone, and looked at everything with his hands in his little pockets, and a white nightcap on,—the darling. He was not so beautiful as many other wild flowers I saw afterwards, but so dear and loving in his looks, and little confident ways." The story of "Cosmo Von Wehrstahl" is perhaps an irrelevant episode in the narrative. The device of making it part of a book read by Anodos in fairy land, does not quite cover its introduction; but the story itself is as weird and uncanny in its atmosphere, and as perfect in execution, as any of Zschokke's. It is perhaps, in its way, one of the most artistic things which MacDonald has done. In fact the whole "faerie romance" itself is on a higher plane, artistically, than any other story of his which we know. It is not, of course, a book of such worth as *Alec Forbes*, or *Robert Falconer*; but it is a purely poetical conception, and in parts most exquisitely worked out.

There seem to be so many pilgrims in one, and such a shifting succession of shrines, in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* (or *Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A.*; London: Chapman & Hall; New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons), that reading the book reminds one of trying to look into a kaleidoscope which somebody else holds and always turns just before the figure is distinctly seen. A young English theologian, seized with misgivings as to the truth of the Church of England doctrines—setting sail for California to avoid taking orders—roughing it in the "mines" of the Sierra Nevada and of Australia,—with a Herman Melville episode between of love-making in the Navigator's Islands—bringing up at last as a justice of the peace in Sydney, and marrying an Australian heiress who had such a "redundancy of nature that all the books of the poets seemed to be written upon her," "with the addition that she seems also capable of having written the poems herself;"—all this would seem a tolerably fair stock of material for five

hundred small pages, without any great help from theology and metaphysics. But when we add that there is no vexed question in either of those domains with which this metamorphic pilgrim is not grappling during his journey, it is plain that it cannot be easy to adjust one's self to the gait necessary to keep pace with him. The difficulty is also much enhanced by the constant change of person and tense in the narrative, so that we make abrupt transition from the modest autobiographical to the minute historical, then to the still more confiding journalistic, and all by turns, and no one long. For these reasons the book seems to us artistically bad, in spite of much brilliancy of thought and really acute analytic treatment of the puzzling problems of religious belief.

The History of Greece, by Professor Ernst Curtius, of the University of Göttingen (Charles Scribner & Co.), is the crowning work of a long and laborious life devoted almost entirely to Grecian antiquity and its kindred studies. The learned author made several scientific journeys through the country whose story he now tells, and before publishing the present volumes he gave to the world a number of valuable works on the architectural remains, the inscriptions, the legends, and the history of the Hellenic people. These were rather for the student than the general reader. In the present work he has attempted to summarize, in a connected and readable narrative, the results of many years of research, incorporating the discoveries of modern scholarship, without encumbering the page with elaborate discussions and superfluous references. In compass, his history is similar to Mommsen's *History of Rome*; but it is rather more popular in its aims than that excellent work; equal in weight as an authority, but more attractive to those who read for the interest of the narrative rather than with the purpose of following the historian step by step in his researches. Yet Professor Curtius is a philosophical writer. He is not satisfied with rehearsing salient facts and incidents; he pushes generalization to its furthest legitimate limits, and traces back to their source the causes which rendered Greece great and glorious, and gave her such an extraordinary influence upon the whole civilized world. His style is graphic and animated, and the translation, by Prof. Ward, of Manchester, retains much of the elegance and freedom of the original. The first volume, which has just appeared, is devoted to the natural features of the country, the prehistoric age, the migrations of the tribes, and the history of Peloponnesus, Attica, and the Hellenes beyond the Archipelago, down to the time of the Persian wars. Four volumes will probably complete the work. Prof. Curtius, it may be interesting to know, was the tutor of the present Crown Prince of Prussia.

In the prosecution of his excellent plan of giving to the world occasionally a few fragmentary literary and scientific essays in the intervals of more serious labor, Prof. Max Müller has published a third volume of *Chips from a German Workshop* (Charles Scribner & Co.), consisting of critical and biographical papers

of a somewhat lighter and more popular character than the contents of the first and second volumes. They comprise some entertaining studies of old German literature, essays on Schiller, Bacon, Bunsen, and the Sieur de Joinville, some curious antiquarian and philological inquiries, and one or two miscellaneous pieces; and at the end of the book are given a great many letters from Bunsen to the author, which have never before been published. It will be seen, therefore, that the table of contents is agreeably diversified, and likely to attract a great variety of readers. Of the style of the book it is unnecessary to say much. Müller's reputation as an interesting writer is almost as general as his fame for scholarship. It is not enough to say that he uses the English language like a native; he has a rare faculty of making the darkest matters clear and the driest subjects interesting; he writes with singular force and directness, and with a literary dexterity which almost any author might envy.

The fourth and concluding part of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* has been issued from the press of Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and the work is now complete. Considered as a single connected composition, it is the longest poem in the English language; but while a certain unity of design runs through the whole, the rhymed stories may be read separately, without any diminution of their interest. The part just published embraces the six stories from classical, mediæval, and Scandinavian lore, that are supposed to be told in the months of winter. The finest of them is "The Fostering of Aslang," a nurse-tale of weird attractiveness, which is narrated with singular pathos and effect. But all six, like the previous stories of *The Earthly Paradise*, are full of sensuous beauty, and are purpled over with a rich poetic glory that cheats the charmed reader into forgetfulness of faults. Faults there are of construction, frequent false rhymes, and lines that would be bald prose but for the "*idem sonans*" of the end of the couplet, inversions of style and discords in the music; but these are as nothing in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of thirty thousand lines of exquisite description. The general melody is so delicious, the theme goes on so smoothly, the soft vision imparts such pleasure to the raptured sense, that we are content to enjoy without caring to analyze our feelings that we may ascertain the secret of the enjoyment. But we cannot help giving expression to the very painful regret inspired by all the poems Mr. Morris has given us, that they breathe a spirit of undeniable skepticism. "The idle singer of an empty day," as he styles himself, he writes too evidently from a conviction that there is nothing beyond the grave; and the roses that bloom so sweetly in his *Earthly Paradise*, seem, in this regard, like the flowers with which the dying Mirabeau wished to be crowned as he entered upon what he affected to believe "an eternal sleep." Everywhere in the volume, in the Icelandic legends, in the mediæval myths, in the Grecian fables, the pagan idea interposes that death is the end of all things, and the whole meaning of the poet resolves itself into a dithyrambic utterance of

carpe diem—let us make the most of earthly joys, for there are none other. This consideration induces the belief that the poems of Mr. Morris, beautifully wrought as they are, cannot long retain a hold upon the human heart. They lack the vitalizing principle of faith, and, despite the fascination of their fluent rhymes, will probably fail of lasting fame.

From the same press with the volumes of William Morris comes *The Monitions of the Unseen*, and *Poems of Love and Childhood*, the latest offering of Jean Ingelow to her admirers. The work will excite, we think, a general feeling of disappointment, as indicating no advance upon her previous efforts in song. There is a great deal of tenderness in these recollections of early life, but the sadness that pervades them becomes a monotone. In the longer poem with which the book opens, the teaching is set forth in charming cadences and with befitting dignity of expression; the lyrics, upon which more careful workmanship has been expended, have a finish that seems to have been purchased, in some instances, at a loss of strength, and there is an excess of repose in them—of dreamful quiet, of folding of the hands to sleep, as if they had been inspired of poppy rather than of Hippocrene. But if they suggest no elevation of her wonderful powers, they are such poems as no other woman in England than Jean Ingelow might have written, and we recognize in her here, as in her previous volumes, a poet always tender and true, whose writings are calculated to make us better and purer, to enlarge our sympathies and exalt our aims.

A journal of the philosophy of speculation, as "speculation" is commonly understood, devoted to an elucidation of the mysteries of Erie and kindred topics, might with some safety be predicted a prosperous life. It would seem to have a "field," as the saying is. But a journal of speculative philosophy! Why, who cares for such things in this country? What attraction could it possess for busy Americans? Those who do not think (and there are a few such) would not want it; while most of those who think they do think, would most likely imagine that sort of philosophy to bear about the same relation to hard sense as stock-gambling bears to legitimate business, and shun it accordingly. Yet just such an anomaly exists, and, let us hope, prospers. It is an able, and, for the English language, unique publication. May it live long, if for no other reason than to give certain of our spiritual guardians a chance to read a little of the German philosophy they are so ignorantly conscientious in denouncing. The volume before us (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Vol. III. St. Louis: Wm. T. Harris, Editor) is devoted chiefly to the systems of Fichte and Hegel.

KELLOGG.

WHILE music is depressed in New York, it is some satisfaction to know that our best artists are not altogether silent, but, like missionaries of culture, are carrying the song and the symphony in triumph through the provinces. Three unusually good com-

panies have been all the season employed, to their own profit and the pleasure of the public, in making the grand musical tour of the United States. Theodore Thomas has taken his splendid orchestra to all the principal cities; Nilsson has captivated the Great West; and Miss Kellogg, with a nice little party of artists, has been cheered from Canada to Carolina. It is always pleasant to hear of the prosperity of Miss Kellogg; first, because she is our countrywoman, and secondly, because she has reached her present eminence by sheer hard work and Yankee pluck. The genius of song came to her, not as a good fairy smoothing away difficulties and filling life with pleasures and sunshine, but as a stern mistress, exacting severe labor and liberal of sharp rebukes. The young girl's first attempt was a failure; her second was little better; the result of her third would have discouraged any singer not freely endowed with enthusiasm and courage. Good judges, indeed, were prompt to appreciate the purity and sweetness of her voice, and to predict for her a bright future; but the majority of Academy audiences are not good judges, and Miss Kellogg was never fairly valued by the public until she was seen as the *Margherita* of Gounod's "Faust." There was a delicate grace, a poetic feeling, a sweet, appropriate simplicity in that personation, which fairly enchanted us all. That was seven years ago. Since then many good singers and some few great ones have passed across our stage, but Miss Kellogg still remains our favorite *Margherita*, the accepted standard by which we measure all other representatives of this dearest of lyric heroines. It is not only that in form, and face, and action, and intellectual comprehension of the character, she fulfilled our ideal, but there was an indescribable quality in her voice that accorded perfectly with the deep, mysterious tenderness of the poem and the dreamy spirit of the music. There is nationality in voices. The French is elegant, weak, unsubstantial, over-refined; the German, strong and hard; the Italian, rich, sensuous, and passionate. The American has more of the bird-like quality, more purity and freshness than any of these. It is equal to any in flexibility; it rather surpasses the Italian in sweetness, though it lacks both richness and strength. It is the voice in which youth should carol its joys, and maiden modesty sing its love; not the voice of tragedy, of spiritual exaltation, or of fiery passions. Adelina Patti is not rightly an American, but she has an American voice, warmed with a little Italian heat. Parepa combines some of the best qualities of three sorts of voice—American purity, Italian fire, and German force. Nilsson's organ is entirely phenomenal. It is like an American voice greatly strengthened, but chilled and rarefied. The best example we have ever had of the pure American soprano—clear, fresh, true, and sympathetic, is found in Miss Kellogg. We feel that it must have been in just such tones that Goethe's *Gretchen* sang simple ballads at her spinning-wheel, and whispered her love at the garden window, and prayed God's pardon in the prison-cell.

Our young countrywoman has not only been liberally favored by Nature, but she has been a conscientious student of Art; and if she rarely attempts those brilliant feats of vocalization in which musical jugglers of the school of Carlotta Patti delight, she has at any rate learned to make the best and most pleasing use of her voice; she has no vices of style, she is always correct, and she never sings a false note. The danger against which she now ought to guard is an excess of courage. When she went to London she challenged comparison with Nilsson's *Margherita*, and (if we may judge from the specimens of that part which Nilsson has given in concerts) her boldness was amply justified. While Nilsson was in the flush of her success in New York, Miss Kellogg gave a concert at the Academy of Music, singing Nilsson's songs, and again winning a triumph. She attempted the grand rôle of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore," and if her success was not complete, it at any rate exceeded the expectations of her friends. Her latest essay was in the oratorio. She sings in the "Messiah," with sweetness, simplicity, and feeling; but the broad style, the grand declamation, the sustained power and spiritual dignity which are demanded of Handel's true interpreter—these are not hers, and her most ardent admirers must have felt that in striving to supply their place with graceful and conscientious vocalism, she was attempting a task for which Nature had not fitted her. And yet we are glad that she has made this venture, and shall be glad to see her repeat it. The inevitable imperfections of the performance do not blind us to its very decided merits. Miss Kellogg cannot make us forget Parepa, but in this style of art she certainly surpasses Nilsson.

THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE Water-Color Exhibition at the National Academy of Design, while in some of its details it is both interesting and satisfactory, as a whole disappoints the expectations we had formed in regard to the development and popularity of a branch of Art which, for many reasons, we desire to see widely cultivated and appreciated. Compared with previous exhibitions, this is only of average merit; there is no marked increase in the number of artists, nor, in but few cases, any remarkable progress as to individual skill and taste. Still we must remember how very lately the experiment commenced; how long it was before the water-color artists attained their due rank in public estimation in England, and we must note the signs of promise here apparent. While Colman holds his own in the rendering of his favorite Spanish subjects, William Hart and A. F. Bellows have made decided progress. We are not surprised to learn that several of the latter's pictures have been sold since the exhibition opened; there is a fresh, free feeling for nature in them which is very charming and very true; the study of the "Old Mill at Shagford" is full of this genuine and genial character. "Feeding the Pets," by Darley, is a farm-yard scene drawn vigorously and faithfully from nature. We are glad to meet our old friend George Harvey,

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who, a quarter of a century ago, was famous for his American Sketches: his manner now seems hard and formal, but it is correct and careful. William Magrath has made a decided advance; there are very clever traits in his "Out of the Gloom" and "Pensées d'Amour." We are pleased that Falconer continues to give us faithful representations of our memorable buildings; his picture of the shop where Fulton served his apprenticeship is a quaint and pleasing relic. J. Henry Hill and Charlotte Deming, Mary Duffield and Harry Fenn, exhibit some good things. J. Simmons has two vivid and well-defined female heads. The "Christening Party," by Bellows, two or three landscapes by Geo. H. Smillie, and a view of Lake George, by William Hart, are very good. T. C. Farrer has several characteristic pictures; Mrs. Carson paints flowers with much grace and skill,—a crucifix entwined with passion-flowers from her hand is beautiful; Romako gives us some excellent Italian subjects, and Rivoire clusters of delicate wild flowers. Mr. Blodgett has sent two remarkable French specimens of animal painting. Of the two hundred and seventy-three water-color pictures, there are a score or two of choice and charming works.

AMERICAN GLACIERS.

STAY-AT-HOME travelers have hitherto had one disadvantage compared with those who cross the ocean, in their search for the grand or strange in Nature. They could find in our own country every variety of scenery that exists in Europe,—rivers, lakes, mountains, skies, worthy of Italy or Switzerland,—everything but glaciers. They have found here new sensations for the *Alasé* European traveler,—cataracts beyond compare, geysers scarcely equaled in Iceland, marvelous Yosemite gorges, and great *Sequoia* forests that have somehow escaped the catastrophes that separate us from the Tertiary Period, and in which, no doubt, have sported mastodons and all their kindred; all these, but no glaciers, unless they be in the unexplored regions of Alaska. The ranges near the Pacific coast seem high enough for them, but Professor Whitney has lamented their entire absence. The Sierra Nevada shows traces everywhere of glaciers so recent that they appear to have been melted away only last season; but all that remains of them is here and there a little rudimentary mass of ice, or fields of perpetual *névé* snow, which are remarkable for depth and area, but not sufficiently extended to start a glacier movement. The heights of Colorado are less snowy than the Nevadas, and the *névé* masses are less; and the Wind River, Wahsatch, and Uintah ranges, though possessing a very great extent of lofty peaks, are even less snowy than the Laramie range of Colorado. But Clarence King, connected with Major-General Humphrey's *U. S. Geological Exploration of the 40th Parallel*, has been fortunate enough to find three fine glaciers on the northern side of Mount Shasta, the famous volcano of Northern California. As the ascent

had previously been made always from the southern side, they had escaped observation. One of these glaciers is about five miles long and half as wide. They are broken by "cascades," and show all the characteristic features, even to the streams of water flowing from them, milky with suspended sediment, and promising to the future faculty of the State a fine field of investigation on the peculiar diseases that follow from drinking such water. The United States can depend on its centers of goitre and cretinism, as well as of glacial movement. Also on Mt. Tachoma, or Rainier, as it is generally called, a still larger system of glaciers has been discovered, with their tributary glacial streams. The main White River glacier pours straight down from the rim of the crater, and is ten miles long and reaches a width of five miles, and is probably some thousands of feet thick. It has also been just discovered that Mt. Hood, of the Cascade Range of Oregon, boasts three other glaciers with ice caves, crevasses, and torrents, terminal and lateral moraines, quite worthy of the Swiss Alps, and adding to ordinary glacial attractions the further attraction of volcanic craters.

PRESIDENT MCCOSH'S LECTURES.

DR. MCCOSH, President of Princeton College, is at present delivering in New York a course of Lectures to the Times, on *Natural Theology and the Evidences of the Christian Religion*. They are on the Ely Foundation, and are addressed to the students of the Union Theological Seminary; but they are thrown open to the public, which is attending on them in large numbers. They are directed against the prevailing errors of the day, and have a special reference, at least the earlier portion of them, to the speculations of Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndal, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and will go on to discuss Positivism, Materialism, and the historical questions raised by M. Renan. The lectures consist of three series. *First Series*—The Relation of Physical Science to Religion, in which it is shown that the Argument from Design is not done away by modern science, and such subjects as the Conservation of Physical Force, Star Dust, Protoplasm, and the Origin of Species are discussed, while it is shown that there is a plan in the structure and the history of the world, and this in entire conformity with revealed truth. *Second Series*—The Relation of Mental Philosophy to Religion, in which it is shown that mind exists and calls rise to the knowledge of God, and the mental principles involved in the theistic argument are unfolded; while there is an examination of the theories of Nescience and Relativity of Positivism and Materialism. *Third Series*—The Relation of History to Religion, in which M. Renan's theories are criticised, and the arguments derived from the life and character of Jesus and the progress of the early church are explained and defended. Until the publication of the lectures in book form, extended criticism would be premature, owing to the unsatisfactory character of the reports which have appeared in the daily papers.

ETCHINGS.

DOLLY SULLIVAN.

"OH ! a wedding ring's pretty to wear,
And a bride of all women is fair,
But then,
There's no trusting in men,
And, if I were a girl, I'd of lovers beware.
They may court you to-day,
Sweet as birds in the May,
But to-morrow, look out ! they'll be all flown away !"
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head—
Lovers were now the last thing she need dread,
But you never can tell
Who has once been a belle ;
"Sweethearts ! I've had 'em ; I know 'em !" she said.



"Just as long as your company's new,
There is no one that's equal to you ;
You then
Can have choice of the men ;
'Tis the black eyes to-day, and to-morrow the blue.
I had once a brocade
For my marriage-gown made ;
On the shelf of the store-room my wedding-cake laid ;
Never that cake on the table was set.
Here I am, Dorothy Sullivan yet !
Let it go ! let it go !
I am glad it was so ;
Hardly earned lessons you're slow to forget.

"Could I keep all to-day that I know,
With the face that I had long ago,
Ah, then,
I would pay back the men !
They should get a small part of the debt that I owe !
For 'tis little care they,
Spite the fine things they say,
How a woman's heart aches if they have their own way



Promises ! little they keep men in awe !
Trust 'em ! I'd sooner trust snow in a thaw !
They are easy to make,
And more easy to break ;
Keeping 'em's something that never I saw !

"When you come to your own wedding-morn,
Just to find you're a maid left forlorn,
Ah, then,
Where's your faith in the men,
When your wedding-gown's on and your bridegroom is
gone ?

You must take off that gown,
And sit quietly down,
Cast aside, thrown away, to be talk for the town."
Old Dolly Sullivan shook her gray head ;—
"Children once burnt of the fire have a dread ;
Let your love-stories be,



When you're talking to me ;
Sweethearts ! I've had 'em ! I know 'em !" she said.

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